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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A.W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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A MAN TO AVOID

"I Quite Agree With You, Father. I Can't Imagine a Greater Disaster Than I Am as a Person, and Yet I Wasn't Such Bad Material to Work With"

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MILLICENT CHESTER was discontented, and discontent hath its tragedies no less profound than grief. But as she was pretty, healthy and assured by her parents' finances of a roof over her head and three meals a day, most people thought her merely wicked. They said: "A girl like that who has everything to make life agreeable ——" and thought how wonderful they were to be happy with so much less. Yet Millicent had good grounds for discontent—grounds which, in a man of her age—that is, twenty-five—would have been thought not only good but creditable; she was energetic, intelligent, executive, and she had no possible outlet for any of these qualities.

She looked elegant, almost overelaborate. Her beauty was of the delicate, slender sort. People said it was impossible to imagine Millie where she couldn't get her hair waved and her nails manicured.

As a matter of fact, she needed such accessories far less than other people. Her gold-brown hair could not be prevented from waving, and arranged itself in those deep furrows almost without guidance. Her smooth white skin was kept white and smooth, not by Eastern unguents—which was the way it looked—but by Millie's excellent natural good health. Her body—a little too slender for her height—was stronger than many thicker-set bodies. And her hands, which seemed to drip with idleness, were extremely competent and could even in an emergency hammer a nail.

To this confusing effect Millie consciously contributed, since, like most of us, she wished to enjoy the rewards of both her types; and as in the life she was leading exotic elegance was more rewarded than executive ability, Millie was more often exotically elegant. She had two voices too—one crisp and decisive; the other soft, with a gasp in it, and that melted hearts. And two ways of looking at you out of her slate-blue eyes—one very straight and honest—what someone had called her "let's get our riding boots on and be off" look, and the other slanting and veiled and disturbing to a degree.

She had been educated—in name, at least—in a country boarding school—"one of our best schools," it was called by those people who thought she had everything to make

It Appeared That Mr. Salisbury Was Not Busy; Nothing, at Least, That Could Not Wait, and So Presently They Were Walking Through the Autumn Woods

life agreeable; a school which flourished under the old idea that, for women at least, culture and accuracy are natural foes. Mathematics was necessarily taught, but with smiling appreciation of those who were too artistic by nature to understand it; science was dealt with in one general undifferentiated course, called, not inappropriately, science. Most of the attention of the teachers turned to English and French literature, history and art. When, at fifteen, Millicent had shown an embarrassing desire to be prepared for college, Miss Rudge, the head of the school, who had had this problem to meet before, knew perfectly the way to deal with it. She sent for Millicent's parents and explained to them that it would be easy for the Southside School to prepare the child for college; that, in fact, they did that already, except that the last year at Southside was the equivalent of four years at college; only she must warn Mr. and Mrs. Chester that in her experience college utterly unfitted a girl for home life—it made her discontented. So Mr. and Mrs. Chester, devoted parents as they were, and looking forward eagerly to the time when Millie would be at home again, instantly decided against a college education and supposed somehow that they had a guaranty that their child would be happy at home.

And for a year or so she was. Immediately after she finished school she was taken abroad, and then she came back to New York and began to go out. Naturally she was a great social success. Her skin was white as some thick-leaved flowers are white—pure and unsullied—her eyes were an intense, clouded gray blue, and her manner was one of almost tremulous dependence on the opinion of whoever it was she was speaking to. The first year she went to every party she was asked to, content in the simple glory of being more cut in on than any other debutante. She slept till noon, and then all day long either hung on the telephone making and breaking dates with her partners of the evening before, or else dashed out to tea or the movies with them, while her father said: "I don't see how she tells them apart," and her mother murmured: "I'm not sure I ought to let her go to the movies with them."

The second year she became more discriminating—went only to parties where she was sure of meeting the people she already knew best, and spoke with some scorn of debutantes and sophomores. That year romance began to raise its ugly head. Mr. and Mrs. Chester, who were now in the neighborhood of fifty—she just under and he just over that fatal decade—took the first of these affairs most seriously. They themselves had married early and they supposed that Millie would. When, instead of a dozen young men calling her up at meals, it began to be always the same one, they looked at each other with intense significance when she had left the room. Hardly making any sound, but moving her lips so as to be well understood, Mrs. Chester said: "I don't like him." That was enough for Mr. Chester; he did not like the fellow either. They decided, however, not to offer open opposition, which would only make Millie more determined. A few weeks later they even suggested asking him to a dinner they were having, but Millie refused; she said she did not wish to dictate their guests to them, but, frankly, the man bored her.

After this the Chesters' attitude relaxed a little—too much, perhaps; for one evening after Mrs. Chester had praised an utterly unknown dark young man who had turned up and eaten a family dinner, Millie observed quietly: "Yes, he is attractive, isn't he? He's sailing for Senegambia on Saturday, and I may go with him. . . . Oh, I'd marry him first, mother dear, of course." She did not marry him, or, so far as her parents could tell, ever think of him again after his departure for Senegambia.

The Chesters said the things that parents do say under the circumstances. They were still deeply—Millie would have thought, "reprehensibly"—interested in their own lives. Mr. Chester was rapidly amassing a fortune at the law, and Mrs. Chester, who had known poverty in the early days of her marriage, was immensely excited and amused with the possession of wealth. They were not people who lived wholly in the next generation. They said to each other that Millie had got through the worst phase; that she would soon marry and settle down and forget all this nonsense. They little knew what was ahead of them.

For it was the next year, when the number and violence of her love affairs had waned, that Millie began to be discontented, and for her parents this was the worst phase of all. After all, when a new young man had appeared on the scene during the former stage, she was gay and amusing, but now her entrance into a room of happy, laughing people was like the sweeping of an icy blast over a flower garden. Her parents, chatting to each other about something that seemed vital to them—politics or buying a country place, or a great lawsuit of Mr. Chester's—would find the words dying on their lips as Millie's slate-blue eyes passed over them as if she were saying: "Can it be such things interest sane people?"

It would not be a gross exaggeration to say that at this time Mr. Chester disliked his only child. Her mother, more understanding, explained to him that what Millie wanted was something to do.

"She ought to get married," said he.

"And find out what real trouble is," replied his wife.

But now the extremely poor quality of the education which they had so trustingly bestowed upon her began to be evident. There was nothing that Millie was fitted to do. Her natural abilities—a gift for languages and some practical dexterity—did not seem to be commercially salable. Most of her friends were going into interior decoration, but Millie, noting that in the earlier stages this profession seemed to consist principally of matching samples for clients who did not mean to buy, decided that this was no activity for her.

Mr. Chester, feeling a little guilty now, offered Millie a job in his office—to keep it looking tidy and attractive and receive clients. But after three days of it Millie saw that it was not a real job at all. She tried to explain herself to him.

"Because I want to do something, it doesn't mean I want to do anything," she said. "It must have something real about it."

"Charitable work is real, isn't it?" said her father. "I should think a girl like you, with plenty of money, if she wanted to do anything would want to do it for charity."

But Millie didn't want to work in charitable institutions. She was not noble enough to do it for a good motive and not egotistical enough to do it for a bad one.

She did not really want to; but, nevertheless, in her great agony for some activity, she did go on the board of a charity—a rich old-fashioned organization which had been wasting money with the least possible trouble to the executives in a dignified and correct manner for fifty years. It never occurred to them that a girl of twenty-three would upset their régime; would, in fact, do anything at all except what she was told to do, and probably very little of that. But they did not know Millie. She saw in the twinkling of an eye that the whole thing was wrong—was mismanaged and extravagant—and she decided to change it.

She failed. She failed because fourteen lazy people, eager to do nothing, can usually block one intelligent person eager to act. Millie showed herself intelligent, hard working, direct and executive, but she was ruthless, and thus alienated the small number of her fellow board members who might have helped her.

She failed and resigned in a rage, much to everyone's relief, but she had tasted blood. She knew now that she had ability—if only she could have found some field in which to exercise it.

The next two years were very bad for Millie. She learnt the secret that makes people criminals—namely, that you can break laws and pay no penalty. The laws that Millie broke were not the laws of the state, not even the more obvious moral laws; they were the codes of social amenities and coöperation. She learnt, for instance, that she could be insolent to her father, and that he was absolutely helpless under his surprise and awkwardness; that she could withdraw into an icy mist and force her mother to do anything; that she could be rude to the hostess of a dull dinner, and instead of being ignored, the next time would find she had been better placed; that she could take married men away from devoted wives by a few long, sweet, sliding glances, and when they became troublesome return them like a wrongly addressed package. In fact, in two years, from having been a naïve, wondering, sunny-tempered girl, she became a bitter-tongued, insolent and strong-willed woman. Except for the bitter erosion of her own spirit, she seemed to pay no price. People spoke ill of her, it is true, and many cordially disliked her, but she was always a member of whatever group she wished to be a member. Her loneliness and bitterness and desperation had developed, for good or evil, that rare power of the will which there seems to be no mechanical method of developing. And then, she remained very lovely to look at—harder, but not less beautiful.

Her mother, who had been happily married at twenty-two, was incapable of understanding Millie's state of mind, and yet was wise enough to see that they were dealing not with wickedness but with tragedy; only she made the mistake of trying to soothe and placate Millie, and to try to be soothing to Millie at this time was as safe as to try to be soothing to a wounded tiger.

The whole situation culminated in a family scene. It was Mr. Chester's habit to take his annual holiday in the autumn—in October or November—when his partners had come back from theirs. This year he and his wife were going to the Arizona desert and the Grand Canyon, riding and walking and camping out. They were very eager about it, and as pleased with the prospect of an uninterrupted month of each other's society as if they had been married three instead of almost thirty years. That was one of Millie's complaints—her parents were sufficient to each other. Chester was all for leaving Millie alone in New York, but Mrs. Chester said that the trip would be good for Millie and that she would enjoy it, and that she must be included—cordially included. Much to her father's relief, Millie absolutely refused to go.

"What will you do while we are gone?" he asked.

Millie suppressed a smile at the idea that their going or coming could make any difference to her, and replied that she would probably stay where she was.

"Alone?" said her mother, as if it wouldn't do.

"Alone, dear mother," answered Millie. She was standing on the hearth rug between her parents, sunk in deep armchairs on either side of her. Her hands were clasped behind her and she turned from one to the other as she spoke: "Do you really think you are a great protection to me?"

Mrs. Chester was fond, but spunky, and she retorted, "Yes, I think, as far as mere parents can be, we are a conventional protection."

Millie shook her head. "No, my dear," she said, "really you're not. In fact, I might be more of a protection to you. I certainly know more about the world as it is today than you do. I couldn't even tell you about it, for fear of shocking you."

Mr. Chester suddenly lost his temper, and said: "You certainly are the most disagreeable, insolent, impossible young woman I ever knew."

Millie bowed slightly from the waist. "I quite agree with you, father," she said. "I can't imagine a greater disaster than I am as a person, and yet I wasn't such bad material to work with." Her father did not instantly see her meaning, but her mother knew that an attack was being made upon them.

"You mean," she said, "that, as your father and I are responsible for bringing you into the world ——"

"No, I don't mean that," the girl answered. "I mean that since you got me here you have destroyed me."

"Destroyed you?" said her father with a shout, and he pushed back his chair and began to stamp his feet as if about to rise and do something terrible, but he didn't as Millie went on:

"Yes, destroyed me. Look at me. I'm twenty-five. I have not an interest or a responsibility. There is not a

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"Don't Frighten Me to Death Before I've Even Told What I Want," Said Millie

New and Unfinished Business

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AS THIS political household was set up, these were the naïve premises—namely, three: A Congress to make the laws. This is the legislative establishment. Secondly, a court to say if the laws are constitutional, to interpret them in that case, and to decide issues thereunder. This is the judicial establishment. And thirdly, a President to administer the laws. This is the administrative establishment.

To assist the President to administer the laws, since no one man could do it alone, not even at the beginning, certain executive departments were created. First, of course, a Department of State, a War Department, a Navy Department and a Treasury; then a Postal Department, a Department of Agriculture, a Department of Justice, a Department of Commerce, a Department of the Interior and a Department of Labor. These departments all belong to the administrative establishment. The heads are appointed by the President and they are directly responsible to him; they are his cabinet.

But much has happened beyond this design. The legislative establishment is in the historic pattern still. Unless you are of those who think it dear at any price, it is the least expensive function of government. The Senate, for example, costs less than the Public Printer. The whole legislative establishment—Senate, House of Representatives, Public Printer, Congressional Library and all—costs less than eighteen million dollars a year. Likewise the judicial establishment. The whole cost of Federal Courts is less than fifteen millions a year.

What Ought to be Done is Above Argument

It is government by administration that has been enormously extended. For a long time the extension of it took place within the design—that is to say, through the regularly constituted executive departments responsible to the President—and the worst that could be said was that it loaded them up with strange and unrelated functions, representing episodes and symptoms, sometimes moments of absence, in the mind of Congress, and led to the creation within them of a great number of isolated bureaus. Then a further great extension of it outside the design took place when Congress got the idea of setting up free boards and commissions to administer its new laws, instead of directing the executive departments to administer them.

The Six Guardians of the Alaska Bears

THE peculiarity of such boards and commissions is that they are independent establishments in government. They exist in the field of administration, without in fact belonging. They are not responsible to the President, who is the supreme head of the administrative establishment. Nominally they are responsible to Congress; it created them and they report to it. Actually they become fixed in their independent status, responsible only to the law. The Interstate Commerce Commission is that kind of body. Theoretically, Congress may be said to control it by the power it has to repeal the organic law that brought it into being; but so, theoretically, it might repeal the organic act that created the Department of Commerce or the Department of Labor. Practically, no.

To say that the task of minding the bears of Alaska may be found divided among six bureaus is but gently to indicate the need to reorganize the administrative side of government. One President after another urges it plaintively. In his last message to Congress, President Coolidge called its attention to the fact that since the creation of the Department of Justice in 1870 for the purpose specifically to consolidate all the legal activities of the Government under one head as Attorney General—since then either "through legislation creating law officers, or departmental action, additional legal positions not under the Attorney General have been provided, until there are now over 900." Imagine a business conducted in that manner. Nearly 1000 law officers, each with a title and more or less retinue, all outside of the regular legal department. More than 200 bureaus and agencies, existing in a kind of astronomical arrangement, some as planets belonging to larger bodies, some as stars, some as comets; between thirty and forty independent establishments, as jealous households, each with a wall to defend, each one consulting the law of its own being, exercising delegated powers which may, and very often do, partake of all three powers inherent in the principles of government—namely, legislative, executive and judicial.

What ought to be done is above argument. The administrative functions of government ought to be scientifically classified, then related, coördinated, consolidated by their similarities, and redistributed under some plan of general order. If this were done, the Government would be perhaps much more efficient, a little less wasteful, certainly smoother as a piece of mechanism—for a while. In another fifty-nine years, Congress continuing to function, it might be again as it is, or worse, from the multiplication of special activities, which are sometimes to meet a need that is expected to pass and becomes mysteriously permanent, sometimes tentative or experimental, merely the inexpensive seed of a new idea, planted just to see what will come of it. The rule is that much more comes of it than anybody expected to see. A bureau begins with an idea, a desk in the corner, a salary to be paid out of such Treasury funds as are not otherwise appropriated; and the purpose may be to investigate the viscosity of the moon. But however it begins, or for whatever purpose, a bureau by original nature has powers of growth and self-preservation. It is a piece of differentiated tissue implanted in the body of government, with an organic impulse to increase itself at the expense of anything else. If you let it alone it will soon be found in possession of a whole building. You cannot guess what there is to be said for the importance of continuing to investigate the viscosity of the moon. Human welfare may come to depend upon it; and if Congress becomes doubtful or unwilling to increase the appropriation as the importance of the work demands, the bureau may publicly organize a propaganda to prove its case.

Merely to reorganize the existing activities of administrative government would be like setting a household in morning order. It will not stay that way. The business of everyday living entails new confusion. Things will get moved around again. But there are different kinds of confusion and different kinds of order. Confusion may be that and nothing else; or it may be the litter of hewing to a true intention. To make that distinction clear, compare a scientific research laboratory with a museum. One is full of purposeful, creative disorder; the other, containing only examples of what man has finished, is an asylum of order, where nothing more shall happen. A government in which perfect order existed would be suited to the dead.

The confusion chronic in government is of two kinds. There is a confusion of parts and functions. That is what everybody talks about. But there is also a confusion of purpose, which is the greater problem, commonly obscured by the lesser one. President Taft seems to have had them both in mind when he said: "This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. No comprehensive effort has been made to list its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing."

That the Government does not know what it is doing is owing only in a mechanistic sense to the confusion and disrelation of its parts and functions. In a higher sense this confusion itself is owing to the fact that the Government, to begin with, does not know what it is about.

In the first sense the problem is that the Government cannot see what it is doing—that is to say, there is no organ of vision, no device whatever, by which it may comprehend itself as a whole. There now is a Budget Bureau that enables it to regard its expenditures as a whole, and this was a cardinal reform; however, all that the Budget Bureau does is to take the members of government as it finds them and divide up the money among them, to each according to its displacement fairly, and no more to all of them together than the Treasury's total intake is.

Government Functions Classified

THE eighth book of the budget, submitted last December to Congress, was a work of 1617 pages. There is certainly no human being who has read the whole of it, or the half of it; and anyone who might attempt to read it would presently perceive that what is needed to attack the problem of Government reorganization is first of all a research organization.

If you had the budget there before you and were looking at the tables of appropriation showing how the sum of four and a quarter millions had been divided among the various establishments—namely, the legislative establishment, meaning the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Public Printer; the executive establishment, including the office of the President and the ten executive departments, and then thirty-one independent establishments—still you would have no way of knowing for what purposes much of this money had been spent. Well, neither did the Director of the Budget know; though he was responsible for the tables of division.

On his own enterprise, for whom it might concern besides himself, he undertook to show the Government's expenditures by functions. First, he grouped the functions of government as general, military and civil; and then, so far as he could separate and analyze them out, he showed against each separate civil function the expenditures. From this table, on page A-85, the following expenditures appear: For general law enforcement, forty and a half millions; for the promotion and regulation of industry, eighteen and a half millions; for the promotion, regulation and operation of marine transportation, sixty-one and a third millions; for the promotion and regulation of land transportation, six and a half millions; for the promotion and regulation of agriculture, thirty-nine and a third millions; for the promotion of labor interests, five and a third millions; for immigration and naturalization, seven millions; for the promotion of public health, twelve and a half millions; for the promotion of public education, eleven and a quarter millions; for science and research, fifteen millions, and so on.

The money was not allocated to these purposes; it was divided among departments, bureaus and independent establishments, and just happened to be spent in these various ways by any or all of them as far as the Director of the Budget could discover. He does not tell how he arrived at his figures. The functions themselves lie all over the place. If you look at the index, thinking the functional classifications may be followed there, with references back to the various agencies, you will be disappointed. You may turn then to the introduction, where the director tells how he has defined functions and what he has included in each definition.

Making it Everybody's Business

TAKE general law enforcement. "Under this general title," he says, "are included the activities having to do with the enforcement of the general laws and the administration and enforcement of special acts." Then his own classification breaks down, for under a function named "immigration and naturalization" he includes among other things the "enforcement of laws against alien anarchists, deportation of aliens, care of interned aliens, and the regularization of naturalization." It might be good principle that each department or establishment should enforce its own laws, but that is not the rule. There is no rule. Law enforcement is almost everybody's business. Enforcement of the Prohibition Law is by the Department of Justice, by the Treasury Department, by the Bureau of Prohibition Enforcement, by the Coast Guard Service and by the Customs. There is no telling what distinction the Director of the Budget makes between, on one hand, what he calls enforcement of general laws and special acts, and then, on the other hand, what he calls either "promotion and regulation of commerce and industry," or "promotion and regulation of agriculture." If you look at the business of the Department of Agriculture, as it may be disclosed by the details of expenditure, you will find that it enforces such special acts as the United States Cotton Futures Act, the United States Grain Standards Act, the United States Cotton Standards Act, the Container, Hamper and Produce Agency Act, the Grain Futures Act, the Food, Drugs and Insecticide Act. Is this regulation or law enforcement? If it is regulation, how much of it is regulation of agriculture and how much of it is regulation of commerce?

Then take the function named by the director as "promotion, regulation and operation of marine transportation." The director says that under this general title "are included the activities of the Government having to do with the preparation of charts and sailing directions, the supply of public facilities for navigation, the provision for a merchant marine and the relief and rescue of seamen and passengers, including the activities of the United States Shipping Board and Merchant Fleet Corporation and the Coast Guard Service."

But where is the Inland Waterways Corporation, owned by the Government, that is known to be operating a fleet of merchant barges on the Warrior and Mississippi rivers? Perhaps the director has included this in another function, which he calls "revenue-producing enterprises." Under that head, he says, are included "the operations of the Government which are—or it is assumed will become—self-supporting." Why he has omitted from this classification the Merchant Fleet Corporation may only be surmised. Perhaps he cannot imagine that the Government-owned merchant marine will ever become self-supporting. However, the Inland Waterways Corporation is not there, either. What the director calls revenue-producing enterprises include only the Panama Canal, the Alaska Railroad, and the Center Market in Washington. Then where is the Inland Waterways Corporation? One must look at the index. Try "inland"; try "waterways." It is not there. So it is lost, unless one happens to know as an item of accidental knowledge that the War Department has it.

Or search out from the book of the budget, if you can, all the agencies performing that function which the director calls "promotion of public health." The index has one reference under the word "health." It is, "Health, department of, District of Columbia." It may be public health. Try the *P*'s—*Pu*. One reference there—"Public Health Service, expenses of, etc." The Public Health Service is in the Treasury Department, but "matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life" belong to the Children's Bureau; and it is the Department of Labor that enforces "an act for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity." Where else you should find subjects touching public health it is impossible to say without an exhaustive research of the expenditures of many bureaus and establishments. Certainly laws to prevent the manufacture and sale of adulterated, misbranded and injurious foods, drugs and medicines, to regulate commerce in dangerous chemical substances and to prevent the importation of bad tea are all in the interest of public health. These laws are administered by bureaus in the Department of Agriculture.

Education and Agriculture

TO HUNT down all the expenditures under the functional head of "promotion of public education" would be even a heavier task. You may begin with the Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior. Its work is both particular and general; a part of it is to investigate the land-grant colleges, and to make "a study of secondary schools and their articulation with elementary and higher education." From there to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which is an independent establishment, spending about eight millions a year for such purposes, among others, as to coöperate with the states in the training of persons who shall be dedicated to teach "agricultural, trade, industrial and home-economics subjects." You may know or accidentally discover that various bureaus in the Department of Agriculture are spending half a million a year in coöperation with the states also to train teachers in subjects of agriculture and home economics,

(Continued on Page 60)

In Another Fifty-Nine Years, Congress Continuing to Function, It Might be Again as It is, or Worse, From the Multiplication of Special Activities

The Celebrated Bowowkus Diet

It Seems That Doctor Hersey Not Only Took Her Blood Pressure and Tested Her Heart But Psychoanalyzed Her as Well

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

NO ONE in Newton City but Amy Romanay Jones would have dared to do it, because it was a delicate matter to deal with, and anyone who tried might easily have stirred up the bitterest resentment and the kind of hate that carries with it the suspicion of having been made absurd. To be made absurd is unforgivable. But when Amy Romanay Jones puts her mind on a thing and decides on a course of action, she recks nothing at all of hate and resentment. Wilbur says she is about as merciful as a motor truck with the brakes off. He says, too, that it is a lucky thing for Mussolini that he is a married man, for if he were single Amy Romanay Jones would go over to Italy and wed him and live happily ever after helping him reform everything. He says they are two hard-boiled eggs from the same kettle.

To which I always reply that after Caleb Romanay Jones died Amy said she would never marry again, and I do not believe she would, but if Mr. Mussolini was a widower or bachelor he would be very lucky to get such a handsome and helpful wife with such similar tastes to his own. I point out to Wilbur also that Amy Romanay Jones does not reform anything which does not need reforming, and that he had better be careful to call her a motor truck or a hard-boiled egg only in the home, because our city, I am sorry to say, is full of people who like to report—none too exactly—any bits of gossip they can glean. And I know that Wilbur at heart likes Amy Romanay Jones, with those reservations a man always feels toward a woman who has more brains than he has.

For there is no question about Amy Romanay Jones' brains. She has managed the property Mr. Jones left her quite marvelously and makes no bones of saying that she did it so well because she always reversed the advice of her lawyer and men friends. Also, she is in every worthwhile movement in the city, and gives her money freely, and her time too. She has been a splendid mother to her two daughters, Eleanor and Genevieve, who have grown up to be good-looking, smart girls, not in the least awed or overshadowed by their mother's dominant personality. I have even heard them at times be quite drolly flippant about it, and it speaks much for Amy Romanay Jones' maternal instinct that she laughs with them and does not crush them with the weight of her displeasure.

I myself would never attempt such a liberty, because I admire and esteem Amy Romanay Jones far above any other woman friend I have, and she does the great things which I, being timid from early childhood and suffering a great deal from neuritis, cannot do myself, yet have always yearned to accomplish. It is for me a real privilege to be near to Amy Romanay Jones and observe her, and in my slight way give her all the aid and moral support of which I am capable. I am quite sincere about it. I love to see her in action!

Watching her, there has occurred to me at times the recollection of an item which I once read in a newspaper, down at the bottom of the column, which said that the great tanks of live fish shipped from the coast ports to London each day always contain a few eels, for they are active and agile, and keep the water stirred up and oxygenated, and thus the other fish do not perish from stagnation. It is perhaps an unworthy simile—I mean Amy Romanay Jones is tall and brilliantly colored and a bit weighty, not a bit the narrow, slinky type—but I cannot help thinking of her as an eel, a superior large eel, which keeps the dull fish of our city alive and moving. I do not intend this simile in an unaffectionate way, and I would never speak of it before Wilbur, because he has the habit of making a handle of any odd word I may happen to say. He belittles the feeling I have for Amy Romanay Jones. A husband naturally hates to see a wife consider anyone else as wise as himself. I am devoted to Wilbur; he is a kind, good man, and I humor most of his little foibles willingly; I even play up to them. But if at times I express my admiration for Amy Romanay Jones and he scoffs at it, I prefer the scoffing to have no real point, so that it can be at once forgotten. Agreeable as he is in most ways, Wilbur can be the least bit tiresome and repetitious, once he gets a joke which appeals to him.

It seems to me, looking back, that Robert Pulley started this whole affair. He was really sick; he got very thin—almost like a skeleton—and his color was strangely muddy and he had that awful peaked look out of his eyes. Of course, he had the best doctors—specialists of every sort and variety—but the cause of his condition baffled them. He was X-rayed and X-rayed, he had blood tests for this and that, he had most of his teeth extracted, and he went to all the big health cures in the country and must have drunk an ocean or a good-sized gulf of medicinal waters. But it was all to no purpose. One doctor would say "thyroid," one would say "infection," another would say "acid," and so it went, down the list. I have always suspected that nothing ailed him but old-fashioned dyspepsia, but of course that is so out of date I did not even dare to suggest it. Dyspepsia went out when horses and buggies did, and I doubt if any up-to-date physician of today would bring himself even to mention it.

Be that as it may, some doctor or other diagnosed Robert's case as a very fancy sort of stomach trouble and put him on a diet. It was an odd diet, consisting entirely of a sort of imported cheese, very smelly, a sort of dark

imported bread, in tight, square loaves, and raw oranges. It simply made Robert Pulley into a new man. He put on weight, his color improved, his eyes got bright and cheerful, and he went back to his real-estate office, which he had never expected to enter again. He said it was frightfully monotonous, eating nothing but oranges, cheese and bread, but he felt so good that he didn't mind, and the minute he ate anything else his stomach behaved perfectly scandalously.

The Pulleys have always been prominent in Newton City social life—indeed, they are favorites with us all—and we had missed them greatly while Robert was searching for health. They were welcomed back with open arms, and naturally, no hostess minded when Robert refused her conventional food, because she knew he couldn't eat it. He used to come to dinners with a little package of cheese, bread and oranges, and we all made quite a joke of it, and when the Dentices had their Christmas party there was a smart little lunch box with strap handle on the tree for Robert.

Robert used to carry the lunch box after this, and it was always very amusing to see him unpack it, but presently we were so used to it we thought nothing at all about it, and when we were ordering a company dinner we could order one less squab or broiler, because Robert was to be there.

We had all grown quite accustomed to Robert's diet, and almost forgotten the time when he used to eat normally, when Betty Price suddenly decided that she was too fat and that she must do something about it. Now, Betty Price is the sort of woman who simply can't do anything without advertising it to the whole world, asking everybody's advice, running about and talking, talking, talking on that one subject until you are positively sick of hearing her. She could think of so many topics on the subject of being fat that it made me wonder why she didn't get thin merely by collecting them.

For instance, what was a proper reduction per day, per week, per month? At how much overweight for any given age and height ought reducing begin? What did we think of physical exercise—was it really worth while to go to all the bother? Did stooping over and touching the floor fifty times every morning, accompanied by deep breathing, actually remove flesh about the diaphragm? Wasn't a little flesh more healthy and disease-resisting than an extreme slenderness? How about these machines that roll up and down your legs and thighs, and how about vibration and violet rays? What about special baths and massage, and did the masseuses pinch you as hard as people said they did? That is, did they make you black and blue? And by this time you wanted to say, "I hope so, Betty; I hope they raise permanent welts on you."

That is a brief summary of Betty Price when she began to think she ought to reduce. Of course, she was perfectly right; she was growing absolutely pear-shaped because she never went out except in her car, and she always was a hearty eater. And the mention of her eating reminds me of her questions about diet, which were as bad as her questions about exercise. What about chops and pineapple? Or chops and raw tomatoes? And couldn't she ever touch potatoes or butter or ice cream or French pastry? Did any of us know anything about the man who advocated eating only one thing at each meal, but as much of it as you'd want, such as several grapefruit for breakfast, some peas or beans for luncheon, a steak for dinner, but nothing at all with it? It wasn't, she insisted, any use for her to try to eat by the amount of calories, because she was so poor at arithmetic she'd be sure to add up wrongly.

There were some beauty questions involved, too, such as: Would her chin and neck all fall away into horrid wrinkles, or could she get the skin tightened without having her face lifted, and didn't we all think that getting too thin made the hands and arms look awfully dried and old—that is, for a woman of her age? And would her complexion suffer? There were many times when every soul she knew in Newton City would have been glad to see something more than her complexion suffer, and suffer frightfully. Wilbur got so exasperated with her that he wouldn't go over to the Prices' to play bridge on Thursdays, as we have done for years, and I had to make the most flimsy excuses for him.

At last someone convinced her that the only safe way to reduce was to do it under a doctor's care, and it happened just then that a new doctor came to town—Doctor Hersey, a very handsome and magnetic young man—and Betty saw him and consulted him the next day. She knew very well that if she went to old Doctor Williams he'd have hooted at her and told her to walk five miles a day and not make a pig of herself on sweets. Doctor Hersey was quite, quite otherwise. He took her blood pressure and tested her heart and listened to her questions, and then he told her that all she needed was to eat the proper things and flesh would simply fall off her. He gave her a list of what she could eat. It was short. There was a canned prepared grain, sort of puffy and mushy, the juice of boiled cabbage, lettuce with a dash of salt, stewed apples without any sugar, cold boiled ham, and watermelon when in season.

Now that list was just queer enough to rejoice Betty Price's heart, but it made her very difficult for those of us who wished to entertain her at a meal. Outside of the lettuce and the salt, very few homes are geared, as you might say, to provide the other items without special preparation. The cabbage juice had to be perfectly fresh made, and it was not long before Fannie, the Prices' cook, left because she said she couldn't stand cooking and squeezing two heads of cabbage every morning, that the odor hung over her constantly and her best fellow objected to taking her out to the movies or to dances because she smelled like a boiled dinner. Fannie was a good cook, and Anderson Price was wild and offered to raise her wages, but she said, firmly, that what she wanted raised was the gas barrage, and she packed her trunk and went her way.

You would have thought that Betty might have given up the cabbage juice, but she wouldn't. She said it was most important. So, as they couldn't find any

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I Learned From Betty Price, Who Tells Everything She Knows, That Her Invitation Had Contained the Request That She Should Not Bring Her Lunch Box

THE YOUNG HOOVERS

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

In Australia, 1897

Herbert Hoover at 17

In San Francisco, 1903

ANOTHER personal story? After the recent raging publicity torrents the Hoovers, like flood victims, may be calling to be saved. But the master of relief is powerless to pull himself and his family now onto any raft of privacy. We have but to visit that most fecund of our memorials, Mount Vernon, to listen to comments there, observe the peerings and lingerings, to know that it sends its fructifying influences down to the roots of national character. Only to watch our people striving to capture the least detail of color or pattern, trace habit or idiosyncrasy, to realize how extraordinarily intimate are the relationships we seek to set up between ourselves and those who have caught the popular imagination and who are continually replenishing the springs of our national idealism.

What is true of a past leader is true, in differing degree, of a great leader of the present. That Mr. Hoover is such a leader the last preëlection doubter must now admit. From today Americans will be, figuratively, standing before the White House, pressing to get a closer view of him, waiting for a revealing glimpse.

The highest delight of a people, the flowering of its creative imagination, has always expressed itself in national biography. Infinitely more interesting than what an individual historian will set down about the Hoovers is what the people are going to set down about them in the collective mind. As each one interprets this impression, stresses that detail, tells this or that story to his children, he is, unconsciously, writing his part of that biography. "He lives in the hearts of his countrymen" is literally true.

Today the subjective story will be continually guided by radio and moving picture, and steadied by the wizardry of reproductive mechanism. But not all the inventions in the world will chain the people's imagination. We are going to give its creative urge play in our portraiture.

Here I see, in the underground café of a Chicago hotel, on a preëlection midnight, a little group of waitresses in animated talk. I had dropped down from a Milwaukee meeting and as I sipped my hot soup I listened in.

Keeping the Adventuring Mind

"WHY are you for Hoover?" I called to one of them. She was silent, but when I joined the group she answered hesitatingly—as if reluctant to open an inner door—"We want him because we know he is for us—but he's different too. We don't want somebody like us."

The ensuing hour, in which I could answer part of the eager questioning for the fuller human picture of the man with whom they felt at once kinship and difference, was my best hour of the campaign. Its difficulty was its brevity. As is true of almost any time allotted to a discussion of this many-sided, many-colored personality—this extraordinarily expressive personality.

"The silent Mr. Hoover." We smile! Anyone who takes time to review even cursorily Hoover expressiveness in conversation and writing is simply staggered by the flood of utterance that has marked his advance as he has called language to serve the never-ceasing progress of his thought—informal talks, formal discussions, addresses, articles, reports, expositions; they make a library! His servants are brave, red-blooded words—no shirkers for him—each carrying its just burden of meaning as, to an epic rhythm, he lifts the towers and sets the bridges of his argument.

Our need, then, of an intimate relationship with our leader, our demand for material for our traditional biography—these are back of the often decried but unassuagable thirst for the personal story.

I am coming to it. But first I want to say that it grows out of no interview, unless you will call a twenty years' experience in neighboring with and in exploring many a path of friendship with the Hoovers, by that name. I am not writing, as my title might suggest, about Allan Hoover, and Herbert, Jr., and Margaret Watson Hoover and their children Peggy Ann and Herbert 3d—not about these young Hoovers—but of the President elect and his wife.

One of the striking things about them is that though they have lived more, before their mid-fifties, extensively and intensively than most persons whose lives are counted full and finished, they have kept the inquiring, adventuring mind of youth. They have preserved its freshness, its freedom from inhibitions and apprehensions. They have held its zest in solving a problem, its joy in discovering a new path.

In this victory—which preserves the finest flavor of life—physical environment has been a factor. One doesn't easily grow old in spirit on the shores of the young Pacific. There mere anticipation of dawn on wave and peak is an elixir of youth. Nor does the mind easily age on any other young territory where each morning is a challenge to its power to bend hitherto unconquered Nature to human uses.

The Hoovers have always been interested in beginnings. In the beginnings of countries, in pioneering groups the world over. They are interested in primitive peoples. If they collect they are much more apt to seek early, free and naïve forms of the peoples' creation, than more finished products of a later stage. Change of scene, with its pricking at the senses, its call for unrelaxed observation, keeps the mind alert—and these Americans have moved. Their geographical background is as gayly diverse as the maps of our childhood textbooks. Yet through all the diversity, a cable of continuity: Stanford University, the seven seas, but between each of them, again, Stanford. They manage, while negotiating continents, to educate their children there.

29 Years Old and Already a Famous Mining Engineer

Besides this youth-preserving character of the particular earth territory the Hoovers have lived on, there is the influence of the kind of jobs they have embarked on. The man developing a mine in an untapped earth region, or a port on a portless sea, is more likely to preserve youth's spirit than he would if he spent those same years in a Wall Street cage. As his wife would be more apt to preserve it in the game of making a home where home materials seem not to exist than she would be if immured in a self-contained apartment. But peculiarly, if one happens to prefer jobs that exercise the heart as well as the brain, has he a lien on youth. Heart exercise keeps us young.

Mr. Hoover's liberalism goes hand in hand with his spirit of youth. He himself has said, "Liberalism is youth; it requires the spirit and vigor of youth." His recent continental adventure in friendship was as splendidly dramatic as are youth's adventures. Its naturalness, directness, swiftness, so unusual in the political world, by amusing reversal, appeared there as highly romantic qualities.

In Youth's Manner

AS PROOF that the friendship tour was in youth's manner, we have but to recall that last summer Pacific student youth said, "There's just one way to win international understanding—it's the direct way. We must visit and make friends with our neighbors." And selecting ten representatives from each Pacific country, they sent them on an encircling cruise to accomplish this.

Inevitably both the Hoovers understand youth, attract youth. One finds always some half dozen young women about Mrs. Hoover, helping her with girl-scout or recreation work, or another of her many interests; while she in turn coöperates in their own endeavoring. The Stanford house appears inhabited by students.

During the recent campaign Mrs. Hoover received in her cordially friendly way those who came to Washington to write about her. It was understood that these visits were not to be interviews. When, once, a journalist, violating that understanding, published the "first story given out by the lady herself," it was characteristic that Mrs. Hoover's indignation should express itself thus: "If I had been giving an interview, would I not have given it to some young person starting out, to whom it might have meant perhaps a good deal, rather than to a writer already arrived?"

I recall another little campaign incident which plumbs character. Mr. Lindbergh had been the guest of the Secretary of Commerce. Those who saw them together were struck by the kinship between the young and the older man.

When campaign plans began someone had a bright thought. He said to the Secretary, "We must bring Lindbergh back. We'll take a talkie of you two together—great campaign stuff. Lindbergh will be saying something like this: 'You're the kind of man my kind of man likes. You're the man for me!' Great!" He looked to Mr. Hoover for enthusiasm. He saw none.

"That cannot be. Lindbergh belongs to all our youth. All our youth needs him as the symbol of its finest ideals. We can't risk using Lindbergh in any way that will take him away from part of our youth."

The talkie was not made.

There are now going into the White House a President and a First Lady to whom American youth can look with unbounded confidence, for understanding and leadership.

It may be interesting here to turn for a moment to the Hoover's own youth. We are told that with the seeing eye we could discern the man as the youth appeared before us. When your doctor diagnostician, to whom you today refer your adult malady, spends most of his hour getting the body picture of your youth, he but reverses the process. What kind of a boy grew up with Quaker relatives on Western farms? How were the boy Bert and the girl Lou preparing for that meeting at Stanford University, when was to flash the spark of attraction? All that will happen in the White House during the coming four years will draw straight from the comradeship that are flower and fruit of that meeting.

Mr. Hoover has pleasant boyhood memories, though he had the healthy boy's attitude toward chores. Having to descend to the cellar to clean out potato and apple barrels produced in him no exaltation of spirit, nor did wearing yellow-brown homespun, walnut dyed, nor did having to stick at uninteresting lessons. Nor did seven years' milking at seven each morning—inexorable cows! No, in true boy fashion he sought essential exaltation in escapes to a pond or a field, or to a corner where he could invent things.

Getting Things Done Without Ballyhoo

WHILE chores and escapes were progressing, the orphan was developing Quaker principles of the duty of self-help and of strictest accounting for each penny; these to go hand in hand with the practice of charity and peace. He was having a chance to see that the wilderness can be mastered, that a farm can supplant a pine forest, that an enterprise can be self-sustaining. He had a part in a land-development business. He watched the building up of a Quaker college.

In Oregon, adolescence was waiting for that great moment when the mind would be kindled till it saw clearly its first objective. The kindling came through the visit of a traveling engineer; the flame was fanned by the visit of a Stanford professor. Not long after these agents of awakening had passed, Bert Hoover found himself knocking at the door of a California university which paid particular attention to science.

Hoover, the Fisherman

Those who knew him in college climax accounts of his extraordinary rise to leadership of the riotous student body, whose system of managing itself, and particularly of financing itself, he revolutionized, by telling us that in accomplishing this he revealed exactly those qualities that have later distinguished him as he handled world affairs. The boy, on his way from seventeen to twenty-one, they report, had not so much popularity as standing. He gave the impression of mastery and integrity. He worked promptly, positively, quietly. His jobs were mostly already done before it was generally recognized that he was doing them. He found original ways of doing things.

When, during the recent campaign, certain groups clamored for Hoover advance pronouncements, wanted the "Watch me. I'm going to do this" cry, some of us smiled. To get it, there would have had to be a Hoover pre-youth face-about, on a base of entirely different heredities. No, Mr. Hoover will always prefer to reveal his objectives as they are realized.

Child of Nature

IT WOULD be interesting to retrace in detail the youth picture. But instead let us turn to the girl Lou Henry, whose life line, too, was pointing toward Stanford. After Mr. Henry transferred his family and his bank from Iowa to California, Lou Henry spent much of two years of her teens tramping and riding about the southern Quaker village, Whittier, and other years on the purple territories of more northern Monterey County. She rode side-fashion without a saddle, only a surcingle with its loop to aid her. For a time her mount was a locoed horse, apt at any moment to rear on its hind legs while its lithe, saddleless rider clung perpendicularly, to the gasping admiration of her sister, Jean, eight years younger. In those days she carried a .22-caliber rifle, for she was an ardent taxidermist, bringing home her specimens to stuff, and herself preserving the skins. Often she camped with her father and learned how to take care of herself completely, on hill or shore trail, or on the long valley reaches; to scoop a hollow in the brown earth and spread in it a bed of fir boughs, or to prepare the dawn breakfast or twilight supper over the camp fire. She never had fear of the dark, nor fear of being alone, and, though she loved companionship, needed every so often to slip off for a solitary tramp and a think.

Lou had a live imagination, and once her sister was old enough for tales, became the *raconteuse* for an enchanted troop of neighborhood youngsters with an unquenchable thirst for a next installment of big sister's serial. Probably companionship with five grandparents to whom she was for years the only grandchild greatly stimulated her pleasure in story-telling. They had leisurely philosophic attitudes, these grandparents, and since grandparents are the true teachers of the race, Lou grew in wisdom.

This gift for story-telling, fortunately, has persisted and has been, and is, a source of great pleasure to friends. It will be a distinct asset in the equipment of the coming White House hostess. Mrs. Hoover herself quite obviously enjoys the process of the tale's unfolding, elaborating her background with an artist's love for each detail of color or pattern, uncovering essentials in character and situation, winding on from point to point of humor or surprise with relish. Her characteristic stories are merry ones, for her outlook on life is joyous.

When their blithe, blue-eyed daughter announced that she wanted to go to college, both parents were sympathetic. The mother expected her to major in English. She experienced a certain shock when she got word that Lou had elected geology and mining. To be sure, the Henry line was a line of bankers and engineers—but Lou was a girl! To add to her bewilderment, young Jean was announcing that she was determined to be nothing less than a surveyor. Jean Henry, by the way, now Jean Large, has sacrificed that youthful ambition to literature. The older sister, too, has occasionally turned to writing, though her life of

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Mr. Hoover and Friends in His Camp at Bohemian Grove, California, 1927. In Oval—With His Dog Tut

THE CATNIP MOUSE

"Please—Please," Said Hope, Soundlessly, Hopelessly, Clasping Her Hands, Unclasping Them. "You Don't Really Want Me, Either of You"

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

BY MIDNIGHT the road was obliterated. Snow driven by the gale covered the roof of the car, lay banked on the running boards, masked the windshield with a wet, clinging veil. Snow driven by the gale heaped itself into drifts through which the car plunged and backed and plunged again. Hilltops were swept bare, and the wind, as the car came up over the ridges, was fearful to meet.

The car was good and the girl within it was better, but the storm was superlative. Nothing mechanical, nothing human, could best it tonight. The car skidded down an icy hill, plunged into a drift, was caught broadside by the wind and turned over with a crash.

The girl within it lay in a crumpled heap, but her eyes were open. They saw blue skies, blue seas, palm trees, sunshine, and her mother, implacable in white, her hair smooth and gilt and glittering in the sun. They saw traffic, a New York street, stone steps, a grilled doorway, and her father, frowning and intolerant and in a hurry, getting into the town car, being driven away. They saw one man's face, another man's face. They saw herself tossed about, beaten back and forth. They saw an icy hill and a turned-over car, and herself crumpled and shattered within it. All this in the moment before her eyes finally closed. Through a broken window the snow drifted in over her fur coat, over her hair, over her silk stockings, into her arctics, over her face. By midnight the road was obliterated.

"Put Abbas Khan out of the room, Missouri, and bring my hot-water bag. The poor child's feet are frozen."

A voice drifted across her consciousness. A light was shining in her eyes.

"She blinked, Mis' Wyeth," said another voice.

"Move the light. Is Abbas Khan out?"

"He out and he in. He don' do no harm. He jus' busy."

"Put him out again."

She sank away through space, through time. She came back to pain. Sure hands were lifting her, prodding.

"She felt that," said a masculine voice. "The cuts don't amount to much, but that's a badly fractured ankle. Crazy to drive on a night like this. Where was she going?"

"She hasn't spoken."

"She can't yet, poor kid. Pretty, isn't she? Her hair—that gold."

"Lovely. And look at her bracelet, doctor."

The doctor must have been looking at her bracelet, for there was an interval.

"There's an inscription worked into the filigree. Bring the light nearer." The doctor must be spelling out her inscription. "Catnip," announced the doctor, as she knew he would. "Wait a minute. 'The—Catnip—Mouse,'" spelled out the doctor. "Well, you see queer things. Hot water ready, Miss Wyeth? Get that animal out of the room."

"Put Abbas Khan out, Missouri."

"He only sittin' in the lady's bag, mistress."

"Put him out."

Hours later she opened her eyes. The bed was huge and soft. Above her the headboard rose like a crenelated tower, with a series of smaller towers capping the posts. It was rather like a Siamese *wat* she had seen when she went round the world with her father. Her mother had stayed in Paris. She liked her *wat*. Something soft and heavy was lying on her foot—on the one she could move. Over the bedclothes she couldn't quite see what the soft and heavy thing was, but she could hear it purring, thrumming, and she shuddered. Cats liked her. They came upon her unexpectedly in strange people's houses and rubbed against her legs and smiled. She had never had a cat of her own. She was afraid of cats, but no one knew that. No one knew that she was afraid of anything. She had always been too proud and too polite to tell.

The ceiling of the room was low and papered in white with little gilt scrolls running over it. The walls were powder blue. There was a frieze of pink roses. The curtains were ruffled and white, and through them came sunshine. The windows were frosted half over with ice. There was a wood fire burning beneath the white mantel shelf. On the table beside her bed stood two glasses, with a spoon laid across one of them. It was a thin old silver spoon, dented and worn.

Someone, tiptoeing in, lifted the soft, heavy object off her foot. Someone, peeping over the powder-blue eiderdown, found her face looking up. Someone's head was tied up in a red knitted tam o' shanter. Someone was dark brown and her teeth were very white.

"You're Missouri," said the girl.

"Got to get our cat outa here, honey," said Missouri. "Breathin' up all the air."

"Does he chase things—rabbits, birds—and—and devour them?" asked the girl, shuddering.

"He eat his liver good on a plate an' then he th'u for the day. You warm down in under there, honey?"

"So warm. . . . Such a lovely bed. . . . I'll be getting up presently."

"Close down your eyes firs', honey."

It was late afternoon when she came back. The sunshine was rosy between the ruffled curtains. The wood fire crackled. Miss Wyeth was sitting beside her in an armchair, knitting on something pink and woolly. Miss Wyeth's hair was parted in the middle, and it was neither black nor white, but in between. Miss Wyeth's mouth wasn't very red or very pale, but in between. Miss Wyeth was neither young nor old, but in between.

"You're better," said Miss Wyeth at once. "You're smiling."

"I'll be getting up presently."

"After your chicken broth, perhaps."

"I can't bear to be a nuisance."

"You're a lovely mystery. You're an occupation. You give us something to do."

"Did you dig me out last night and carry me in?"

"Missouri carried you in. All I did was to hold the lantern. All Abbas Khan did was to wail."

"Didn't you wail?"

"Abbas Khan wails for me."

The chicken broth was delicious, hot and strong, not too much salt, not too little, but in between. Miss Wyeth fed it to her with a spoon that was silver and round and old. The napkin was soft and fine and old. Miss Wyeth wiped her mouth for her as if she were a little girl, and for the moment she was a little girl again, back in the nursery of the New York house. But this was different. No one was pulling her apart here. They were putting her together again.

"I had run away," she said all of a sudden, late in the evening. "Do you know the sort of love that means—possession?"

"Man's love means possession," said Miss Wyeth, knitting in her easy-chair.

"John Reynolds' doesn't," said the girl quickly. "John Reynolds is kind and good and unselfish."

"So you ran away from him."

"Not from him," said the girl, "but from everyone else."

The room was quiet. Miss Wyeth knitted in her armchair.

"You don't ask questions," began the girl again, tensely, feverishly. "My name is Hope Standish. My father is Charles Standish of New York. My mother lives mostly in Paris and at Antibes, but just now she is in Florida. I ran away from there. My father and my mother are divorced. They have been divorced since I was very young. All my life I have been divided up between them. I am old now. I am twenty."

"Open your mouth," said Miss Wyeth, "and don't bite it."

It was a thermometer, of course. Her temperature had gone up. Her head ached dully. Her broken ankle throbbed with pain. She felt heavy—she who was used to feeling so light. She felt weak and sick and afraid of things. It was a large world. And she was small.

"Don't let Brink Van Pelt know where I am," she begged, looking up with beseeching eyes over her blue eiderdown "My father will think I am with my mother. My mother will think I have gone to my father. I left a note. But Brink Van Pelt will know I have run away and he will come after me. Don't let him get me."

"Open your mouth," said Miss Wyeth, "and swallow this. No one is going to get you."

"I should like to marry John Reynolds," announced the girl definitely, clearly. "He is my father's right-hand man. His eyes are brown and trustworthy. In my thinking moments I want to marry John Reynolds. This is one of my thinking moments. I think I should like to marry John Reynolds tonight."

"There isn't a moon tonight," objected Miss Wyeth.

"I don't need a moon for marrying John Reynolds," said the girl. "It wouldn't be an exceptionally romantic marriage, but it would be sensible. You don't need moons to be sensible."

"It's snowing," said Miss Wyeth, "and five above zero. You wouldn't want John Reynolds to take cold driving from the station. And Missouri has gone to bed. And Abbas Khan has gone to bed. And our minister is very old, and undoubtedly he has gone to bed. You wouldn't want to wake them all up, would you, just to get married sensibly?"

"Perhaps it would be better to—to wait until the morning," said the girl, relaxing with a sigh. "In the morning I will get up. Thank you for letting me wait until the morning."

In the morning garage men came outside and hauled away her car. Snow came, and gray skies and a rising wind.

"Is it frightfully selfish not to let them know?" she asked Miss Wyeth anxiously, late that evening.

"We are snowed in. The telephone wires are down," said Miss Wyeth comfortably, knitting in her armchair. "Until the storm is over, you can't let them know. Unless I should struggle through to the station."

"And take cold? Never," said the girl quickly. "I love being snowed in. Until the wires are up, I needn't worry, need I? I needn't be either in New York or in Florida, but can be in between? I needn't be pulled to pieces? Brink Van Pelt can't get me?"

"No one can get you," said Miss Wyeth, knitting.

The girl relaxed. But not for long.

"If we are snowed in for a long time," she said, starting up again anxiously, "what will Abbas Khan eat—birds, rabbits, mice?"

"Abbas Khan will eat his liver."

"But is there plenty of liver on hand?"

"Pounds," said Miss Wyeth comfortably, knitting.

The girl saw pounds in the cellar—hillocks, mountains. Her eyes closed.

In the morning Missouri came, Miss Wyeth, the doctor. The handy man came, bringing wood.

"After you've gone," said the girl to the doctor, smiling, "I shall be getting up."

"This afternoon, perhaps," said the doctor. "You're a worn-out kid, but you don't know it. You've been under some strain for years."

"How do you know it?" asked the girl, smiling.

(Continued on Page 114)

"I'm Sorry Mr. Reynolds Was Rude, Jim, Because One Doesn't Like to Have a Rude Husband, and I May be Going to Marry Mr. Reynolds, Jim"

FIFTY DOLLARS FOR NORAH

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

IN THOSE days, back in 1922, he had never been called the Duke. He was a boy of eighteen who had never had enough to eat, and he was mostly called "Hey, Bud."

Now that he had got angry enough to quit his job he was full of doubts. One minute he thought he had quit because it was time to go on his own and see what he could do with the lore he had got from the Frisco Kid. The next minute he was afraid he had quit because he was homesick.

He stood under a dripping tree of a wet November night somewhere south of the Ohio River, and stared at the lights of the Happy Days Carnival across the street and listened to the Frisco Kid's expostulations and clutched a little tighter the bundle, wrapped in newspaper, that he held under his arm. He was still breathing hard from the excitement of collecting a portion of his wages from Mushmouth Johnson, the proprietor of the carnival. Mushmouth was reputed to have killed men for less.

"Listen, Bud," the Frisco Kid was saying; "you ain't so dumb as you act. How you goin' to make a livin'?"

The boy laughed bitterly, the more bitterly because he didn't know that he could make a living.

"I've been with this outfit three years—nearly four—and I've had three meals most days and a place to sleep most nights and five dollars in cash most months." He tucked something a little deeper into the watch pocket of his trousers. "I've just collected for the last four months. I've got a twenty-dollar bill."

The Frisco Kid grinned.

"You got twenty dollars out of Mushmouth?"

"I did," the boy said.

"He must 'a' thought you were goin' to hit him."

"He did."

The Frisco Kid slapped the boy's shoulder affectionately. "You got him bluffed. Come on back. You won't find three squares a day so easy to come by."

The boy shook his head. "I want real money. I want a lot of money—thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Yeah," the Frisco Kid said. "We all do. But how we goin' to get it?"

"I'm going to fight," the boy answered.

The Frisco Kid lit a cigarette with deliberation and threw the match away. "I thought so," he said softly. "I thought you had that idea."

"I've been fighting," the boy said.

The Frisco Kid shook his head. He had a small, round head set solidly on a pair of thick, sloping shoulders. He had been lean and hard once. He had fought at a hundred and twenty-five pounds. But now he was round. He had a body like a barrel.

"You been fightin' rubes, Bud. One-handed boys. Amachoors."

"Some of them were pretty strong," the boy said.

"Sure," the Frisco Kid said. "Boys off the farm that can pick up a flivver by the rear axle and lift it back on the road. But they don't know nothin'. They can't box. They ain't one of 'em knows what his left hand is for. A course you made monkeys of 'em—after what you learned from me the last three years. But the fight game—that's different—that's hard."

The boy threw up his head. "I don't care how hard it is, I'm going to try it. I want to get somewhere. And to get somewhere you've got to have money."

"You've got to be good to make money in that game, Bud. You hear about these boys gettin' a grand for goin' ten rounds, and you think it's easy money. It ain't. To get that kinda money you gotta be good."

The boy turned fiercely on the Frisco Kid. "And you don't think I'm good?"

The Frisco Kid did what kindly and cautious elders have always done when youngsters ask that question. He stalled. "Well ——" he began and paused, as if he were giving the question careful thought. He did give it a certain middle-aged kind of thought. He thought of all the chances against the boy. The boy was fast. But was he as fast as he seemed? The Frisco Kid knew that he himself was no such measure of speed as he had once been. And could the boy take it? He knew the boy had courage. But taking it isn't merely a matter of courage. Taking it is also a matter of a peculiar physical quality; a something beyond will. And would the boy get the breaks? The Frisco Kid believed in the breaks. A man who has climbed clear to the top and then slid clear to the bottom has got to believe in the breaks.

For a Fraction of a Second He Didn't Know What Was Happening. And Then He Heard Barney's Yell and Saw the Ace's Seconds Climbing Into the Ring

"Do you or don't you?" the boy insisted. He had to know what the Frisco Kid thought. He felt that the Frisco Kid knew whether he had a chance in the ring.

"You're clever," the Frisco Kid admitted. "I never knew a cleverer boy." He paused for effect. "Except one."

"Except yourself," the boy said.

"Except me," the Frisco Kid said.

"And you can't hit me," the boy said. "You haven't landed a dozen good punches on me all summer. And I can hit you."

"I ain't so good as I was," the Frisco Kid reminded him.

"No," the boy admitted. "You're an old man now. You must be past forty."

"When I was twenty you couldn't 'a' hit me," the Frisco Kid said. "When I was twenty there wasn't any a them could hit me. I was good."

"I know you were. You fought them all."

"Yeah," the Frisco Kid said. "And look at me now."

"You're fat."

"Yeah, I'm fat all right. But that ain't what I mean. What I mean is I'm broke. I was good and now I'm broke."

The boy shook his head impatiently. "There's more money in fighting now than there was in your time. There's ten times as much money in it."

"For the champs," the Frisco Kid said. "But not for the preliminary boys—not for the palookas."

"I'm not going to be a palooka," the boy said.

The Frisco Kid cocked his head on one side and stared the boy up and down. "Listen, Bud," he said. "You ain't got the idea you're as good as I used to be, have you? You aren't leavin' us flat on the hunch that mebbe some day you'll be a champ?"

The boy felt that the Frisco Kid was doing all he could to break down his confidence in himself, and he hated the Frisco Kid for it. In the newspaper bundle under his arm, along with his boxing shoes and two clean shirts, the boy had a book he had been reading and rereading, delighting in the sharp statements of it. He remembered one of these sharp statements now. It went: "Every man over forty is a scoundrel."

"Because," the Frisco Kid continued—"because if that's your idea, I want to tell you you ain't gotta chance—not a chance."

The boy stared back at the Frisco Kid. He would have liked to hit the Frisco Kid. But he didn't. Instead he said, "If you're all through talking, I'll be on my way."

"It's no use tryin' to tell you anything," the Frisco Kid said. "You won't listen to anybody that's been there. You gotta find out for yourself."

"Yes," the boy said, "I've got to find out for myself." He turned and walked off down the street toward the main highway. He knew that the Frisco Kid was a disappointed old man, and hence prejudiced. But the fact that the Frisco Kid thought so little of his chances disturbed him.

The boy had gone fifty yards when the Frisco Kid whistled. The boy turned and waited.

"Listen, Bud," he said as he came up. "Are you really goin'?"

"I'm really going," the boy said.

The Frisco Kid held out his hand. "Don't go off sore," he said. The boy shook his hand. "An', Bud," the Frisco Kid said earnestly, "stay away from 'em until you get 'em softened up. Jab 'em with that left of yours, and make 'em miss. An' when they're kind of exasperated by that left and kind of tired from missin', go to work on the body. Kind of steady-like. An' in the same place. It'll soften the best a them."

"I know," the boy said. The Frisco Kid had been teaching him that technic for three years.

"Good-by," the Frisco Kid said. The boy said good-by and started off again, but he hadn't gone far when the Frisco Kid yelled "Hey, Bud!" The boy paused and waited.

"Promise me one thing," the Frisco Kid said: "Promise me you won't never lead with your right."

"I won't."

"An' good luck," the Frisco Kid said. "Mebbe if you'll just keep your head and not try to swap punches with 'em—mebbe you'll get by. Mebbe you're better'n I think you are."

"I hope so," the boy said.

Two blocks down he saw a truck going east. He ran and caught it. East was the way home.

II

HE ARRIVED in New York after more than three days and nights on the road. At two o'clock in the morning he rode up Ninth Avenue beside the driver of a big milk truck. He dropped off at Twenty-third Street and walked north. He hadn't slept, except for naps sitting up in the cabs of trucks. He had eaten nothing except hot dogs and coffee. But he was home.

He stood on the corner and looked across at the dark windows of the tenement where he had been born and where he had lived until his father's death. He walked across the street and lit a match and looked at the names under the letter boxes in the hallway. None of the names was familiar. He struck another match and examined each name again, hoping to find McCune. Norah McCune was the only old friend he had. Norah had helped him get away from the charity society. He would have to find her.

He turned and studied the changes in the neighborhood while he listened to the familiar rattle and bang of the Elevated overhead. Dinty Moore's saloon on the corner had a new front. It was a Coffee Pot lunch room now. Above the lunch-room sign was another, painted on the wall in gilt letters: ELEGANTLY FURNISHED ROOMS BY DAY OR WEEK.

The boy went across the street and got a bowl of stew for fifteen cents, and then he climbed the dingy stairway under the sign that offered rooms. He had to pay a dollar in advance, but the room was worth it. The room contained an iron cot, a chair, a chest of drawers with a mirror; and though the radiator had gone cold the place was still warm; and the Elevated went by ten feet from the window. He went to sleep, warm for the first time in several days and pleased by the well-remembered roar of the trains; he slept for twelve hours—slept until the middle of the next afternoon.

After coffee and doughnuts in the lunch room downstairs, he started round the neighborhood to find Norah. He had some difficulty in turning up anyone who knew her. The cop on the beat was a rookie who didn't know anybody. Martin's grocery had given way to a chain store. The drug store had changed hands. The cellar coal dealer was an Italian who didn't understand enough English to get what the boy was talking about. But the delicatessen dealer remembered her well. She had moved uptown and gone on the stage. He did not know where uptown she had moved. He did not know what theater she was playing at. While they were talking a girl of the boy's own age interrupted.

"Norah McCune ain't on the stage," she said. "She was. At least she said she was. Now she's a waitress at Hallinan's, in Sixth Avenue. Actress? Her? She's a waitress."

The boy hurried over to Hallinan's. Fortunately he arrived at half-past five, when the place was empty of customers. Nothing could have restrained the enthusiasm of Norah's greeting. She threw both arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh," she cried, "how you've grown! You weren't more than up to my shoulder when you went away, and now you're almost a head taller." She held him off at arm's length and looked at him with a smile that lighted her whole face and warmed the boy's heart. "But you're so thin!" she cried. "Have you been ill?"

"I'm in training," the boy said.

Norah pushed him down in a chair.

"You need food," she said, and rushed off to the kitchen. She came back with a bowl of clam chowder, and while he ate that she got pot roast with dumplings and potatoes and carrots and onions.

She hovered over him, urging him to eat, and asking questions. He told her how the Frisco Kid had taught him to box and how Mushmouth Johnson had matched him against unsuspecting small-town toughs in order to win money on him.

"You shouldn't have let them," Norah said. "You should have come home."

"After all," the boy said, "it's a trade like any other. Maybe I'll make money at it yet."

"You're not going to be a prize fighter!" Norah said.

"I'm going to try it."

"You're not," Norah said. "I'll not let you."

"We'll argue that later," the boy said. "Tell me about yourself. What are you doing in this place?"

Norah shook her head ruefully. "The show went bust in Kansas City. I almost had to walk back. I'm only here until I can get myself some new shoes and stockings, and a little money to live on while I look for work."

The boy took some tightly folded bills out of the watch pocket of his trousers and counted them. He had seventeen dollars. He put two one-dollar bills back in his pocket and folded the rest up tightly and would have slipped them into Norah's hand if she had not snatched her hand away.

"Don't be a fool," she said.

"You staked me when I ran away," he protested.

"I gave you five dollars," Norah said. "And some day you may pay that back. But only when you have a lot more money than you have now."

"I don't need money," he protested. "I'm a man. I can always get by."

"You're a boy," Norah retorted, "and you need plenty of good food to get your growth. I like your nerve, coming here half starved and offering me all your money."

"You might take half of it," the boy said.

"I won't," Norah said. "I have more money than you have now. When I have fifty dollars more I'll quit Hallinan and call on Ziegfeld."

"How long will that take?"

"A month."

"That will be Christmas," the boy said. "The season will be half gone. You can't afford to drop out so long. You ought to be working now."

"Don't I know it?" Norah said. "But it takes money to look for work."

"Norah, I'll get fifty dollars for you. I know I can get fifty dollars for you in a week."

Norah patted him on the shoulder and took his empty plate away and brought him a large piece of mince pie with ice cream.

He couldn't help smiling at sight of the pie and the ice cream. He hadn't eaten all he wanted in months. But he saw that Norah didn't take his offer seriously.

"I see you don't believe me," he said.

"Of course I believe you," Norah said. "I only think you are too ambitious. You are like all boys. You want everything all at once."

"I want to get that fifty dollars for you."

She saw how much in earnest he was. She gave him a fond maternal smile.

"You're not my mother, you know," he said.

"I am almost," she said. "I wheeled you in a go-cart before you could walk."

"When you were three years old yourself."

"I was five," Norah said. She smiled at him again. "And when you have a hundred dollars I'll borrow half of it."

"That's a promise."

"That's a promise," she agreed. "And what's more, I'll tell you how to earn it. I've a friend who'll give you a job in a warehouse. You'll get twenty-five dollars a week too."

The boy shook his head. "It isn't enough. It would cost me half that to live. I'd be months and months saving a hundred dollars."

"And why not?" Norah asked. "What do you expect?"

"I expect a lot more than most, Norah," he said, and waited, watching for her protest against his presumption.

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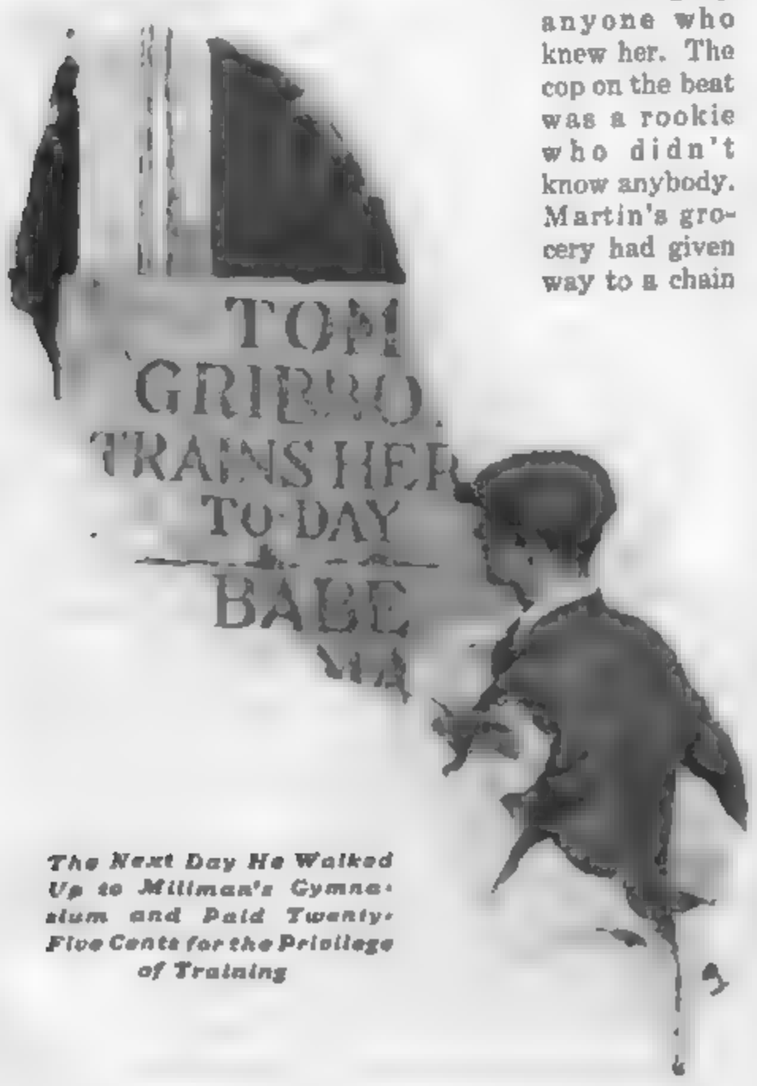
"I Like Your Nerve, Coming Here Half Starved and Offering Me All Your Money." "You Might Take Half of It," the Boy Said



The Next Day He Walked Up to Millman's Gymnasium and Paid Twenty-Five Cents for the Privilege of Training

HUNTING TREASURES IN THE OLD WORLD—By Edwin Lefèvre

One of the Principal Galleries in the American Section of the Pennsylvania Museum. In it are Hung for the Opening Exhibition a Collection of Early American Portraits Lent to the Museum by Thomas B. Clarke

HAPHAZARD touring does not get a collector anywhere. To hope is half the pleasure of antiquing, but to look for bargains in every shop is silly. There are in England plenty of what veteran hunters call louse shops. At their worst they are worse than ours, just as their best are better. You will find everywhere little shops full of the cheapest kind of modern imitations that can deceive only the incredibly ignorant or please only the most vulgar taste. You waste time looking for finds in such places.

To the collector a bargain is a piece that he buys for considerably less than a city dealer would ask for it of his pet clients. Now, England is an old country and every alert dealer knows where the good pieces are and whether or not they may be bought, and the price. The British Antique Dealers' Association has, I am told, more than 2000 members, who are constantly looking for antiques of all kinds. They do not find or buy everything, but they do not leave very much for the casual tourist.

Still, enough treasures are found from time to time to keep hope burning bright in collectors' hearts. My traveling companion owns the best collection of Dr. Wall Worcester in America. We made the rounds of the big London shops without finding pieces he needed to make his collection more comprehensive. Certain London dealers always write or cable him when they get an unusual specimen. We motored to Hastings to see a friend. He showed us two very fine Carolean armchairs he had bought from the local antique dealer for sixty-five dollars and eighty dollars. After luncheon we all went to the little shop at Hastings. It was not at all well stocked, because, as the dealer said, every time he found a good piece one of the local collectors instantly bought it or else the London dealers—to whom the small shops act as pickers, as they do at home—took it. Well, in a corner cupboard my companion found some miniature teacups in Dr. Wall Worcester, unlike any in his really exceptional collection. He paid a price high enough to show the little dealer knew values, but still low enough to make it a real bargain.

The Wise Buyer's Wisdom

A FEW days later I was discussing this matter of bargains with a fellow collector who goes in for furniture. He smiled with the tolerance of a great-great-grandfather. Then he said: "Wherever you find human beings you will find wise and foolish buyers and wise and foolish sellers. The problem is for the wise buyer to find the foolish seller. And don't forget that the seller's folly is not always due to economic need or to ignorance, but to other causes. Of course, I shall find furniture bargains in England just as I find them in America and in France and Italy and Hungary, and even in York, Pennsylvania."

"You are an optimist," I said in honeyed tones.

"Well, me lad," he spoke benignantly, "I have been picking them up for thirty-five or forty years now. I found out long ago that it doesn't pay to grab everything at any old price. Bide your time. You will get your piece somewhere else. Of course you understand that this does not apply to the exception. If you run across a Rembrandt or real Stiegel or Paul Revere silver, buy it if the price doesn't break you; but for the ordinary run of antiques, no! Buy at your own price, but, of course, don't be Scotch.

"I am in the market for certain goods and I expect to get them on this trip at a price sufficiently below American quotations to justify me in taking the trouble to ship them home. Unless I find a bargain I'll not buy."

"And what are you particularly looking for this time?" I asked him.

"Windsor chairs."

"What on earth do you want of English Windsors in America?" I asked him. "Ours are so much better in every way—better looking, better made, better adapted to the peculiar uses to which Americans put their chairs——"

An Oak Room From Sutton Scarsdale, Derbyshire. On the Chimney Breast is Shown Romney's Lady Grantham. To the Left is Seen Reynolds' Master Bunbury, and to the Right Hoppner's Portrait of the Artist's Wife

Poker Face

"YOU don't know good English Windsors. You have seen only the kind that English dealers think American buyers ought to like. I admit they don't always acclimatize in our country. I propose to hunt the prime native article in its habitat."

We went on a little trip together. He had somewhere obtained the address of a man who was a dealer in a small way in a country town not far from London; more of a runner or picker than a dealer.

We went straight to his place. My friend wasted no time but said: "Are you Edward Griffith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Frank Holley gave me this card for you. I am looking for a set of Windsor chairs. They must be old and they must be in good condition. I do not wish to be shown one or two. I must have at least six. More than six would be better."

"Ow!" exclaimed the old dealer. His jaw was moving up and down in his excitement. "I know where there are a dozen or more for sale. They are very old. If you will be good enough to come with me, sir, I will show them to you directly." I knew that my friend, whose poker-playing ability I had never before suspected, was very anxious to find a set of good Windsors at bargain prices. You never would have known it from his face.

"Hold on," he said calmly. "Who owns them?"

"Another dealer, sir; a friend of mine. They take up quite a bit of room and I know you will get them cheap, sir. He is an old friend, and I am doing for him what I know he would do for me. We all have to help one another in this business."

"Have you seen the chairs?" said my friend, sitting down as though he had all the time in the world.

"Oh, yes, sir. They are very fine chairs."

"Windsor chairs?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I know old Windsors, and I have never seen a finer set, sir. I wouldn't say this if I were not sure, because I'd know you are not to be fooled, even if you didn't have a card from Mr. Frank Holley."

By this time I was anxious to see the chairs, but my friend asked in an uninterested tone, "Do you know where the chairs came from?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They came from a pub, sir. The owner died. He was a widower without children, and the heirs were distant relations. They sold everything. The house was in one family five generations."

I was more eager than ever to see the chairs. My friend kept his seat and asked: "Are they in good condition?"

"Yes, sir; I examined them myself, thinking perhaps somebody might ask me about them."

"And how much are they asking for the chairs?"

"Sixteen shillings each, sir."

"And how much am I to pay you for your trouble?"

"Well, sir, it would only take me five minutes to show them to you, and I can't expect you to pay me anything, but Bill is an old friend and I'd be glad to help him."

"And you are sure they are in good condition?"

"I am, sir."

"If I pay you one pound apiece for them, will that be satisfactory?"

"Indeed, yes, sir."

"And you are sure they are not sold?"

"They were not sold this morning, sir. I am sure they are not."

My friend put his hand in his pocket and took out his wallet and said to the dealer, "I'll take them. I'll pay a deposit on them."

I stared in surprise.

The dealer said, "Perhaps we had better see how many there are. I think he has fourteen or fifteen."

"Very well. We will go and look at them."

The dealer rode with the chauffeur on the front seat. My friend and I sat in the back seat. On our way to the chairs I asked him, "What's the big idea, offering to pay sight unseen?"

"My young friend," the veteran told me paternally, "there are some things on which you may rely quite as strongly as on the evidence of your senses. If you will take the trouble to exercise what you are pleased to call your brain, you will remember that he said that the chairs were old, that they were in sound condition and that they had been used in a public house. Since he was obviously honest and appeared to be fairly well posted on his own business, what should an intelligent man gather? That he should buy those Windsor chairs at a low price."

Another Oak Room From Sutton Scarsdale, One of England's Most Beautiful Homes. The Room is of Natural Oak, Adorned With Limewood Carved in the Style of Grinling Gibbons. In it are Masterpieces From the Collection of the Late John H. McFadden

The Hope in Every Collector's Breast

"BUT how do you know that they are good Windsors?"

"When he told me what he did he told me all I needed to know: The chairs were intended for use in a pub. That means they had to be well made, to last. They were used in a pub. That means they were comfortable. If chairs in pubs are not comfortable the customers get up and go home. Therefore, I conclude logically that these Windsor chairs are old, strong and comfortable, and can be bought at four dollars apiece. What makes you think that I am reckless?"

It turned out that he was about as reckless as an investment banker selecting bonds for his mother-in-law. They were fine Windsors; nineteen of them at four dollars each and one dollar commission for the picker.

American collectors in England always visit the Caledonian Market in the hope of finding treasures. They take pleasure in hearing and telling thrilling stories of how a lucky friend fared there. It is a world-wide pastime. In Seville, Spain, for instance, they have what is called the Jueves—so named from the fact that it is on Thursday—Jueves—that they do open-air trading in the middle of the street; all kinds of secondhand goods and junk. I swear I myself never went there with the hope of finding anything worth while, but I did go several times. Every antique dealer and every picker for miles around was there turning over the piles of junk of all kinds. Finds have been reputed of things like a Hispano-Moresque bowl of a marvelous amethyst luster, valuable prints, bronzes and old *azulejos*, or tiles. But the reason why so many antiquers hover over the malodorous piles of worn-out stuff is that once a picker bought an old canvas for ten cents which turned out to be a Madonna by Murillo. The picker sold it to a dealer for ten pesetas—two dollars. This dealer sold it to a learned antiquarian, who in turn sold it for $1500, "as was," to an Englishman, who had it cleaned and is said to have refused $10,000 for it. Of course the talk among the optimists at the Jueves was that the picture was sold for a half million pounds sterling to the King of England, who presented it to the National Gallery. Every man, woman and child who sees an old canvas there thinks he has another Murillo.

In Paris they have the Flea Fair, which is a sight worth seeing. The stories of treasure-trove are pretty much of the same general character. One of my friends found a book there for which he paid fifty centimes and was told by a book dealer that it was worth 300 francs. It unfortunately happens to be a book for which he has no use whatever, and the furniture always needs much repairing. But a bargain is a bargain.

In London, in the Caledonian Market, are sold at incredibly low prices all manner of incredibly useless secondhand objects—dilapidated household goods and the junkiest of junk. The poorest class goes there to buy, and also the highest class of Americans.

In Place of Luck

ONE of our fellow passengers on the steamer on the way over was from Boston. She was middle-aged, single, collected antiques in the summer and loved art in the winter. She had read two or more complete libraries and had visited every picture gallery in Christendom, catalogue in hand and abiding faith in her heart. When we spoke modestly about some of our rare finds she told us very plainly that what most people called luck was either single-mindedness, or persistence, or knowledge, or the heaven-born knack of seizing an opportunity when it came along. She backed up her opinion by corroborative stories of how she had picked up this or the other piece by making it a point to make the rounds of the dealers in her neighborhood every day, rain or shine. That was not luck, but intelligent persistence, being on the job. She told us how she had found an Arms of Virginia fruit bowl in a farmhouse which had been visited by every picker in Boston, and a Jacob Hurd porringer in a Boston pawnshop, in the window of which it had been seen by millions of cultured Bostonians for months. Her last find was a marvelous Hadley chest, which she found in a country shop fifteen minutes after a lynx-eyed Boston dealer had gone through the place.

When someone told her about the Caledonian Market she brightened up, but the man who had been telling about it warned her that she would probably be disappointed.

"But you just told about some of the finds."

"Yes, but they do not happen very often. I found it a waste of time to go there."

"Well," she said, "even if I couldn't find any treasures, I'd probably see some interesting types."

"You will be sorry you saw them," warned the narrator.

"Or smelt them," murmured the narrator's wife.

But remonstrances were as eiderdown beating against the Gibraltar of the lady's resolution. She went to the Caledonian Market several times. The old story about the old man who went every day to the circus because he said that some day the lion would eat the lion tamer—a joyous happening, which of course came off the day the old man was sick and couldn't go—is always in the mind of the inveterate treasure seeker.

The Georgian Room From the Treaty House in Upminster, England. Gainsborough's Miss Linley Hangs Over the Mantelpiece and Raeburn's Painting of the Willett Children is at the Right of the Carved Doorway

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THE LAST OF THE BELLES

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

AFTER Atlanta's elaborate and theatrical rendition of Southern charm, we all underestimated Tarleton. It was a little hotter than anywhere we'd been—a dozen rookies collapsed the first day in that Georgia sun—and when you saw herds of cows drifting through the business streets, hi-yaed by colored drovers, a trance stole down over you out of the hot light; you wanted to move a hand or foot to be sure you were alive.

So I stayed out at camp and let Lieutenant Warren tell me about the girls. This was ten years ago, and I've forgotten how I felt, except that the days went along, one after another, better than they do now, and I was empty-hearted, because up North she whose legend I had loved for three years was getting married. I saw the clippings and newspaper photographs. It was "a romantic wartime wedding," all very rich and sad. I felt vividly the dark radiance of the sky under which it took place, and as a young snob, was more envious than sorry.

A day came when I went into Tarleton for a haircut and ran into a nice fellow named Bill Knowles, who was in my time at Harvard. He'd been in the National Guard division that preceded us in camp; at the last moment he had transferred to aviation and been left behind.

"I'm glad I met you, Andy," he said with undue seriousness. "I'll hand you on all my information before I start for Texas. You see, there're really only three girls here ——"

I was interested; there was something mystical about there being three girls.

"—— and here's one of them now."

We were in front of a drug store and he marched me in and introduced me to a lady I promptly detested.

"The other two are Ailie Calhoun and Sally Carrol Happer."

I guessed, from the way he pronounced the name, that he was interested in Ailie Calhoun. It was on his mind what she would be doing while he was gone; he wanted her to have a quiet, uninteresting time.

At my age I don't even hesitate to confess that entirely unchivalrous images of Ailie Calhoun—that lovely name—rushed into my mind. At twenty-three there is no such thing as a preëmpted beauty; though, had Bill asked me, I would doubtless have sworn in all sincerity to care for her like a sister. He didn't; he was just fretting out loud at having to go. Three days later he telephoned me that he was leaving next morning and he'd take me to her house that night.

We met at the hotel and walked uptown through the flowery, hot twilight. The four white pillars of the Calhoun house faced the street, and behind them the veranda was dark as a cave with hanging, weaving, climbing vines.

When we came up the walk a girl in a white dress tumbled out of the front door, crying, "I'm so sorry I'm late!" and seeing us, added: "Why, I thought I heard you come ten minutes ——"

She broke off as a chair creaked and another man, an aviator from Camp Harry Lee, emerged from the obscurity of the veranda.

"Why, Canby!" she cried. "How are you?"

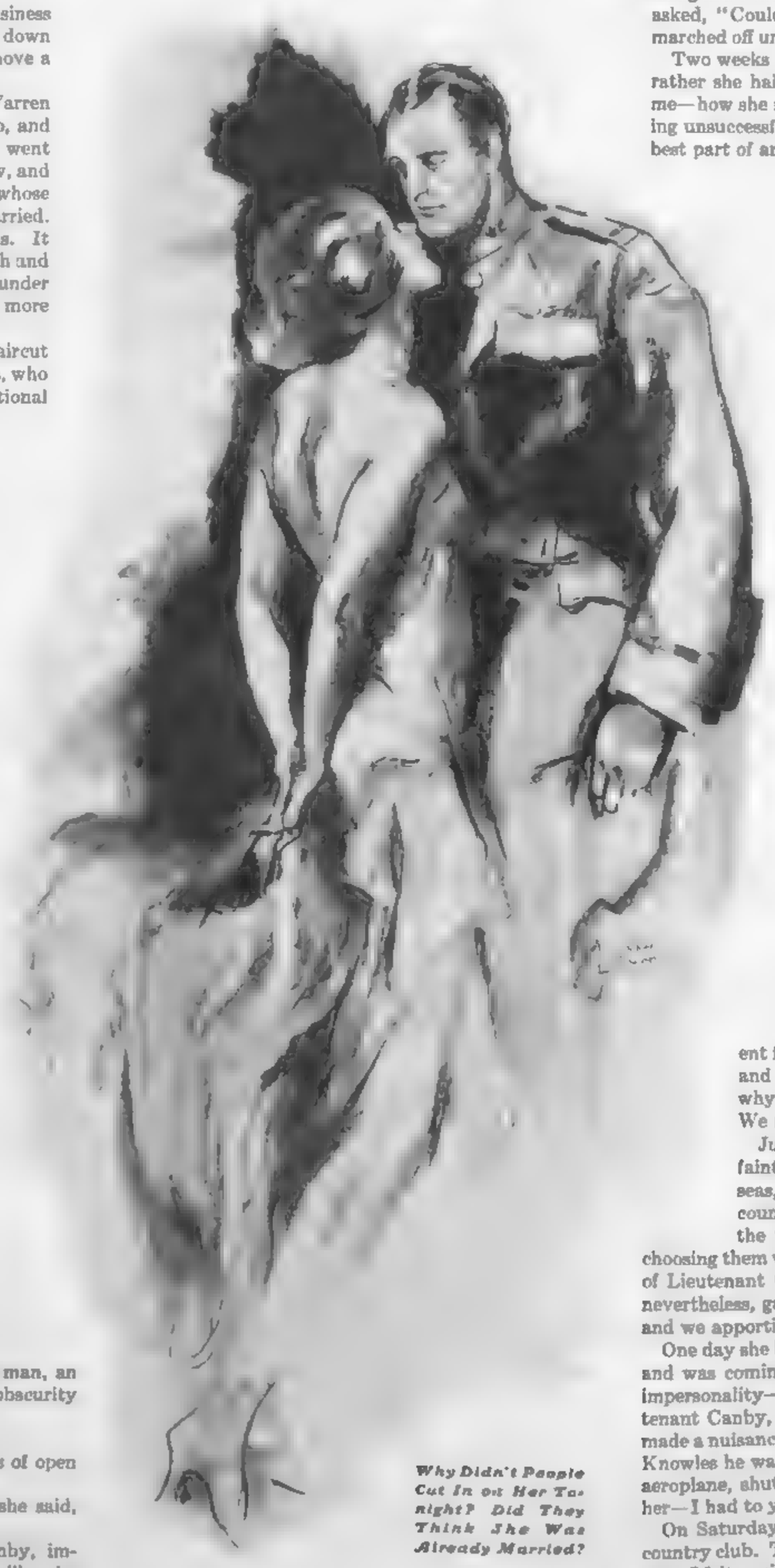
He and Bill Knowles waited with the tenseness of open litigants.

"Canby, I want to whisper to you, honey," she said, after just a second. "You'll excuse us, Bill."

They went aside. Presently Lieutenant Canby, immensely displeased, said in a grim voice, "Then we'll make it Thursday, but that means sure." Scarcely nodding to us, he went down the walk, the spurs with which he presumably urged on his aeroplane gleaming in the lamplight.

"Come in—I don't just know your name ——"

There she was—the Southern type in all its purity. I would have recognized Ailie Calhoun if I'd never heard Ruth Draper or read Marse Chan. She had the adroitness sugar-coated with sweet, voluble simplicity, the suggested background of devoted fathers, brothers and admirers stretching back into the South's heroic age, the unfailing coolness acquired in the endless struggle with the heat.



Why Didn't People Cut In on Her Tonight? Did They Think She Was Already Married?

There were notes in her voice that ordered slaves around, that withered up Yankee captains, and then soft, wheedling notes that mingled in unfamiliar loveliness with the night.

I could scarcely see her in the darkness, but when I rose to go—it was plain that I was not to linger—she stood in the orange light from the doorway. She was small and very blond; there was too much fever-colored rouge on her face, accentuated by a nose dabbed clownish white, but she shone through that like a star.

"After Bill goes I'll be sitting here all alone night after night. Maybe you'll take me to the country-club dances."

The pathetic prophecy brought a laugh from Bill. "Wait a minute," Ailie murmured. "Your guns are all crooked."

She straightened my collar pin, looking up at me for a second with something more than curiosity. It was a seeking look, as if she asked, "Could it be you?" Like Lieutenant Canby, I marched off unwillingly into the suddenly insufficient night.

Two weeks later I sat with her on the same veranda, or rather she half lay in my arms and yet scarcely touched me—how she managed that I don't remember. I was trying unsuccessfully to kiss her, and had been trying for the best part of an hour. We had a sort of joke about my not being sincere. My theory was that if she'd let me kiss her I'd fall in love with her. Her argument was that I was obviously insincere.

In a lull between two of these struggles she told me about her brother who had died in his senior year at Yale. She showed me his picture—it was a handsome, earnest face with a Leyendecker forelock—and told me that when she met someone who measured up to him she'd marry. I found this family idealism discouraging; even my brash confidence couldn't compete with the dead.

The evening and other evenings passed like that, and ended with my going back to camp with the remembered smell of magnolia flowers and a mood of vague dissatisfaction. I never kissed her. We went to the vaudeville and to the country club on Saturday nights, where she seldom took ten consecutive steps with one man, and she took me to barbecues and rowdy watermelon parties, and never thought it was worth while to change what I felt for her into love. I see now that it wouldn't have been hard, but she was a wise nineteen and she must have seen that we were emotionally incompatible. So I became her confidant instead.

We talked about Bill Knowles. She was considering Bill; for, though she wouldn't admit it, a winter at school in New York and a prom at Yale had turned her eyes North. She said she didn't think she'd marry a Southern man. And by degrees I saw that she was consciously and voluntarily different from these other girls who sang nigger songs and shot craps in the country-club bar. That's why Bill and I and others were drawn to her. We recognized her.

June and July, while the rumors reached us faintly, ineffectually, of battle and terror overseas, Ailie's eyes roved here and there about the country-club floor, seeking for something among the tall young officers. She attached several, choosing them with unfailing perspicacity—save in the case of Lieutenant Canby, whom she claimed to despise, but, nevertheless, gave dates to "because he was so sincere"—and we apportioned her evenings among us all summer.

One day she broke all her dates—Bill Knowles had leave and was coming. We talked of the event with scientific impersonality—would he move her to a decision? Lieutenant Canby, on the contrary, wasn't impersonal at all; made a nuisance of himself. He told her that if she married Knowles he was going to climb up six thousand feet in his aeroplane, shut off the motor and let go. He frightened her—I had to yield him my last date before Bill came.

On Saturday night she and Bill Knowles came to the country club. They were very handsome together and once more I felt envious and sad. As they danced out on the floor the three-piece orchestra was playing After You've Gone, in a poignant incomplete way that I can hear yet, as if each bar was trickling off a precious minute of that time. I knew then that I had grown to love Tarleton, and I glanced about half in panic to see if some face wouldn't come in for me out of that warm, singing, outer darkness that yielded up couple after couple in organdie and olive drab. It was a time of youth and war, and there was never so much love around.

When I danced with Ailie she suddenly suggested that we go outside to a car. She wanted to know why didn't

people cut in on her tonight? Did they think she was already married?

"Are you going to be?"

"I don't know, Andy. Sometimes, when he treats me as if I were sacred, it thrills me." Her voice was hushed and far away. "And then ——"

She laughed. Her body, so frail and tender, was touching mine, her face was turned up to me, and there, suddenly, with Bill Knowles ten yards off, I could have kissed her at last. Our lips just touched experimentally; then an aviation officer turned a corner of the veranda near us, peered into our darkness and hesitated.

"Ailie."

"Yes."

"You heard about this afternoon?"

"What?" She leaned forward, tenseness already in her voice.

"Horace Canby crashed. He was instantly killed."

She got up slowly and stepped out of the car.

"You mean he was killed?" she said slowly.

"Yes. They don't know what the trouble was. His motor - "

"Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h!" Her rasping whisper came through the hands suddenly covering her face. We watched her helplessly as she put her head on the side of the car and sobbed. After a minute I went for Bill, who was standing in the stag line, searching anxiously for her about the room, and told him she wanted to go home.

I sat on the steps outside. I had disliked Canby, but his terrible, pointless death was more real to me then than the day's toll of thousands in France. In a few minutes Ailie and Bill came out. Ailie was whimpering a little, but when she saw me her eyes flexed and she came over swiftly.

"Andy"—she spoke in a quick, low voice—"of course you must never tell anybody what I told you about Canby yesterday. What he said, I mean."

"Of course not."

She looked at me a second longer as if to be quite sure. Finally she was sure. Then she sighed in such a quaint little way that I could hardly believe my ears, and her brow went up in what can only be described as mock despair.

"An-dy!"

I looked uncomfortably at the ground, aware that she was calling my attention to her involuntarily disastrous effect on men.

"Good night, Andy!" called Bill as they got into a taxi.

"Good night," I said, and almost added: "You poor fool."

II

OF COURSE I should have made one of those fine moral decisions that people make in books, and despised her. On the contrary, I don't doubt that she could still have had me by raising her hand.

A few days later she made it all right by saying wistfully, "I know you think it was terrible of me to think of myself at a time like that, but it was such a shocking coincidence."

At twenty-three I was entirely unconvinced about anything, except that some people were strong and attractive and could do what they wanted, and others were caught and disgraced. I hoped I was of the former. I was sure Ailie was.

I had to revise other ideas about her. In the course of a long discussion with some girl about kissing—in those days people still talked about kissing more than they kissed—I mentioned the fact that Ailie had only kissed two or three men, and only when she thought she was in love. To my considerable disconcertion the girl figuratively just lay on the floor and howled.

"But it's true," I assured her, suddenly knowing it wasn't. "She told me herself."

"Ailie Calhoun! Oh, my heavens! Why, last year at the Tech spring house party ——"

This was in September. We were going overseas any week now, and to bring us up to full strength a last batch of officers from the fourth training camp arrived. The fourth camp wasn't like the first two—the candidates were from the ranks; even from the drafted divisions. They had queer names without vowels in them, and save for a few young militiamen, you couldn't take it for granted that they came out of any background at all. The addition to our company was Lieut. Earl Schoen from New Bedford, Massachusetts; as fine a physical specimen as I have ever seen. He was six-foot-three, with black hair, high color and glossy dark-brown eyes. He wasn't very smart and he was definitely illiterate, yet he was a good officer, high-tempered and commanding, and with that becoming touch of vanity that sits well on the military. I had an idea that New Bedford was a country town, and set down his bumptious qualities to that.

We were doubled up in living quarters and he came into my hut. Inside of a week there was a cabinet photograph of some Tarleton girl nailed brutally to the shack wall.

"She's no jane or anything like that. She's a society girl; goes with all the best people here."

The following Sunday afternoon I met the lady at a semiprivate swimming pool in the country. When Ailie and I arrived, there was Schoen's muscular body rippling out of a bathing suit at the far end of the pool.

"Hey, lieutenant!"

When I waved back at him he grinned and winked, jerking his head toward the girl at his side. Then, digging her in the ribs, he jerked his head at me. It was a form of introduction.

"Who's that with Kitty Preston?" Ailie asked, and when I told her she said he looked like a street-car conductor, and pretended to be looking for her transfer.

A moment later he crawled powerfully and gracefully down the pool and pulled himself up at our side. I introduced him to Ailie.

"How do you like my girl, lieutenant?" he demanded. "I told you she was all right, didn't I?" He jerked his head toward Ailie; this time to indicate that his girl and Ailie moved in the same circles. "How about us all having dinner together down at the hotel some night?"

I left them in a moment, amused as I saw Ailie visibly making up her mind that here, anyhow, was not the ideal. But Lieut. Earl Schoen was not to be dismissed so lightly. He ran his eyes cheerfully and inoffensively over her cute, slight figure, and decided that she would do even better than the other. Ten minutes later I saw them in the water together, Ailie swimming away with a grim little stroke she had, and Schoen wallowing riotously around her and ahead of her, sometimes pausing and staring at her, fascinated, as a small boy might look at a nautical doll.

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I Saw Them in the Water Together, Ailie Swimming Away With a Grim Little Stroke She Had

SHELLIS' REEF

By Francis Brett Young

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Off the Mouth of the Yang-tse We Ran Into Patches of Fog That Kept the Old Man Pretty Thoroughly Glued to the Bridge

I SHALL never forget that morning, on the dock side at Birkenhead, when I signed on for my first voyage. Late in the afternoon of the day before a wire had reached me in London. A fellow named Ferris—the Chusan's regular surgeon—had crocked up at the last minute with a go of malaria, picked up in Java. Could I travel up overnight to Liverpool and join the ship next morning? She was sailing at high water, somewhere round about 8:30. Eight pounds a month, and a bonus if I behaved myself. Could I manage at such short notice?

Could I, indeed! This particular adventure was the one which I'd been promising myself ever since I graduated—a colored compensation for six drab years of study—but the C. S. N. C.—the Cathay Steam Navigation Company, to give it its full name—had a long waiting list, and the wire took me by surprise. Still, when you're young, surprises give salt to life. I had just an hour before the shops shut to collect a scratch set of gear and bundle into a train that landed me in Liverpool after midnight.

I didn't sleep that night. My mind was too hot with fancies. Imagine it; to be young and—very nearly—heart-free; to be setting out at less than twelve hours' notice for the uttermost East—Korea, Japan, Manila, and home again heaven knew how or when. The whole night was haunted by sea sounds; the sirens of great ships nosing their way up the Mersey through the fog. This adventure, I tell you, had a quality as distinct, as ineffable as that of first love, the flavor on a virgin palate of some tropical fruit. If you've been born an islander and a romantic you'll know what I mean.

But the actual beginning of it, next morning, wasn't inspiring. A cold and slimy quay, so thick with fog that you couldn't see the blue peter sagging from the Chusan's mizzen topmast. The ship herself looked incredibly grimed and shabby; more like a derelict collier than a live merchantman. And the rest of the crew—as I guessed them to be—who shivered round the Board of Trade office like myself, with their gear dumped beside them, resembled the survivors of a shipwreck rather than seamen joining for a new voyage. There were only half a dozen of them—the bulk of the crew were Chinese, picked up in Hong-Kong—but such as they were, they looked about as unpromising as the ship; an unshaven, surly lot of ruffians with coat collars turned up and mufflers twisted round their raw necks. No doubt one or two—more luck to them—had been making a night of it, but their appearance, on a morning like that, was a bit chilling. When you're going to pig it at close quarters for six months you're critical of your company.

The Chusan's bell jerked out eight strokes. It was the first sign of life aboard her. Punctual to the minute, a Board of Trade official arrived—a solemn young man in steel-rimmed spectacles. We all slouched in behind him. I was invited to sign my soul away for the duration of the voyage, and did so gladly. That moment, indeed, had a sacramental flavor. It made me, for the first time in my life, a sailor; an authentic, if temporary member of the mercantile marine.

"Well, we'd better be getting aboard, doc," said a voice at my elbow. It seemed that the effects of my initiation were not confined to myself. One of those surly, muffled figures was speaking to me in a North Country accent, as familiarly as if he'd known me all my life. He looked, perhaps, the roughest and most unpromising of the bunch; a thickset, middle-aged walrus, with an uneven sandy mustache, on which the river fog had condensed in dewy globules.

"When I saw you hanging about," he said, "I guessed who you were. Old Ferris, our regular surgeon's picked up a bad bug last voyage in Tanjong Priok. Well, well! The old Chusan's not such a bad packet. Teak decks, and less cockroaches than most of 'em. This your first voyage? My name," he went on, "is Blagden. I'm the chief officer. If you'll get your gear together I'll show you your cabin. The Old Man's as strict on time as a blooming chronometer. He don't half get rattled if there's anyone ashore when he comes aboard."

"What's his name?" I inquired.

"The Old Man's? Captain Shellis. D'you mean to say the medical super didn't tell you all about him? Aye, he's what you might call an original, is old Benjie Shellis. Been with this company donkey's years. This'll be his last voyage. Grand old man, for all that. By gum, though, we'd better look alippy! Talk of the devil!"

Diving incontinently into an alleyway, my friend Mr. Blagden evaded me and left me stranded with my kit bag on the greasy deck. Through the fog on the quay below me I saw a ramshackle four-wheeled cab crawling up. It gave up the ghost at the very foot of the accommodation ladder and from its straw-strewn interior two figures emerged. The first was that of a gaunt woman, unusually tall and bony, with heavy features and a flaming red face. She wore a jet-trimmed pancake of a hat, perched like a rook's nest on the top of her head. Behind her there came a spare little man in a billycock hat, with a face as gray as his mutton-chop whiskers, a high, starched collar, and a navy-blue suit that fitted abominably. He looked as little like a sailor as anything that you can imagine. Apart from the chief officer's hint, I should never have guessed that these two apparitions were Captain Shellis, the master of the Chusan and of my destinies, and his wife.

On shore, at any rate, it was Mrs. Shellis who did the mastering. She ordered the cabman about like a cavalry sergeant major. The most amazing collection of baskets, cardboard boxes, brown paper parcels and packing cases was dragged out of the cab's interior onto the muddy quay. She counted them over methodically, with a bony, black-gloved finger. Then, satisfied that the cab was empty, she lifted her veil, took her husband in her arms and kissed him so thoroughly that I was sorry for him. One couldn't associate the idea of kisses with such a dragoon. She

kissed him for all the world to see; then patted his back, as though he were a small boy being sent off to school; then, lowering her veil again, climbed into the cab and drove away. He stood looking after her, a curiously formal figure, waving his hand. An enormous black-gloved member waved back from the cab. It wasn't a romantic parting. Indeed, it was grotesque. I didn't guess then how poignantly I was going to remember it.

But that is to anticipate. As soon as he set foot on the gangway, Captain Shellis became another man. It was astonishing to see how this insignificant figure, which you might have taken for that of an obscure small shopkeeper, stiffened into authority, almost as if he drew virtue from the grimy deck of his command. The gray, whiskered face as he came for'ard took on a peculiar dignity from which even the black billycock couldn't detract. It was set in lines so serious, so genuinely impressive, it was so full of so much somber preoccupation, that the sense of my own unimportance persuaded me to avoid meeting it, as Blagden had done.

II

I DIDN'T, as a matter of fact, make Captain Shellis' nearer acquaintance for more than three days. The glory of the sea, of which in a landsman's way I'd been dreaming for half my life, resolved itself during that time into a humiliating state of green prostration occasioned by the sickening staggers of that drunken ship. Not even the ballast of road rails that we were carrying to Chemulpo for the Korean railways could keep her steady. I realized bitterly that sailors are born, not made. My friendship with Blagden, the chief officer, however, ripened, in spite of the fact that we couldn't exactly see eye to eye on the humorous nature of my own condition. His own prescription for seasickness, which was to swallow a hunk of fat corned pork on the end of a string, gave more amusement to him than to me; but the presence of his burly self, blowing in with a windy smile from the reeling bridge, was as good as a tonic.

Blagden was a sailor born if ever there was one. He had the honesty, the charitableness, the wisdom of those who are forced to work out their own salvation in a confined space with all manner of companions. At sea, however much you may dislike a shipmate, you can't get away from him. If you learn nothing else, you learn how to make the best of people. And Blagden made the best of my seasick self. As for me, I was overcome with admiration for this rough, simple, middle-aged man, compelled to earn his living away from the wife and children that he quite obviously adored. It was from these affections, no doubt, that he drew the almost paternal interest which embraced the whole ship's company, from the Chinese stokers to Captain Shellis himself.

The relation of the master and the chief officer—the "mate," as old Shellis called him—was a peculiar one. On the surface, Blagden behaved toward him with the most meticulous respect, deferring to the older man with the humility of a schoolboy in the presence of his head master, and imposing the same attitude on all the rest of us. Unofficially, as I gathered from the long yarns with which I was regaled during his watch below, Blagden regarded him with a protective, half-humorous affection, as a kind of museum piece, the only perfect example extant in steam of an old-fashioned windjammer captain—an extremely fragile specimen, whom he, as a conscientious curator, must keep carefully dusted and preserved.

As far as externals went, and that, for the moment, was as far as I got, the mate's concern was justified. Old Shellis, as I saw him, now that the Atlantic had done its damnedest with me, and the Chusan went wallowing southward with the sunlit downs of Portugal on her port beam, was a perfect miniature representation in waxwork of what a skipper should be. I say "waxwork" advisedly. There was a curious stiffness and fragility, an unreal perfection in the dapper little old man's appearance. On a larger scale, his leonine head, whose finely rugged features reminded one of Wagner's, would have been extraordinarily impressive. Even as it was, the proportions were so perfect that scale seemed a matter of small importance; and the formal precision of his manner, and manners, made one forget that the Chusan was, after all, a dirty little tramp of two thousand tons' burden. He sat at the head of the shabby dinner table with the dignity of an admiral on his flagship or the master of an Atlantic liner in his saloon. He commanded—that was the only word—respect. And, by Jove, he got it. More than that, he was loved, and by every one of us. Old Shellis, if he were nothing else, was a great gentleman.

Again and again, as I think of him, the word "fragile" comes into my mind. How old he was exactly nobody knew, though his references to the wild days when Japan was a closed country suggested an incredible antiquity. But my medical eyes saw more than the fragility of age. The waxen pallor of Shellis' fine face was pathological. Watching him narrowly as he sat at the head of the table, I had noticed in his skinny neck a sinister pulsation of the carotid denoting aortic incompetence, and suggesting that the old man's hold on life was more precarious than the others imagined. That and an occasional breathlessness which rarely showed itself—for old Shellis evidently knew his own limitations—warned me that at any moment, and probably at the most unexpected, my good friend Blagden might find himself in command of the Chusan. There was no need, of course, for me to acquaint the chief officer with this possibility. If the occasion arose he was perfectly competent to deal with it. As a matter of fact, his own concern was not for the old man's heart, but for what he described as the bee in old Shellis' bonnet.

III

THIS was the insect to which he had made a veiled allusion on our first meeting, when he had asked me whether the medical superintendent hadn't instructed me on the subject of the old man's peculiarity. He hadn't. I had joined the ship at such short notice; with no preparation, in fact, but one short preliminary interview. But since the matter was common knowledge and, indeed, one of the standing jokes of the C. S. N. C. fleet, Blagden felt it his duty to "put me wise," as he called it.

This, to be concise, was the story of Shellis' Reef. In his youthful peregrinations of the China seas, heaven knows how many years before our present voyage, old Shellis, then a second mate in sail, had been wrecked on some

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The Crew of the Bark Had Been Forced to Leave Her Sinking, and Six of Them Had Suffered Horrors on a Speck of an Island From Which Two Survivors—of Whom Shellis Was One—Had Been Picked Up Ten Days Later in a State of Delirium

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IX

CHARLIE was apt, in moments when his thoughts were much engaged, to lose account of time. This trait had been responsible for his dereliction on the night of Bull Fowle's death, when he neglected to telephone the office and so brought down upon him the wrath of his superior. His thoughts laid the same spell upon him now. He knew it was late in the evening, but he did not realize how late it was until he came to police headquarters, full of what he had to tell, and found Inspector Tope on the point of departing for the night.

The round little man was at the door when Charlie came up the steps; and Charlie asked in quick interest, "Where you going, inspector? Something up?"

"Going?" the old man echoed. "Home, son. I've put in a long day for an old man, and there's nothing to do tonight."

"Anything new?" Charlie demanded.

Tope hesitated. "Walk along with me," he suggested. "We can talk on the way." And as they swung down the hill toward the Subway station, the inspector said thoughtfully, "There's talk going around that a gang was laying for Bull Fowle Saturday night." He added: "Reevil and some of his men, according to the word we got. Reevil's out of town, or out of sight. We'll pick him up by and by."

Charlie shook his head. "They didn't do it," he declared confidently, full of his new knowledge.

"They aimed to," the inspector insisted. "We've got that straight enough. They'd been tipped off that he'd be in town and they knew where to look for him, and they were waiting."

"They didn't do it," Charlie insisted, and when the other looked at him with a question, Charlie explained. "Dent had a note, an anonymous letter," he said. "It told him there was fifty thousand circulation lying at the morgue under the name of Bull Fowle. Whoever wrote that note knew Bull Fowle was Bellmer, but Reevil and his bunch didn't know it, any more than Huginn did."

The inspector considered this. They had come to the Subway entrance, but the old man had forgotten his weariness.

"No," he said, after a moment, shaking his head. "No, Charlie, you've got your wires crossed. The gangsters didn't write that note. So far you're O. K. Whoever wrote the note knew Fowle was Bellmer. But the gangsters may have killed him just the same, without knowing who he was."

Charlie was crestfallen, but he could not fail to see the truth of this. "I see," he agreed. "Yes, I see." He laughed sheepishly. "I thought I had something," he confessed. "That's one on me."

The inspector nodded reassuringly. "Your head's working, anyway," he approved. "Son, did you find out anything about the car?"

Charlie had almost forgotten the car and the negro chauffeur, and he grinned again. "Keno!" he exclaimed. "That's right, I forgot that. I got something there too. It looks as though ——" He hesitated. "Well, I won't tell you what I think," he said. "I'll tell you what they told me."

Tope smiled. "All right, what did they?" he asked.

"I found the garage where Bellmer's cars were kept," Charlie said precisely. "I talked with another chauffeur who keeps a car there, and I saw two of Bellmer's cars. They're the same make as the one the drug clerk saw, but different bodies. One of Bellmer's cars wasn't there. It's a limousine. The negro chauffeur took it out Saturday night. Bellmer sometimes drove to Canada and he carried Quebec plates for each car. The negro hated Bellmer. Bellmer bullied him; and once when the negro drove the car with a flat tire, Bellmer whipped him—thrashed him soundly. The negro threatened to get Bellmer for it. The car hasn't been back since Saturday night. Neither has the negro. Those are the facts—or at least those are the things I was told."

Tope nodded cheerfully. "Good enough!" He summarized, half aloud: "Bellmer was the man who was knocked down at the corner, or he dodged the car and fell down. It was his own car that hit him, or his own car that he dodged. The colored boy had threatened to kill him—maybe hit him, maybe tried to hit him. And the boy is missing and so is the car. That's what we've got, eh?"

"Yes. It ought to be easy to locate the negro."

"He's located," said Tope. "He's located, son."

Charlie looked his astonishment.

"He Stopped Over by the Alley to Talk to a Man That Came Out of There—the Alley Back of the House"

"Fine!" he cried. "Where is he? What does he say?"

The inspector smiled. "He's up in Maine, up above Skowhegan," he returned. "I judge he put out of here for Canada, took the Quebec road. We had a little rain here that night and they had a flurry of wet snow up there. The road's narrow when you get up in the woods. It winds a good deal—a lot of sharp curves. He skidded off the road—maybe driving too fast. Got a broken leg and banged up some and pinned under the car. They picked him up and got him to a hospital, and he'll come through. We got the report when I sent out a description of the car."

"He hasn't talked?"

"He's a pretty sick boy right now," Tope replied. "But he'll be all right, and we'll fetch him back here. He'll talk."

"Fine!" Charlie cried. "Fine! Then we'll know something—know where we stand."

The inspector considered this. "Or where we don't stand," he amended. "Or where we don't stand." And he stood a moment silent and then swung toward the stairs. "Well, good night, Charlie—if that's all."

Charlie said thoughtfully, "You know, inspector, the real mystery here now is the woman."

"How do you mean?"

"Bellmer lived in two worlds. In which one did the woman live? In Bellmer's world or in Bull Fowle's?"

"Well, she's in jail right now," the inspector said, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Won't see anyone! Don't want a lawyer! Just wants to know how long this is going to take, how long we'll have to keep her. As long as she thought it wouldn't be over a week, she was all right; but when I said it might be longer, she was wild."

Charlie nodded. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "when we know more about her, we'll get somewhere."

The inspector chuckled. "Well, when I get home, I'll get to bed," he declared. "Good night, son."

And this time he made good his farewells. Charlie was left alone, and a little later he, too, turned toward his lodging.

He moved slowly, absorbed in his own conjectures; and it was long before he slept, long before he woke. He had youth's ability to snatch as much sleep as he required when the chance afforded, and it was afternoon before he finally got out of bed. But this day he bought the daily papers before turning into the restaurant where he meant to lunch. He bought the Banner and the Journal, and the morning papers too; and this time it was the Journal, where lay his own loyalties, which first held his eye.

And Phœbe, Without Any But the Most Formal Amenities, Said, "Mr. Ruson's Expecting You. One Minute"

For he saw at a glance that Boetius had, indeed, identified Bellmer's body, and there was more. The headlines lifted his pulse, and the waiter expecting his order had to prompt the young man twice or thrice before Charlie could turn his attention to food. Having ordered, he scanned the page again.

Boetius and the Journal make-up man had bordered the first page with black, a band of it half an inch wide. And across the top a two-line head read:

JOURNAL OWNER IS
MARTYR TO DUTY

And below, in three-column measure in the middle of the page, there was another two-line head and the lead of the story in black-faced type:

MURDERED BY RUM RING
HE MEANT TO EXPOSE

The story below was written by Boetius; his name stood above it—By Rinder G. Boetius. And he wrote in straightforward editorial style. Charlie read with a tingling scalp the first few paragraphs:

Donald Bellmer, the owner of the Journal, was killed in or near a house on Scurvy Street last Saturday night. He died a martyr to his professional and public duty. He had been engaged for some months in a personal investigation of the illicit traffic in liquor in this city, and he was murdered by the men he was soon to expose and bring to justice.

In the course of his work, an enterprise admittedly so dangerous that he had refused to permit any members of the staff of the Journal to assist him, he had played at intervals over a period of months the rôle of a gangster and bootlegger. He had run liquor in from Canada, he had bought from local dealers and sold to them; he had engaged in conflict with them, open and covert; and he had amassed evidence against more than a score of men, sufficient to bring them to a lasting justice.

Not even the staff of the Journal knew what he was doing, and the details of his work were known to no one but himself. The evidence he had secured was recorded in a notebook which he carried on his person, and which since his murder has disappeared.

He assumed in the underworld the name of Bull Fowle, and it was as Bull Fowle that his body was taken to the morgue. The fact that the dead man was Donald Bellmer was not finally established till late yesterday afternoon.

During the periods when he lived as a gangster, he copied the manners and customs of the world in which he lived ——

The waiter brought Charlie his luncheon and the young man laid the paper down as he began to eat. His eye, however, still followed the lines. This allusion to the manners and customs of the underworld referred, he understood, to the fact that Bull Fowle's body had been found in Molly Bell's room, and he frowned faintly as he read. Boetius, in his story, did not name Molly Bell; this was the only mention of the woman, and this was indirect. But Charlie's frown was not one of disapproval. It suggested, rather, incredulity.

For Molly Bell did not look like a woman who had been selected merely as an adjunct to the rôle Bellmer wished to play; and her grief for the dead man had been too real, too poignant, to accord with such a character. Charlie recalled her to his mind's eye; he examined her aspect again, and searchingly. There was a fundamental discord between his estimate of this woman and the part Boetius assigned to her.

And Charlie wondered whether Boetius were wholly sincere, wholly truthful. There was, he knew, a tremendous loyalty in the city editor; and he was loyal not only to Bellmer but to the Journal as well. Boetius had an aptitude for loyalty; it was a trait natural to him. So now, Charlie told himself, Boetius might be lying to shield Bellmer and to protect the Journal; there was even, in his phrases, an intention evident to protect the woman too.

Yet though he decided that Boetius might be sacrificing the truth to his own loyalties, he liked the man the more. Even when Boetius discharged him, Charlie had found in the city editor a fund of justice and a rigid virtue; and such a deed as this was worthy of him. There was a moment while he read when his eyes swam; for there was pain and grief in this narrative, if a man could read between the lines.

He went in town by and by and sought to see Inspector Tope, but the inspector was not at headquarters and no one could report where he had gone. For lack of any better thing to do, Charlie went out to Scurvy Street again. He stopped at the drug store to examine more closely the corner where Bellmer had been hurled aside by the passing car, and he confirmed his impression that there was nothing here which could have inflicted on a falling man such a wound as Doctor Gero had described.

At the Scurvy Street house, he made first an examination of the neighborhood—knocked at the door at last with some idea of drawing Mrs. Culp into conversation. But that irascible old woman, though she gave a certain unwilling deference to uniformed policemen, had no respect for reporters, and particularly for reporters who were out of a job.

As she stood in the doorway, peering at Charlie through her thick lenses, she would not even admit that she remembered him or recognized him; and when he asked if he might come in, she said stormily: "No, and you can't! In and out of here every day, they've been, till I'm sick of it. One room locked up so myself can't get in, and can't get the rent of it."

"It's paid a week in advance," Charlie reminded her.

"And what's the good of that when the week's done?" she cried petulantly. "In and out, in and out, half the night and all the day. Pretending to be reporters and what not, and like as not taking everything they can lay their hands on. I can't set my hand on a thing I want, and Maria ——"

"Who's Maria?" Charlie asked cheerfully.

"My cousin, if you want to know, and bedrid half the time, but all the help I ever have. Limping around the house on a cane, and they steal her cane right out of the hall, and an umbrella and dishes off my cupboard. They'd take the piano for a souvenir, if I had one. You go along and keep away from here, the lot of you."

So in the end Charlie gave up the effort to placate her and departed. It would soon be time for him to meet Phœbe at the corner by the Journal office, and he turned that way; and since there was no hurry, he chose to walk. Some twenty minutes brought him to the Bellmer Building, and he had even then half an hour to wait before Phœbe at last appeared.

She was, he saw, serious and almost sad; and he asked cheerfully, as they swung away uptown, "What's the matter, sister? Lost your next-to-the-last friend? Lean on me, Phœbe."

She smiled faintly. It had been, she explained, a depressing day. Mr. Ruson was overcome with grief at the death of Mr. Bellmer; affairs were all disordered; there was much to do. Mr. Ruson had been busy all afternoon with young Mr. Bradeen.

"Who's he?" Charlie asked.

"I suppose he'll look after settling the estate," she replied. "The firm always handled Mr. Bellmer's legal affairs. But this Mr. Bradeen doesn't know anything about them. It was old Mr. Bradeen whom Mr. Bellmer always dealt with."

"Isn't he around?" Charlie asked.

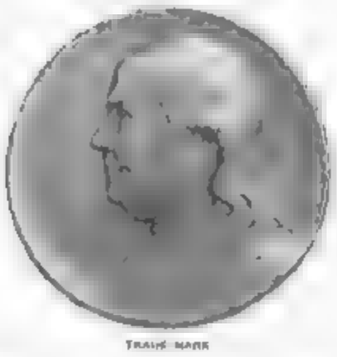
And she said impatiently, "He's dead! You saw it in the papers."

Charlie remembered then. Neil Bradeen and his stenographer, Miss Hill, had been killed in an automobile accident on the Thursday preceding. They were on their way to Worcester, where Mr. Bradeen expected to confer with a client. A car approaching them cut out of line and

(Continued on Page 80)

Charlie Was Tingling With Resentment, But His Voice Was Steady. "Certainly Would," He Said Slowly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1929

The Second Decade of Peace

IN A SHORT time Europe will have completed the first decade since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. In consideration of the length and magnitude of the World War, the achievements in reconstruction during the ten years have been little less than phenomenal. Modern civilization enables wars to be carried on with extreme destructiveness; it also enables reconstruction to be pursued with energy and dispatch. But of course the wounds of a world war are not healed in a decade.

The pressing problems of Europe during the coming decade may be grouped under six headings. The settlement of reparations is the first. This includes determination of the sum of indebtedness and a shortened term of annual payments—or better still, liquidation through payment of a capital sum, which would mean transferring governmental obligations into private investments. The second problem relates to the international debts of the European states outside of reparations. For the most part, these debts are between the Allies in the late war; the debts of Russia to Great Britain and France are also to be included. In some ways the liquidation of these debts will represent a more difficult problem than the settlement of reparation obligations, to which they are related, but with which they are not interconnected.

The next two groups of problems deal with unstabilized currencies and dislocated industries. The gold standard—or anything equivalent to a gold exchange standard—is by no means reëstablished in all European countries. Correspondingly, not all state budgets are yet out of jeopardy. The technic of stabilization of currency has been fully developed, the precedents are well established and ample, but the resources are not always available. Indeed, to a considerable extent the stabilization of currencies in countries still afflicted with depreciated currency depends upon the countries whose currencies are already stabilized. Under dislocated industries are to be ranged those whose conditions of operation and marketing have been more or less permanently crippled as the combined result of war and postwar technical developments. Coal, textiles and the heavy metals are the most conspicuous of the dislocated industries. These problems are difficult quite as much on the score of labor as of capital; and since large numbers of workers are involved, the problems remain of acute social importance.

The last two problems are of a political nature. One is the persisting problem of minorities. With the present boundary lines in Europe the number of people included in the disaffected minorities is much smaller than was the case before the war, but the disaffection is more intense. There is no solution of the problem of minorities, since frontier lines cannot be drawn between the European states without including minorities in most of the states. The solution is economic rather than racial, and the difficulties would be greatly mitigated if both the majorities and the minorities could view the problem as economic rather than nationalistic. This, of course, is easily said; especially in an American periodical. But the fact remains that material well-being comes first and nationalism second.

The last group of problems come under the heading of dictatorships. Seven European countries are now governed by dictators—Russia, Italy, Spain, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Hungary and Greece. Doubtless some of the dictators would disclaim dictatorship; it is to be conceded that the degrees of dictatorship vary from country to country. Also, the causes vary, and the consequences. Dictatorship means governing without responsibility to a parliament, self-perpetuation without recall by a parliament, and suppression of freedom of speech and press. These elements of dictatorship occur more or less effectively in all the countries mentioned. It used to be urged that when a democracy became deeply involved in difficulties, the solution was dictatorship. Apparently the outcome is no different for a monarchy. How these dictatorships are to be resolved is not evident; but either in the direction of constitutional monarchy or parliamentary republic, the transition must eventuate.

The outlying continents of the world are not directly involved in the problems of Europe, but nevertheless are seriously concerned out of both humanitarian and commercial considerations. With continuation of peace and persistence of the spirit of reconstruction in evidence during recent years, despite narrow nationalism, the problems are susceptible of broad amelioration, if not of definitive solution, within the coming decade. But during these years Europe must summon herself continuously to face the question: Is Europe rebuilding for peace or for another war? For the purposes of peace, all things are possible; if designed for war, all is futile.

Figures That Hide Facts

BEFORE us lies the current statement of condition issued by a metropolitan savings bank. It is a model of lucidity; and if it is written down to the comprehension of its youngest newsboy depositor, the fact should count as a merit rather than as a demerit. Its rather cumbersome title tells precisely what it is all about and indicates the manner of presentation of what follows. It is headed: "A statement of the amount of money we owe and what we have to pay it with, as shown by the bank's books at the close of business, Monday, December 31, 1928." Each of the items listed below this heading is accompanied by a line of explanation as to its exact character; and the million-dollar surplus is described as "a safety fund for the additional protection of our depositors."

Now, the sophisticated student of corporation figures might think this a rather naïve and childish report, but he certainly could not say that it fails to give to depositors all the information to which they are entitled, and in terms which are within their comprehension. If it errs in method, it errs in the right direction, for no one need feel ashamed to demand his information in such a form that he is able to digest and assimilate it. Modern accountancy is an art and a science in itself, and most of its practitioners know by personal experience that many shrewd and able executives are unable to get a clear picture of the affairs of their own concerns until their experts have gone over the figures with them, analyzed item after item and explained the relationship that each bears to others. If such men are not ashamed to have corporation bookkeeping brought down to the kindergarten level, there is no reason why the rest of us should be.

Corporation stocks have lately attained such hitherto unprecedented distribution and have gone into the hands of so many untutored little investors that there is now greater reason than ever before to tell them in the plainest and simplest terms the precise status of the business in which they have bought an interest. Most of us can hope to become investors, but very few of us can become expert accountants.

The Pedestrian

ONE of the most perplexing branches of traffic regulation and control has to do with the pedestrian. In crowded city areas the police are helpless almost when it comes to handling pedestrians, even though automobilists coöperate to an appreciable degree. The jaywalker is a common type, and anyone who rides in or drives a private automobile, taxicab, bus or street car is impressed almost momentarily with the heedless risks which pedestrians take.

But these obvious and agreed-upon facts tell only half the story. They are on the surface merely. They are good as far as they go, but they go only a trifling distance. The pedestrian is not inherently perverse or wrong-headed, any more than are voters or house owners or tenants or workingmen or employers or farmers or middle-aged men or young men or old men. No one can indict a whole people, and pedestrians are a whole people. People are automobilists one moment and pedestrians another. There is no hard and fast line between the two classes. If people are perverse in one capacity it is ridiculous to assume that they are wise and considerate in the other.

The pedestrian has all manner of legal rights to use the street, but these avail him nothing as against the superior bulk and speed of the steel vehicle. These superiorities in the automobile account for the fact that in street design and traffic regulation the vehicle is given first consideration. Engineers and police alike feel that their first duty is to keep the fast and bulky vehicles moving; the general attitude is that the pedestrian can somehow look out for himself. But it is said that pedestrians do not obey signal lights and other regulations. The trouble is that they can never be sure of safety, even if they cross within the law. Not only are they threatened by right turns, even when they cross with the lights, but they are seldom given a long enough interval to cross securely or with comfort and dignity.

It is said that pedestrians cross in the middle of blocks and are often injured thereby. But frequently they feel safer anywhere than at intersections. Engineers and police alike are calling upon the pedestrian in ever more insistent tones to give up his right and practice of crossing where and when he pleases. But he will never do so until he can be certain of safety at the regular crossings. This means that he must have time to cross, that automobiles must make right and left turns more slowly than at present, that automobiles shall not be parked so close to corners that the pedestrian's view of the street is cut off, and that street cars shall be enabled to load and unload passengers without the danger of these persons being struck down by automobiles.

Whether there is any real solution of this whole problem except to separate the levels on which pedestrians, automobiles and street cars operate is a question. One city alone is going ahead with some forty under-the-street passages for pedestrians, especially in the neighborhood of schools. Unfortunately, in some cities tunnels of this character are not used by all those who should use them. Possibly signal devices may be further perfected to aid in safe pedestrian movement. We cannot foresee the engineering technic which must be applied to this problem. A few facts are clear, however. In congested areas especially, the pedestrian must submit to greater regulation than at present, but also he must be given far more security than he now has. He is an extremely efficient unit in the traffic stream because of the relatively small space which he occupies. Thus far most of the traffic planning and regulation has had to do solely with vehicles. In the future more attention must be given to the small human creatures who do not happen at the moment to be in vehicles. Otherwise confusion will become worse confounded.

AMERICA AND CULTURE

By Booth Tarkington

IT IS a general habit of mind for people to think they see what they have expected to see and what they have been trained to see and what it is the fashion to see. There is an old story about someone's asking Columbus if he'd ever seen any mermaids, and he said yes, but they weren't nearly so good-looking as they were cracked up to be; he was honest; he believed what he said, but what he'd seen and thought were mermaids were seals.

A great many people believe that the Wild West still exists, that Chinamen are reliable in business, that Japanese are unreliable, that Frenchmen are excitable, that Englishmen are phlegmatic, that Italians are passionate, that Germans are stolid, that negroes are lazy and that Irishmen love a fight. Many of us Americans believe, more or less, that such things are true; though of course true with modifications and exceptions; we should not be surprised, therefore, if certain traditional characterizations of ourselves persist upon foreign soil, as they undoubtedly do. To the Frenchman, the Briton, for decades, appeared to be epitomized as John Bull in loud tweeds and a monocle, bellowing "Ros' bif! Goddam!" and, to both Briton and Frenchman, the caricature of Uncle Sam, lank and nasal, drawling "Wal, I swan!" seemed not too exaggerated to be representative of something actual.

Pleasant traditions are difficult to establish and unpleasant ones are more difficult to destroy. Some years ago at the Odéon in Paris there was presented a charming and significant play called La Française; a work peculiarly interesting to Americans. Two Americans, in fact, were therein depicted by the playwright and French actors, the only discernible flaw in the portraiture being made audible when these fictitious Yankees now and then uttered a phrase supposedly in their native tongue; at such times what they said was, "Oh, owl rawight." Otherwise they did indeed almost perfectly appear to be Americans on French soil, speaking the French language with an American accent. But what gives this play its special significance for us is the attitude of the heroine in relation to what the playwright evidently felt was the typical American conception of Frenchwomen.

A Kiss by Way of Courtesy

HIS heroine is a lovely French lady, the wife of a distinguished French engineer who wishes to interest American capital in a great business project. The scene is the Normandy coast; the French engineer and his wife have invited an American millionaire and his nephew to visit them at their villa, and the hostess does everything she can to make the Americans pleased with herself, her husband and things generally. She is gay, alluring, fascinating, even a little coquettish; and the American millionaire, finding himself for the first time alone with her, immediately throws his arms about her and kisses her heartily. She is dumfounded, indignant, and yet, when the American shows astonishment as well as contrition, she is humorous enough to think him not only offensive but amusingly perplexing, and instead of calling for her husband she asks for an explanation. The American apologetically says that he naturally supposed the osculation to be what she had expected of him. He has had experience of other French ladies, and that was what they expected him to do.

"French ladies?" the heroine exclaims. "You don't mean ladies."

"I do," he replies. "I mean ladies to whom I was introduced."

"Who introduced you to them?" she inquires.

"A young man I met in front of the Grand Hôtel in Paris."

She explains to him that the ladies whom he has met through the connivance of a boulevard guide are not typical and that he had no right to base his idea of Frenchwomen upon them.

But he replies, with some spirit: "I didn't base my conception of Frenchwomen upon their conduct alone; I based it upon the literature of your country—in particular upon the conduct of Frenchwomen as depicted in your novels and your plays. In almost every French novel that I have read, and play that I have seen, the married French ladies are shown to be engaged in love affairs and in deceiving their husbands. The triangular situation seems to be the principal basis of your drama and your fiction. If your literature has any truthfulness as a mirror held up to Nature, what other conclusion could I come to but that you would like me to kiss you? You had been doing everything you could to fascinate me, hadn't you?"

"Yes," she replies. "I tried to put you in a pleasant mood, so that you might feel more like helping my husband. I forgive you for kissing me, because I understand. Our literature has made you believe that French ladies are light in character, and I see how natural it is for you to believe it. Our novelists and writers of stories and playwrights are to blame, not you. They have established a tradition among foreigners, but the tradition is a lie. We Frenchwomen are not light."

"Then why," the American inquires, "do your novelists and playwrights so voluminously represent you as light?"

The lady laughs good-naturedly. "It is simple. The girls and unmarried women of your own nation, for instance, may have romances before marriage; they may have the adventure of choosing their own husbands, of falling in love and marrying the men of their choice. We have a different system here; our marriages are arranged for us by our parents and relatives, but that doesn't mean we are less true to our husbands than the women of other countries. It does mean, however, that the novelist and playwright has little opportunity to find a theme for romance in the love affairs of young, unmarried people. This material so copiously treated by your own, and English, writers is closed to the French authors. It is for this reason that our fiction and our drama have misled you. You acted upon a natural assumption that an established foreign tradition concerning Frenchwomen represents the truth; whereas of course it is false."

PHOTO. BY [illegible]

A Washington Square Vista. A Tall Apartment Hotel Rising Above the Old-Fashioned Houses in Which New York's Aristocracy Lived Half a Century Ago

Types That Aren't Typical

THE author of this excellent and sensible play, La Française, thus protesting against a foreign tradition damaging to his fellow countrywomen, amusingly fell a victim himself to foreign traditions not much more truthful than the one against which he was arguing. For one thing, his American was a millionaire, and there is a foreign tradition that Americans are generally millionaires; in addition, this American was a "crude man of business," and so inexperienced, so ignorant, gullible and dull as to be unable to distinguish between the girls he had met through a hired guide and a French lady of the finest type—and this is to say nothing of his instant readiness to make love to the wife of his host. Of course it was to the purpose of the playwright thus to construct this supposedly American type; nevertheless, the type was already constructed, ready to his hand, and he had only to take it from the shelf where the French keep their "American types."

The European and British tradition that America is the land of the Almighty Dollar, and of no culture, still prevails abroad, not only among the unlearned and untraveled but also among the sophisticated; undoubtedly it will prevail for a long time to come. It is a tradition that was established almost a century ago; Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope did much to build its foundation, and many successive waves of our newly rich, traveling abroad conspicuously, have helped to give it substance. So have our

(Continued on Page 120)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Gay Nineties

HO. THE comic nineties!
Ha, the funny skirts!
Oho! Oho! the silly hats,
The collars and the shirts!
Weren't our fathers killing,
Playing at croquet?
Weren't the nineties too absurd?
But weren't they gay?

Ha, the architecture!
Ho, the pointed shoes!
Tee-hee! Tee-hee! the table talk's
Conventional taboos!
The things that daddy didn't
Do! And what was done!
Nevertheless he seemed to have
A lot of fun.

Isn't it a mercy
That the nineties passed?
That the frantic twenties move
Forty times as fast?
Don't you pity daddy
For living long ago?
Haven't we got all the luck?
No! —Morris Bishop.

The First Hundred are the Hardest

"JOHN," said the sweet young thing, "I think I'll have a tomato-and-lettuce sandwitch."

"Very well," said her escort.

"White or rye?" said the clerk.

"I'll have wh—— wait a minute. What's that Broadway Special?" asked the dear girl.

"Pickled tuna fish with chili sauce and hearts of celery."

"Yum. I guess I'll try that. No. Have you got liverwurst with Russian dressing?"

"No."

"Oh, my, I'm so sorry. How about roast pork with cranberry jelly?"

"Yes, indeed. White or rye?"

The escort glanced at his watch.

"No, no!" pursued the sweet young thing. "I've changed my mind. Pork doesn't agree with me. You have Liederkranz cheese with endives?"

"No, we've got Camembert, but not Liederkranz. How about baked sweetbreads with gooseberry sauce?"

"English gooseberry?"

"No."

"Dear, dear!" she murmured. "Now let me see. Cucumber and bacon, minced baked potato, egg salad with artichoke, beefsteak on English muffins, chopped turtle with mayonnaise, shredded ——"

"Enough," bellowed the escort, throwing his watch through the display window, "is enough! Cut two slices of rye bread and GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAM!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM TEFFT SCHWARZ

President Coolidge: "Now, Herbert, I'll Leave You the Goldfish. Don't Forget to Feed Them Every Other Day"

Commonplace

MY NAME'S never noted in columns devoted
To doings in swell social life;
I am just commonplace, and despite its disgrace,
I actually live with my wife.
In bliss unalloyed by a knowledge of Freud,
No complex claims her for its own.
While unscorched by the fires of suppressed desires,
I'm Darby, content with my Joan.

It's really a pity that Zenith, our city,
Is so intellectually crude;
It hasn't a night club, speak-easy or fight club,
And balks at displays of the nude.
It's the fashion for highbrows to sniff with raised eyebrows
At Zenith's deplorable lot,
And I should feel shame when they mention its name,
But the funny part is, I do not.

In Zenith no grafter evokes merry laughter;
No racketeer sweetens our peace;
We've no honored gunmen, no brave shoot-and-run men—
That's the worst of efficient police.
With sordid great wealth of exuberant health,
And lacking nice slums to attract,
I'm prone to confess that we're in a sad mess,
But somehow, I'm proud of the fact.

At Rotary meetings the frank, bourgeois greetings
Of warm-hearted neighbors offend;
They're uncultured, uncouth, but to tell you the truth,
I like their proceedings no end.
Their coöperation deserves reprobation;
Such unselfish plans should be checked,
But we're so unrefined that esprit of this kind
Is merely what one might expect.

In our Main Street abode, of a commonplace mode,
We live on a commonplace plan;
And my commonplace job, I admit with a sob,
Wouldn't suit a less commonplace man.

(Continued on Page 113)

Why the March Hare Was Mad

He: "I'm Hungry for a Kiss!" She: "Are You Dieting?"

The Modern "Meal in Itself"!

This is the day of better meals with less work in the kitchen. Fussy, useless, bothersome details are out of date, thanks be! As drudgery goes, well-being grows.

Naturally Campbell's Vegetable Soup fits into this modern trend. For in this one soup, 15 different vegetables are blended and cooked ready to serve as a delicious, satisfying luncheon or supper. Think of all it saves you in time and expense! 12 cents a can.

I feel like a hero,
All set for the fight,
When Campbell's has challenged
My big appetite!

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXVII

THE visit we paid to Farthing Hacket was not the only excursion I made that night. In the very small hours I passed through the grating a second time and wormed my way to the old tithe barn. I returned a few minutes later with the copy of the formula tucked inside one of my socks.

Pixie must have got wind of me, for she set up a terrific barking from her kennel, which resulted in unseen men racing round to the other side of the house to investigate the cause. In the confusion I vanished discreetly through the grating.

I have often thought that this second jaunt was the maddest part of the whole enterprise, in as much as it invited the capture not only of myself but of the precious document upon which all our hopes were built.

Noelle, a candle in her hand, was waiting by the cellar door to greet me.

"All right?" she whispered.

I nodded, and taking her arm we climbed the steps. The others were in the dining room—three rather strained faces lit by a single lamp.

"Got it?" my father asked; and when I assented he filled a glass of beer and swallowed it at a single draught. "Well, what next?"

In the silence, before anyone answered, the sound of the telephone came faintly to our ears. It was two o'clock in the morning, and a call at that hour was rare enough to be startling. Anne half rose, but I waved her back and left the room to answer it.

"Hullo! . . . Yes," I said.

A very clear voice replied: "Hold the line for Mr. Kahnet, please."

There was a click, followed by the characteristic drone of a long-distance call. Then—"Am I speaking to Commander Shaftoe?" There was no mistaking Oscar Kahnet's birdlike voice

"You are."

"I have no apologies for the lateness of the hour, Shaftoe, since you were not asleep."

"How do you know that?" I replied.

"Because either you have decoded or you are about to decode Michael Wilbur's formula." My gasp of surprise must have been audible to him. "There is no great divination in that statement. I was informed that an hour ago you and your friend had visited the place where the body was found. The object of your visit was clearly expressed by the mutilation of a certain rock upon which, without doubt, the key word to the puzzle had been graved."

"And if it were?" I said.

"If it were," he replied, "it is a logical inference that you will waste no time in informing yourself of the exact wording of the formula."

"One might suppose so," I admitted.

For a moment there was silence. I thought we had been cut off—then:

"Don't be tiresome, Shaftoe," he said; "and above all, don't be selfish."

"Selfish!" I repeated. "You feel that I should share the information with you?"

"Now, You—in Single File Up to the Hall"

"On the contrary, I beg you to share it with no one. There are in your house two women and two other men besides yourself. I do not doubt that you have every reason to trust them implicitly. It would be too much to ask you to forget the key word and destroy the formula—your understanding will not have reached that plane of self-sacrifice—but it should not be too much to ask—I had almost said to implore—you not to expose others to a danger comparable to your own."

There was something so sincere in his voice that for a moment I was half deceived by it.

"I see your point," I began, but he cut me short.

"You don't, Shaftoe. You see what you take to be a trick designed to confine the knowledge to an irreducible minimum—a trick whereby, if you were successfully put out of the way, the danger would be removed."

"I must admit it looks like that," I replied.

"Does it? Very likely." His tone was almost sad. "But I can only assure you there is no such thought in my mind. I have had some experience of secrets—business secrets, official secrets—but I have hardly ever known of a secret that was well and truly kept. We are too ready to trust. Apart from persecution of the mind and body, there are scores of persuasive influences that loosen men's tongues. The private places of our minds are at the mercy of overconfidence—pride—too much friendship—and last, but by no means least, of love. You have taken upon yourself to break a lance against a mountain. At least you will have the courage to ride alone."

There was a click, the faint buzz of repeated numbers on an exchange, a fragment of distant talk—"Doctor—is that you, doctor?"—then the clear voice that had first addressed me:

"Mr. Kahnet has finished speaking. I'm cutting you off now."

The line went dead. Hanging up the receiver, I went slowly downstairs.

"Who was it?" asked Anne breathlessly.

To the best of my ability, I repeated all that had been said.

"How queer!" said Noelle when I had finished. "How queer! I wonder what he meant by your understanding not having reached that plane of self-sacrifice."

"An elaborate and rather effective bluff," Dominic suggested.

Noelle shook her head. "He was right," she said. "It would be almost cowardly to tell."

"Don't bother about that, my dear," said my father gently; "we can take care of ourselves."

"Rather tough on old Bob to be the only target," said Dominic.

"But he wouldn't be—— I must know, of course," said Noelle swiftly.

I looked at her. She was very small and frail to carry information of that size in her head. The thought of what might happen to her appalled me.

"If you—then your sister too," I said.

"Jura?"

I nodded. "She's a half owner, Noelle."

"Yes, that's true," she said, and bit her forefinger. Presently she raised her eyes and fastened them on mine. "Bob, I want you to be the only one. Read it, learn it and destroy it."

"That's a tremendous risk, too," I said, "but if you trust me well enough to take it——"

"I do." And she gave me her hand.

"Very well, Noelle."

And while behind the locked door of my room I decoded Michael Wilbur's formula, my father did sentry go in the hall below and Dominic Vane sat at the head of the stairs, a twelve-bore gun loaded in both barrels lying across his knees.

XXVIII

THERE are few men with less knowledge of practical chemistry than myself. At school I had taken the ordinary course of "Stinks," of which I could remember scarcely anything. With such a slender equipment to draw upon, I was surprised at my ability to understand the formula after I had decoded it. It is, of course, impossible to state in this narrative the chemical compounds employed, but one and all were of a kind to be obtained from any ordinary pharmacy. In the matter of preparation, there were no technical difficulties whatever. The whole business seemed about as easy as stirring up flour and raisins in a bowl. The united ingredients formed, the writer explained, a grayish powder which he defined as MW-XX.3. A footnote read:

> This powder is entirely safe to handle and will not respond to any analytical tests. It does not develop gaseous or explosive properties until mixed with water.

Used as a substitute for motor spirit, the proportions were half an ounce to two gallons of water, undistilled.

(Continued on Page 30)

Roughened skin and nails—how your hands resent these tell-tale traces of housecleaning! Try Sunbrite Cleanser this year. Its "double-action" saves your hands. *Purifying* as it scours, Sunbrite cuts your cleaning time in two. Floors . . walls . . nooks and crannies that need special freshening—all respond to Sunbrite's quick cleaning powers. Sunbrite banishes staleness . . . mustiness. Use it in every room in the house. Sunbrite means economy in work, cost. Order a supply of Sunbrite for housecleaning today!

S W I F T & C O M P A N Y

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips for fine household linens.

(Continued from Page 28)

By an adjustment of quantities, a cruder, less volatile fuel could be obtained suitable for Diesel types of engine.

For two hours I pored over the document until I had saturated my memory with every detail of it. It was six o'clock in the morning when I burned the copy and pile of notes and jottings I had made. It will be remembered that I had concealed the original formula under Victoria's millstone in the back garden, but with the exception of the vague hint I had dropped to my father, no one was aware of the fact. As far as I was concerned, I could trust my memory to the extent of knowing that I would have no future need of it. I knew that I could not forget. The formula MW-XX.3 was as solidly fixed in my mind as the knowledge of my own name.

When, at last, I rose and unlocked the door, my limbs felt stiff and my skin parchmenty. Dominic was still at his post, the gun upon his knees. He smiled a greeting as I came out

"All to the good?" he asked. When I nodded he rose and stretched himself. "'Break we our watch up,'" said he.

My father was prowling about the ground floor with an ash plant.

"I shall turn in for half an hour," said he, in answer to my nod that all was well.

It was like him to ask no questions. I drifted into the dining room, where Noelle was curled up in a big armchair before what was left of the fire. I thought she was asleep, and tiptoeing across the room went down on my knees beside her.

One small hand hung over the arm of the chair, palm outward, and very lightly I brushed it with my lips. The hand woke up and trailed over my face.

"What a tired face," she said.

The hand, soft and cool, passed over my head and came to rest at the back of my neck.

Rather awkwardly I touched my forehead and stammered, "It's here, Noelle—all here."

"A safe place for anything," she answered.

"I know a safer," I said—"where I keep you, Noelle." And I put a hand over my heart.

A smile twinkled at me and she said, "I'm glad. . . . Go and get some rest."

"I'm not tired, Noelle."

"You're awfully tired."

"I couldn't sleep with all that's buzzing round. My head is opening and shutting."

"I shall lock it up for the night," she said, and leaning toward me, she rested her cool lips on my forehead.

ABOUT ten o'clock that morning I called up the individual who controlled our telephone from the common and asked leave to speak to Oscar Kahnet. He was kind enough to say I could do so, and a few minutes later informed me that Mr. Kahnet was on the line.

A birdlike voice inquired what I wanted. I replied that I proposed to carry out an experiment requiring various chemicals and would be much obliged if he would procure them for me.

"Is this in the nature of a joke?" he asked. I assured him that it was a perfectly serious undertaking. His next question was slow in coming: "And what are the chemicals you need?"

I told him they were numerous and suggested that he make a list at my dictation.

"Willingly—eagerly," he replied, "but is it wise on the telephone?"

"My way, it's safe enough," said I, and enumerated a list of requirements a yard long.

"I see," he said. "Yes—yes—rather witty, really."

"I dare say I shan't want quite so many for the experiment, but it is nice to have plenty of everything when setting up a laboratory," said I.

He took no notice of that, but read over the list meticulously.

"One of my men shall procure them at once from Chichester," he said. "You may expect to receive them before luncheon. By the way, I had a visit from Jura Gualia and her husband this morning. Tiresome, unattractive people. You were wise to give them the slip. The woman is mischievous, the man is a typical hysteric. Take my advice and avoid them."

"I will," I promised.

It was after two when a car was driven up to the front door. Three men alighted and deposited a crate on the step. I myself admitted them, and feeling a little above myself, I asked them to be so good as to carry the crate down to the cellar, where the experiment was to be made. This they consented to do, and were further prevailed upon to wheel round an old motorcycle from the shed and carry it downstairs too.

Their curiosity was, I suppose, pardonable; for, having done all that was asked of them, they betrayed no inclination to depart, but lingered in the cellar, examining its modest architectural pretensions with marked interest.

"I would invite you to stay, gentlemen," said I, "but I feel I have trespassed upon your time too much already."

"Which, translated, boys," said Dominic, "means hop it."

Anne and Noelle both helped in the work of unpacking the crate and soon an impressive array of bottles was lined up on a kitchen table which I had put there for the purpose.

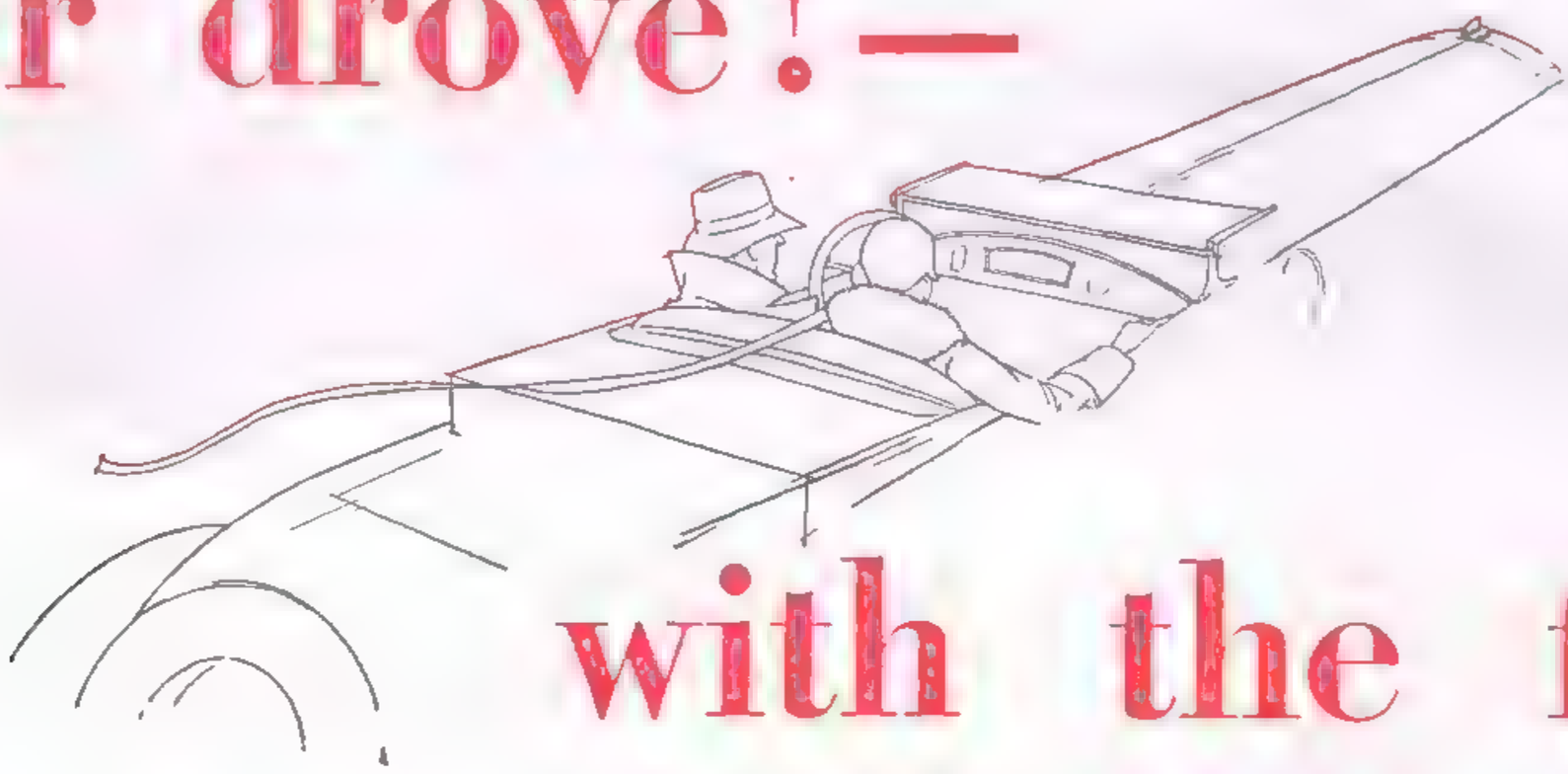
Some kind of prescience must have been responsible for my first action when I was left alone. Each one of those fifty bottles contained exactly measured quantities of chemical substances, and of that number, less than ten were required in the formula. It was clearly evident then that if I used only the chemicals actually needed for the manufacture of MW-XX.3, the untouched bottles would betray the secret. To avoid this risk I opened every bottle and emptied odd quantities from each into an old tin. Then, with a pair of scales and an easy conscience, I got to work.

To tell the truth, I felt rather an ass messing about with a science of which I knew nothing. If Michael Wilbur's

(Continued on Page 133)

Noelle, a Candle in Her Hand, Was Waiting by the Cellar Door to Greet Me. "All Right?" She Whispered

We offer you 30,000 of the finest miles you ever drove!—



with the first-year feel in every mile

We announce the New Mobiloil—an oil so startling in its performance that the superlative statements we are ready to make about it are actually conservative.

For example, when we say that with regular draining and refilling, plus common-sense care, this New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your new engine for at least 30,000 miles. the facts are that in a great many engines the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel for more than twice this distance.

Repeated road and laboratory tests have proved that use of this New Mobiloil commonly assures from 10% to 30% more power than other oils generally sold for the same motor.

Under high speeds you will find, as our road tests have repeatedly shown, that this New Mobiloil stands up better and consumes more slowly than other oils . . . and it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

Try this New Mobiloil. It will help save your good engine from growing old before its time. Mobiloil—the World's Quality Oil—is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

The gay, modern design shown in this delightful children's room is "Aztec"—Congoleum Rug 611.

"A long way from Grandmother's day!"

NO dark shades here—or heavy hangings at the windows. No faded chromos on the walls—or dull, drab carpets on the floor.

For this is a room for children—*modern* children—in a *modern* home! Bright with healthful sunlight . . . gay with cheery color . . furnished throughout for the *child's* comfort . . intended, as the children's room *should* be, to develop an appreciation of color and beauty.

And notice how the effect is enriched by "*Aztec*"—the beautifully designed Congoleum Rug. Its smooth, sanitary surface, famed for durability, makes an ideal "playground." There are many other equally attractive patterns with which to enliven your children's room—or to complete and modernize the decorative scheme of *any room in your house.*

Congoleum Rugs are not only inexpensive; they'll save all that time you now devote to beating, sweeping and cleaning. Just a few wipes with a damp mop keeps a Congoleum Rug spotlessly clean and new.

The famous Gold Seal Guarantee on every *genuine* Congoleum Rug is an unfailing guide to the biggest money's-worth in labor-saving floor-covering. Be sure that this Gold Seal appears on the rugs you buy.

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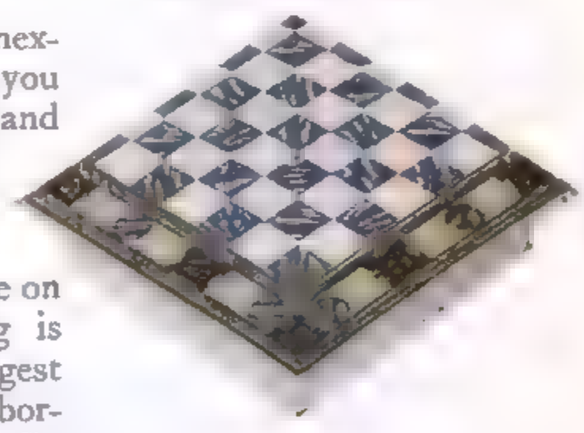
"POPPY" . . . *the quaintest rug you've ever seen. Its gay colors will make a room as cheerful as a poppy bed in full bloom Congoleum Rug 609.*

"ALCAZAR" . . . *a new rug of Spanish motif. It is especially suitable for sun porches and kitchens. Congoleum Rug 602.*



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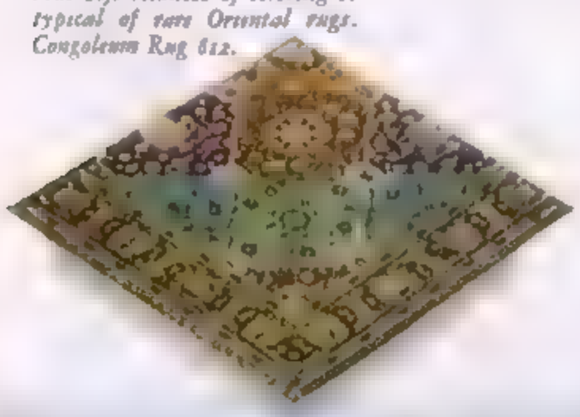

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SEP. 65

VIGILANTE—By Hoffman Birney

Don't Hang the Poor Young Boys!

Bridge Street, Helena, 1865—Characteristic of Any Montana Boom Camp of the Period

IN 1852 Henry Plummer is first heard of in Nevada City, California. The following year, with one Henry Hyer, he established the Empire Bakery there. He served as town marshal in 1856, was reëlected in 1857, and the same year was nominated on the Democratic ticket for state assemblyman, being defeated.

While still serving as town marshal he became involved in a clandestine affair with a married woman living in Nevada City. He was surprised in the home by the husband, and when the husband refused to obey a command to halt, Plummer shot and killed him. He was arrested and tried, the case going on appeal to the supreme court of the state—People versus Plummer, 9th California, Page 299—when it was demonstrated that a juror had, prior to the trial, announced hotly that "hanging was too good for him." A new trial with a change of venue was granted, and in Yuba County Plummer was sentenced to serve ten years in the penitentiary.

Friends—and he always had plenty of them—came to his rescue. Representation was made to Gov. John B. Weller that the prisoner was dying of tuberculosis, and the executive issued a pardon. Plummer returned to Nevada City and resumed his partnership with Hyer, opening the Lafayette Bakery.

Baking was evidently the only trade with which he was familiar, for we learn that after Hyer left the country Plummer established the United States Bakery, operated it for a short time and then sold out. He stated that he was returning East, but changed his mind, drawn back by his infatuation for a Mexican courtesan of the town.

From that time on the black marks appear on his record in rapid succession. "A man from San Juan," was beaten over the head with a pistol barrel by Plummer. He apparently recovered and no action was taken against his assailant, although the victim died less than two years later from the effects of the punishment.

A Very Active Corpse

A WELLS-FARGO stage was held up in the Washoe Valley in Nevada. The leader of the robbers swung a shotgun to bear on the driver. As he did so, the barrels fell from the piece, the tapered key that locked them to the stock not having been driven home. The driver saw his opportunity, slashed his long whip across the backs of his team and dashed away. Plummer was suspected and arrested. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence; the fact that the robbery had not been successful evidently being taken into consideration.

During the winter of 1860–1861 Plummer killed another man, Ryder by name, in a particularly sordid quarrel over two women in Nevada City. Again he was arrested and jailed.

A brace of revolvers were smuggled in to him and he held up a guard and walked out in broad daylight. He fled to Walla Walla, where he was presently joined by Bill Mayfield, who had tunneled his way out of the Nevada Penitentiary at Carson City while imprisoned there under sentence of death for killing Sheriff John Blackburn. From Walla Walla, Plummer circulated the report that he and Mayfield had been hung for murder in Washington Territory, striving by this means to discourage pursuit. Mayfield enjoyed a short but bloody career in Oregon and Idaho as a member of the gang of which Henry—Cherokee Bob—Talbert was chief. He was killed in Boise in January of 1862 in a quarrel arising from a card game.

Save for the seduction of another married woman, Plummer did nothing to distinguish himself during his stay in Walla Walla. His next bid for fame and the first instance of his remarkable ability for organization finds him at Lewiston, Idaho, and the Oro Fino diggings.

Here he organized his first road-agent band. The mines were rich, and the wild, unknown, mountainous country lent itself admirably to criminal purposes. By the early summer of 1862 every crooked gambler, horse thief, high grader, hold-up man and general tough was a member of the combination, owing allegiance to Plummer and sure of a refuge at the retreats—known to the initiate as "shebangs"—which were maintained at various points in the practically unsettled region.

Associated with Plummer in this Idaho enterprise were men whose destiny was to carry them beyond the mountains to Bannack and Virginia City; men cast for important rôles in the tragedy of Montana. Bill Bunton, Cyrus Skinner and Jack Cleveland were in this number.

Plummer, we know, rarely allied himself openly with the outlaw element. He remained behind the scenes, pulling the strings to which his puppets danced; guiding, controlling, but keeping himself in the good graces of the respectable people of the town.

During the winter of '61–'62 a German saloonkeeper named Hillebrant was killed in Lewiston. A crowd of the roughs, Jack Cleveland among them, shot him as he lay in bed in his cabin. Hillebrant, they considered, knew too much about the outlaw organization.

The brutality of the affair roused the townspeople. There was loud talk of lynching the murderers, of organizing a vigilance committee and of making a wholesale clean-up of the evildoers. None was louder in his denunciation of the murderers than Henry Plummer. He condemned bitterly the lawlessness of their act and the unsettled social conditions that made such an atrocity possible, but even more vigorously did he decry mob rule as a substitute for organized government and the equal lawlessness of extralegal executions for the killers of Hillebrant.

Prototypes of the Racketeers

HE SPOKE feelingly of the "horrors of anarchy" and of the disgrace that would forever smirch the name of Lewiston if the citizens should act without due process of law. Those who shouted the loudest for a vigilance committee, a quick trial and a short rope, began to shake their heads. The law-and-order movement died a-borning and Henry Plummer, quietly triumphant, went on about his business.

He held that organization of outlaws together for sufficient time to prove conclusively to himself that such syndicalism of crime would be a splendidly paying proposition in a rich, lively camp. But the association was forced to disband hurriedly after a brawl in an Oro Fino saloon in which Patrick Ford, the proprietor, was killed. The death of Ford seems to have developed in all the bandits a lively fear of a rather irritating neck ornament known as the "California collar," and there was a general and very hasty exodus. Plummer and Charley Reeves got out with the vanguard. They tarried a day or two at Elk City, but Plummer moved on when he encountered there several men who had known him in California.

In September, 1862, Plummer and Reeves rested for a few days at the cabin of James and Granville Stuart on Gold Creek. The two

(Continued on Page 35)

John X. Biedler, Overland Stage Guard and the Fiery "J. X." of the Vigilantes

Everywhere, men and women look for the symbol which assures . . .

absolute certainty in motor car buying

To prospective motor car purchasers who are, perhaps, confused by the assertions of superior merit on every side, it is comforting to know that there *is* a sure and simple way—an infallible means of arriving at super-quality and super-value in a motor car.

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"Body by Fisher" is a sure guide to the better car in every price field, not only because "Body by Fisher" also means "General Motors car". Years, even, before Fisher became a part of General Motors, Fisher *deliberately restricted its clientele to those manufacturers noted for the superiority of their cars.*

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(Continued from Page 33)

announced that they were on their way to the Grasshopper Creek diggings, but for some reason Plummer changed his mind and decided to return to the States. He and Reeves parted company, and Plummer, in company with Jack Cleveland, started for Fort Benton, where they could get a steamer down the Missouri. They got as far as the post on Sun River, sixty miles below Fort Benton, where the Government was making a futile effort to teach the Blackfoot Indians how to be farmers. J. A. Vail was managing the farm, and visiting him and his wife was Mrs. Vail's sister, Electa Bryan. Her name has come down into Montana history as Eliza—another error to be charged to the carelessness encountered so frequently in the early records.

In Electa Bryan, Plummer encountered, for once in his career, a woman who refused to yield easily to his blandishments. Both he and Cleveland were badly smitten and, giving up all thought of an immediate return to the East, remained at the post and paid strenuous court to the maiden. Henry Plummer had a way with the ladies and thrived on opposition. He remained at Sun River about two months and when he left he was engaged. Some rumors of his reputation must have reached the Vails' ears, for both the colonel and his wife cautioned their sister against having anything to do with the man, but the warning was heeded no more than all similar ones since the first dashing Lochinvar rode out of the West.

Electa was the cause of a violent quarrel between Plummer and Jack Cleveland. Cleveland was the only link between Henry and the past that he seems to have been desirous of burying, and Plummer feared him. John White's accidental discovery of gold on Grasshopper Creek turned out to have been far richer than was at first suspected and all the West was stampeding to the new diggings. Plummer or Cleveland—one of the two—decided to join the rush. In their mutual fear and hatred, each was afraid to let the other out of his sight. They arrived in Bannack, about Christmastime of 1862.

Honored Among Men

EVERY account of those days in Bannack tells us of the high regard in which Henry Plummer was held. Men looked up to him, deferred to his judgment and sought his opinion on countless matters of business. It was known that he had been in California and Nevada, and he was frequently consulted as to the value of gold claims or the possibility of the presence of silver in the ledges. News of the astounding wealth of the Comstock Lode had swept northward like a racing flame across Nevada and Idaho, and the miners on Grasshopper Creek had no desire to be guilty of an error similar to that committed at the Comstock, where tons of rich silver ore had been thrown away, its value unsuspected, in the search for the gold which was the only metal that the Nevada prospectors knew and recognized.

Naturally, the wealth of the Grasshopper diggings attracted many roughs and outlaws, and among them were some who had known Plummer in California or been associated with him at Oro Fino. Bill Bunton was there. So were Charley Reeves, Cyrus Skinner and a reckless, blasphemous bad man known as Jack Gallagher.

George Ives was also resident in Bannack. Ives, who figures prominently in the history of the vigilante days, was a native of Wisconsin, a scion of a well-known family. His ostensible business was that of horse ranching, and when the rush started to Alder Gulch he took up land in the lower Passamari Valley, taking in, for pasture on the soft ground of the river bottom, animals that had become footsore and temporarily useless. He knew the whereabouts and the capabilities of practically every piece of horseflesh in the region—a knowledge that was to prove of infinite value to the gang of outlaws.

Two other men of Bannack—Bill Hunter and Steve Marshland—had been residents of Idaho and knew Plummer's reputation. They had been respectable citizens on "the other side," but had suffered a moral relapse in crossing the Rockies.

Plummer's contact with these men during his early days in Bannack was one of easy familiarity. They knew his record, of course, but their own was equally black, and he seems to have had no fear of exposure from any talk of theirs. There is no ground for suspecting that at this time he had any sort of alliance with them.

At only one point did the specter of his California, Oregon and Idaho days rise to confront him. He had one bitter enemy—an enemy that had been a friend.

Colonel W. F. Sanders, "Lion of the North," Who Led the Vigilantes

Cleveland made no effort to conceal his true nature in Bannack. He was a swaggering, bragging, loud-mouthed bully. He drank and, drunk, he talked.

"Plummer's my meat!" he exclaimed more than once.

"I'm not looking for trouble, but he knows where to find me if he wants me bad enough," was the only comment Plummer made when the threats were repeated to him. His attitude created a very favorable impression, but one can easily imagine the grim decision that the braggart's wagging tongue must be silenced.

When an able man seeks opportunity, it usually presents itself. On the morning of January fourteenth, Plummer, together with a number of citizens of the town, was seated by the big wood stove in Goodrich's saloon. The ground was frozen as hard as granite to a depth of four feet, the waters of Rattlesnake and Grasshopper creeks were still, and little work was being done at the mines. The games had not yet opened at Goodrich's. George Ives was lounging against the bar; another man was stretched out comfortably, half asleep, in the barber's chair in a corner. The door slammed open, admitting a gust of wintry air and Jack Cleveland, his wide black hat shoved back on his head. He was half drunk and truculent.

"I know 'em all!" he shouted as he gulped a drink. "I know every son that's come over here from th' other side of th' mountains. They're tryin' to freeze me out, but I'll get some of 'em yet."

Plummer was quietly watchful of the pair of navy revolvers that hung on the man's thighs. He himself was similarly armed. Cleveland's attention was diverted by his recognition of Jeff Perkins.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "I've been lookin' for you too! You owe me forty dollars."

"I paid you that money at Fort Hall, Jack," said Perkins quietly.

"If you have, it's all right," muttered Cleveland. He dropped his hand to his gun, drew the weapon partially from its scabbard and drunkenly repeated his comment on the debt.

One Danger Past

PERKINS was unarmed, and Plummer, coldly vigilant, told Cleveland to let the matter drop, that the debt appeared to have been paid. As Cleveland turned to face Plummer, Perkins slipped away, whispering to Henry Crawford his intention to get his guns and kill Cleveland on sight. The bully saw him depart.

"There he goes!" he shouted. "He's afraid of me! All you sons are afraid of me."

Plummer's wrath boiled over. No one knew what the drunken man might say next, but Plummer alone feared his possible revelations. Cleveland stood in the middle of the floor, his back to the bar, and Plummer was seated, facing his enemy, on one of the low benches that were ranged about the stove. He leaped to his feet, his hand flashing to his gun. No man in the mountains, save possibly Charley Forbes, was his equal in pistol speed.

"I'm tired of this!" he shouted. As he spoke he drew, and as he drew he fired. Two shots struck Cleveland in the body. He pitched forward to his knees.

"Don't shoot!" he begged his former friend. "Don't shoot me while I'm down!"

"I won't!" returned Plummer grimly. "Get up on your feet!"

The wounded man staggered erect and Plummer fired twice more. His first shot thudded into the wall above the barber's chair, the second struck Cleveland below the left eye. Plummer replaced his weapon in its scabbard and turned away. As he left the saloon, George Ives and Charley Reeves fell in on either side of him and escorted him to his cabin. In this protection of his retreat is the only evidence that Plummer was on confidential terms with any of the rough element.

The wounded man was carried from the saloon by Hank Crawford and Harry Phleger, and taken to Crawford's cabin. Plummer betrayed

(Continued on Page 107)

Main Street of the Present Montana Capital in 1869

A STRICTLY LOCAL STATION

"FOLKS, this is station F-U-N-N. Before playing our next number we want to tell you we use Eveready Layerbilt 'B' Batteries 'cause they last longer. They've got layers in 'em like a cake. When Mother bakes a cake we eat it right up quick, and it doesn't last at all, but you can't eat an Eveready Layerbilt and a radio set can't eat it up either. That's why it lasts so long. Father says he saves a lot of money by buying Eveready Layerbilts. You will now be entertained by the orchestra of the Great American Music, Social and Athletic Club playing the song, 'That's my battery now.'"

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Layerbilt construction is a patented Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

845

A WILL AND A WAY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

DOCTOR PERKINS' hard-worked motor car stopped beside the unfenced field which the town of Kidder's Dam dignifies by the name of Fair Grounds. There was feverish anxiety in the territory which lay behind the home plate of the ball diamond. Numerous of the younger male denizens of the village were occupied with secondhand lumber of doubtful ownership, with saws and hammers and nails.

Prominent among them the doctor recognized the shorn head of the Peddy Orphan.

He drove his car across the uneven ground and stopped beside the project. The Peddy Orphan, hammer in hand, glanced up and nodded.

"Tower of Babel?" asked the doctor.

"Grand stand," said the Orphan succinctly. "Got to charge admission. Got to buy uniforms for the team."

"And you? Where does your interest lie?"

"I'm manager," she said. "Anyhow, somebody's got to oversee things. Boys aren't smart. They can do things with their hands, but somebody's got to show 'em how. . . . Say, you, Whitey, not there!" She darted suddenly across to show the tow-headed youngster where she wished a post to be set. Presently she came back again. "They're coming pretty good now," she said. "I got it all laid out for 'em. They give me a lot of trouble."

"You've a smudge on your nose, young woman."

She eyed him impertinently. "You don't think woman's place is bossing a grand-stand raising, do you?"

"I'm noncommittal," he said warily.

"I'll bet you were raised," she said, "where chaperons were a principal product."

"It's not a chaperon you need," he said half seriously

"So I need something, do I? What?"

"At the moment," he said, "you need your face washed."

To this she gave no heed. Possibly she had not heard it at all, for she turned to her cohorts, gave them certain able directions clearly and succinctly, and tossed her hammer on the ground.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Because I'm tired, and they can go on without me for a while."

"To make a call."

"Who on?" she asked in limpid English.

"The name is Price—David Price."

"Oh," she said in a voice which was suddenly serious and somehow queer. "David Price."

"What about him?" asked Doctor Perkins.

"Nothing," said the Peddy Orphan, "but it's a nice drive and so I'll go with you."

"You'd better," said the doctor, "go home and wash your face."

"I like it this way," she said, and got into the car unceremoniously.

"And put on a dress," said the doctor severely. "I've never seen you in a dress."

"Here She Is," Said Brief. "She Don't Want to See Ye"

"I wear 'em long winter evenings," she said. "Get started or you'll be late."

"How old are you, anyhow, youngster?" Brant Perkins asked. "Not that it matters. You're old enough to know better."

"Than what?"

"Than to be the town tomboy."

"Is it wicked?"

"Well, not exactly wicked."

"Just," she asked with an impish grin, "unmaidenly?"

"Somebody ought to take you in hand," he said.

"You do it," she said provocatively. "I'd love to have you make a lady of me. Oh, please, mister, gimme some advantages. Can you teach me to play on the harp?" she asked hopefully.

The doctor felt, somehow, that he was not at his best and relapsed into silence which he maintained until the Peddy Orphan asked a question:

"You've never been to Price's before?"

"No."

"Never seen old David Price?"

"No."

"Nor Jacob Brief?"

"Who is Jacob Brief?"

"A large, dark man with a large, fair wife," said the Peddy Orphan. And then: "He must be pretty sick if they're letting anybody in."

"What's that?" asked Brant sharply.

"Anyhow," said the Orphan, "Lily 'll be a girl after your own fancy. She's awful sweet and awful meek. She never socked a two-base hit and she'd boil a four-minute egg exactly two hundred and forty seconds."

"Who is Lily?"

"The old man's niece, and she sings all day at her work. At least if she sings at all, it's at her work. If you never do anything but work, and want to sing, you have to sing at your work, don't you? That's logic. I'm very logical. . . . Mr. Price is eighty-two," she said inconsequently.

"You seem," said the doctor, "to hint there's something queer about the Price ménage."

"I never hint. I'm above it. Once in a while I paint a signpost for folks to look at if they want directions."

The car stopped before a house, large, more pretentious than a farmhouse, but lacking paint and falling into disrepair. It was all but hidden from the road by untended trees, and what windows were to be seen appeared to stare at one in a blank, noncommittal, secretive sort of manner. There was too much shade and the place was too still.

"Go ahead and shudder," said the Peddy Orphan. "I always do when I pass here."

Doctor Perkins got down and opened the gate without rejoinder. He was conscious of a sense of disquiet and of reluctance to enter that house; as he glanced at it frowningly, he felt that it sheltered something which he did not wish to see; that events happened there of which he wished to possess no knowledge.

Nevertheless, he proceeded up the unkept walk, for it is a part of the business of a physician to enter strange houses and to become aware of unwholesome secrets which he would have preferred to avoid. It is not pleasant to come into contact with diseased bodies; it is worse to encounter diseased minds; but most appalling of all is to open a door and to find oneself in the presence of unwholesome souls.

Before he could pull the handle of the antiquated bell a round, pinkish, soft, pale-eyed face stared out at him through the side light and the door opened softly. An enormous blond woman stood there—a woman made up of rolls and mounds of pallid flesh—with great soft hands, and eyes like some monstrous doll, expressionless and vague, as if constant handling had erased the color from them. She motioned him inward, and he hoped he would not be compelled to touch her hand in greeting.

"I'm the doctor," he said, for want of something better.

"Who'd ye think I thought ye was?" she asked, not irritably, not pettishly, but stolidly.

"Where is the patient?" he asked, overcoming a desire to plant his back against the wall.

She motioned with her head toward the stairway, and the movement seemed to send ripples of soft flesh running over her as wavelets traverse a pool of water. Brant preceded the woman to the floor above.

(Continued on Page 40)

The New

Distinction More Strikingly Apparent Today than Ever Before

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Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. factory, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

All-American Six

BY OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 37)

"Fust door," she said, and he entered a huge, square, bare bedroom—a room in semidarkness, with shades drawn as if death already had entered there and claimed its own atmosphere of gloom. At the far end was a great bed with posts reaching upward toward the ceiling, and beneath the tumbled comforters, a body so thin as to be no more than perceptible, as if the coverlets were spread over nothing at all. As he advanced, Brant could see the face upon the pillow, thin, yellow, mummified; with wisps of long white hair bedraggling themselves upon the forehead, with sunken, rheumy eyes under jutting brows, with thousands of tiny wrinkles meshing the dry skin. If this were David Price, he seemed as old as Rameses and quite as dead.

But the eyes opened as Doctor Perkins bent over the bedside—opened and were curiously, vividly alive. They were more than alive; they were alert.

"Light," said the old man in a hollow tone which was almost a gasp.

Brant stepped to the window and raised the shade so that sunlight penetrated the room. The huge woman made a movement as if to prevent, but halted suddenly and looked across the room at another figure, of which Brant only then became conscious. It was a man, huge as the woman, and as shapeless, but black. Not black as to skin, but of hair and eyes and clothing and demeanor—if a man may be said to be black of demeanor. He gave off the impression of somberness—of a sable somberness—but of the same unsightly, boneless softness as the woman. A man of jelly which any slight jar might set to quivering.

Again Brant stooped over the bed, and the old man lying there stared into his face fixedly, eagerly, with a strange, sharp scrutiny. Brant was conscious that he was being studied and appraised as he never had been studied and appraised before. He did not speak, did not interrupt this strange perusal of his features, but returned David Price's gaze calmly. Then—and he almost exclaimed aloud—the ancient, wizened man's right eye closed in a dreadful parody of a wink. It was unmistakable. It was shrewd. It was very deliberate and significant, and Brant knew that some queer confidence had been established between himself and his patient; that he, for reasons, had been admitted to some secret partnership of whose purposes or stock in trade he possessed no knowledge. Nevertheless, he nodded his head affirmatively, accepting the confidence and promising himself to the alliance.

The thin, bloodless lips over the toothless gums formed a silent word. The word was: "Alone."

David Price desired to be alone with him, desired those two shapeless, flabby bodies to absent themselves; and Doctor Perkins understood that something other, perhaps more important, than medical assistance was required by this patient. He lifted the claw which was the old man's hand and felt the all but imperceptible pulse. He laid back the covers and listened with the stethoscope. Then he stood erect and addressed the woman.

"A pitcher of hot water, if you please," he said. Then, to the mountain of a man: "Will you step down to my car and fetch the black-leather case you will find on the seat?"

The pair looked at each other in their odd, expressionless way, and the man spoke in a soft, bodyless voice: "You git the water, Mrs. Brief. When you git back I'll go for the case."

Brant comprehended. They would not leave the room together. One of them would remain present and observant and listening.

"You will both go at once," he said peremptorily. "This is no time for delay."

"When she gits back 'll be time enough," said the man.

"Plenty of time, like Mr. Brief says," the woman added.

Brant accepted the situation temporarily and, leaning over the bed so that none but David Price could see his face, winked at the old man to signify that he understood and would accomplish their object. David Price closed his eyes and an expression of vague contentment softened his features.

"Why was I not called sooner?" Doctor Perkins asked of Jacob Brief.

"No need," said the man.

"There has been grave need. There has been neglect."

"He wouldn't have no doctor. We fit with him, but he wouldn't have it. But when he got bad, we was bound we would have one come. So as the' couldn't be no question."

"Question about what?"

"About him dyin' natural," said Jacob Brief.

"You were afraid the question might be raised? Why?"

"A body's got a right to protect himself."

"Ah," said Doctor Perkins. This much was clear to him. He had not been called to alleviate the condition of the sick old man, but as a witness that the illness was genuine and that death arrived from natural causes. That much was comprehensible, but why? Why was that necessary? Why did Jacob Brief fear that suspicion might lift its head? What malignant thing lay beneath it all, for there was something stealthy and malignant which could not bear to stand erect in the light of day.

Mrs. Brief reëntered the room with the hot water and her husband padded softly out and down the stairs.

"Fetch me a towel," said Brant.

The woman undulated across the room to a commode, and, while her back was toward them and she was at a distance, Brant put his lips to David Price's ear and whispered, "What is it? What do you want?"

"Will," whispered the ancient man. "Make a will."

The woman shuffled back with the towel in her hand and stood close behind him so that it was impossible to hold other communication with the patient. Brant essayed an expedient, wondering if the old man's mentality were quick enough to comprehend and respond.

"Are you a relative of Mr. Price's?" he asked Mrs. Brief, but kept his eyes on the old man's face.

"No blood kin," she said. The old man's face remained rigid.

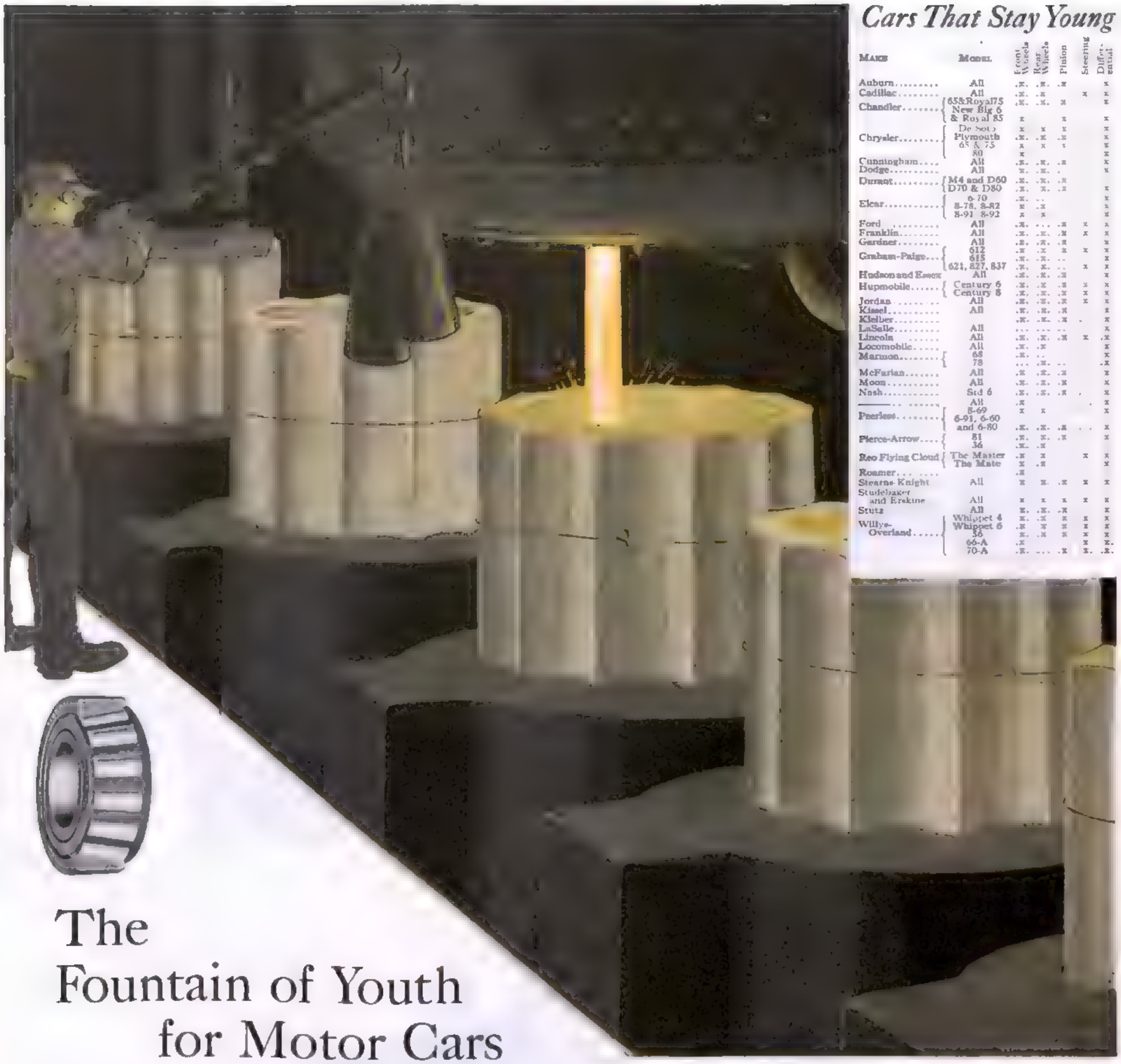
"Your husband is related, then?"

"No, he hain't."

"Indeed. But Mr. Price has relatives?" He watched now for some sign from that parchment face on the pillow. The eyebrows moved expressively.

(Continued on Page 100)

Brant Accepted the Situation Temporarily and, Leaning Over the Bed So That None But David Price Could See His Face, Winked at the Old Man



Cars That Stay Young

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65&Royal75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x	x		x
Durant	M4 and D60	x	x	x		x
	D70 & D80	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x	x			x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91 8-92	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x	x		x
	621, 827, 837	x	x	x	x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
———	All	x				x
Peerless	5-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	The Mate	x	x			x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

The Fountain of Youth for Motor Cars

Out of a great ladle—into the ingot molds—pours a stream of steel.

It is a life stream of youth for motor cars, buses and trucks. For this is Timken electric furnace steel—the steel from which Timken Bearings are made—the steel which sets wear at defiance.

It means to motorists—just this: extended life for quiet, true turning, attention-free differentials, pinions, steering pivots, transmissions and front and rear wheels.

As for speed, shock, torque and thrust—these are entrusted to those exclusive safeguards—Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.*

Reference to the list on this page discloses the fact that most motor car manufacturers use Timken Bearings at various important points.

There must be a reason—certainly of sufficient importance to cause every buyer of a motor car, bus or truck to inquire, "Is it Timken-equipped?"

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

PROBABLY no achievement of the United States during the World War caused more amazement to enemies and Allies than the transportation of 2,000,000 troops to France. Germany was confident that the effectiveness of the submarine and a consequent lack of tonnage would defeat any effort to move such an army across 3000 miles of ocean. The Allies, in the beginning, were similarly doubtful. In an interview with the Secretary of War, Marshal Joffre, of France, estimated 400,000 men as our maximum contribution to the fighting forces. There were others who believed that the transportation of a few divisions, for moral effect, would strain American resources. Yet, in the eighteen months of our participation in the war, not only was the greatest troop movement in all history accomplished without interruption but millions of tons of munitions and supplies were carried overseas.

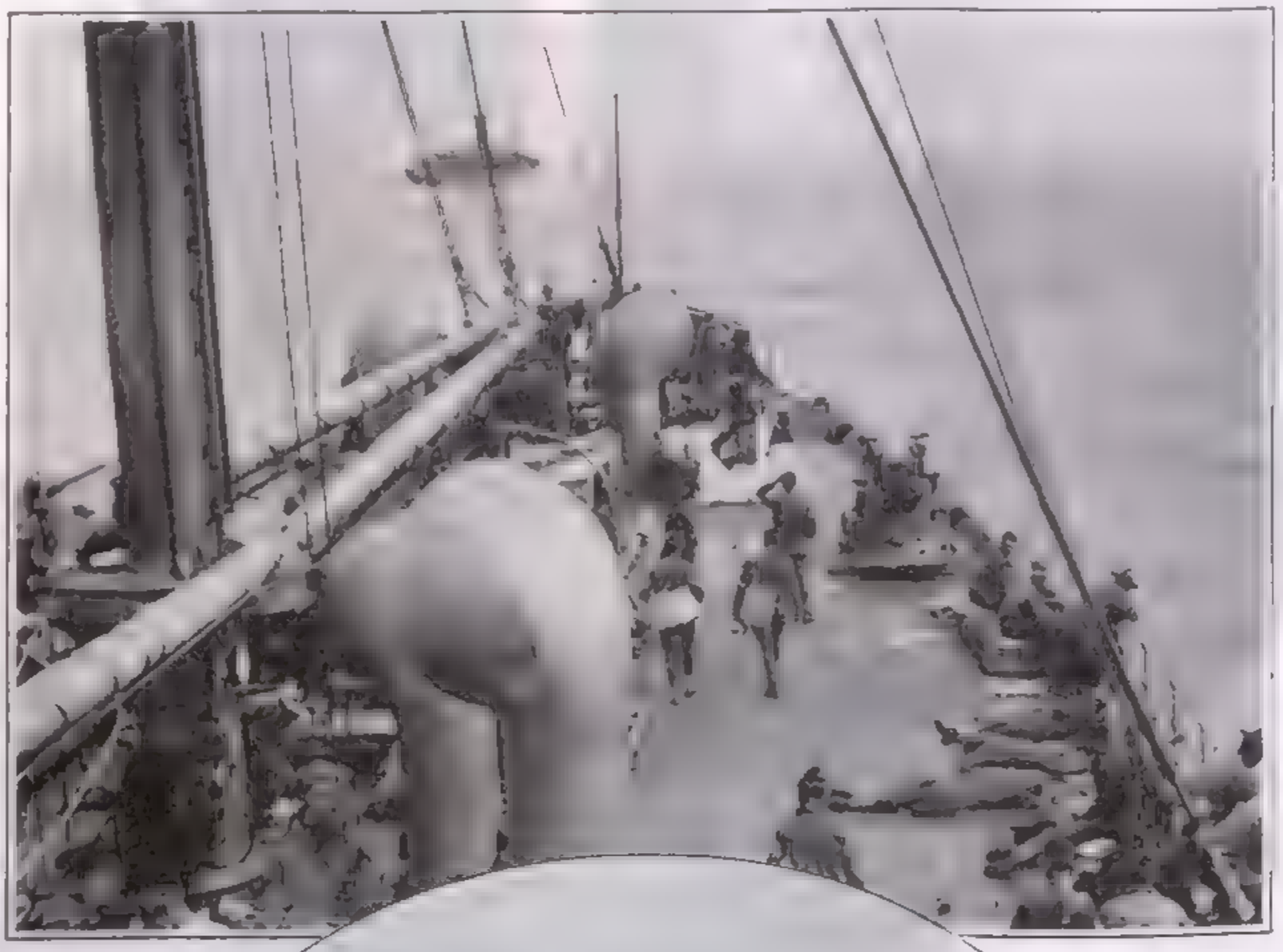
The Navy's Record

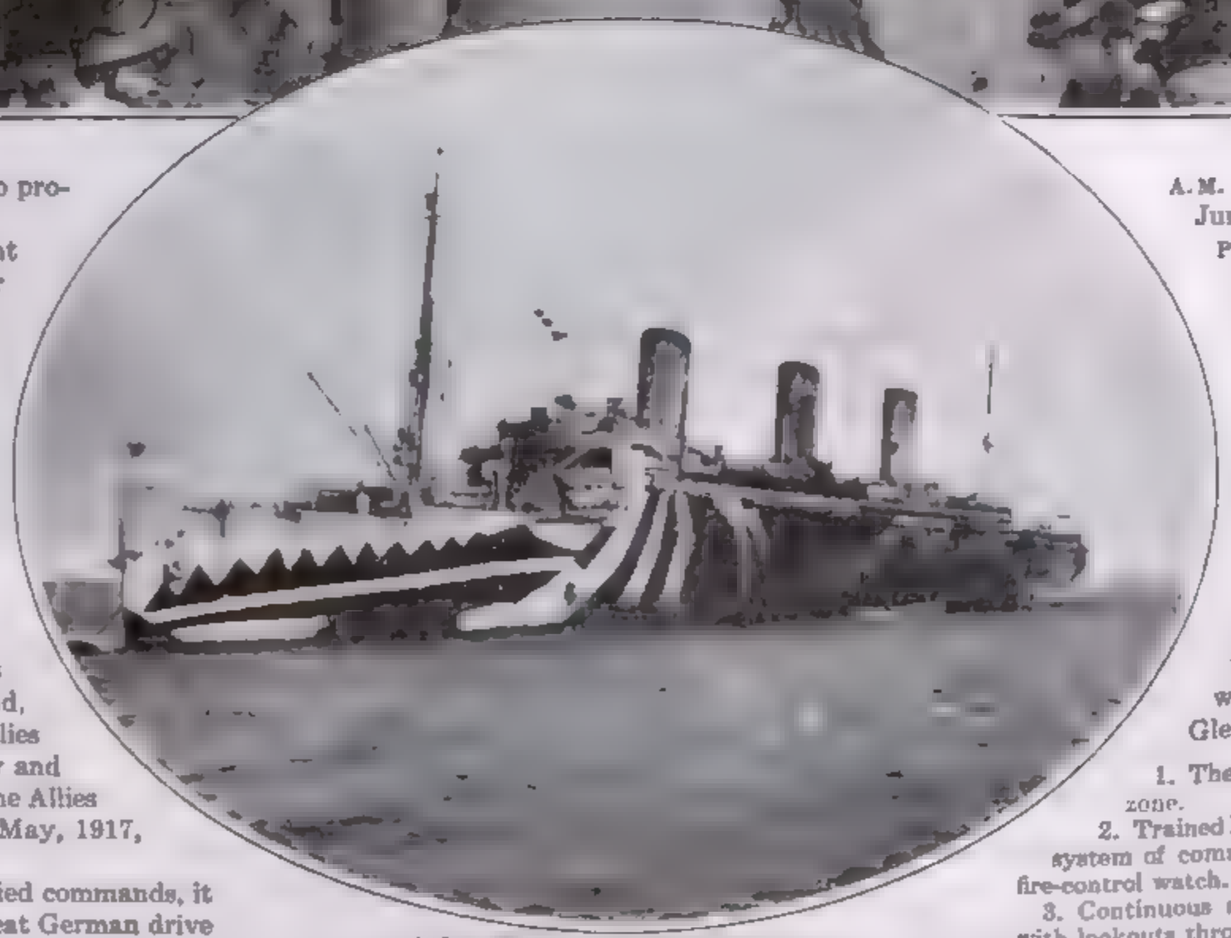
THIS was a notable achievement, in view of the fact that the enemy campaign of submarine attack threatened both troop and cargo shipments. German strategy was directed toward winning the war. Destruction of shipping and supplies would achieve that end just as well as would the killing of soldiers. Recognizing the importance of this aspect of the situation, Admiral Sims, in Europe, and the Navy Department, at home, devised and successfully carried to completion methods to protect both troops and supplies.

Their plans resulted in the development of two special naval services: The Cruiser and Transport Force, responsible for the transportation and safe-conduct of our troops to the war zone; and the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, created to operate government cargo carriers. How effectively each performed its difficult, and at times hazardous, duties is attested by the facts that, first, no American troop ship was sunk on the way to France and no eastbound soldier aboard a Navy-manned-and-guarded troop transport was lost through enemy activity; and, second, 6,000,000 tons of cargo, including supplies for the Army and Navy, fuel for military and civilian use, and food and munitions for the Allies were carried safely to Europe between May, 1917, and December, 1918.

Despite the earlier estimates of the Allied commands, it became evident, particularly after the great German drive of March, 1918, that heavy reënforcements on the western battle front would be required from the United States. Almost immediately after our declaration of war, Great Britain, France and other Allied nations sent commissions composed of famous statesmen and distinguished army and navy officers to Washington to suggest methods of coöperation and to supply our own leaders with essential information. The Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour and Vice Admiral Dudley R. S. de Chair, representing England; René Viviani, former premier, and Marshal Joffre, representing France; the Prince of Udine, representing Italy, and other leaders were among these eminent visitors. As a result of their representations and of the serious military situation, it was decided to send a small American expeditionary force to France as quickly as possible. In consequence, Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, U. S. N., then commanding the destroyers attached to the Atlantic Fleet, was selected to organize and escort the first troop convoy to France as soon as was practicable.

General John J. Pershing, Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, had left for Europe with his staff on May twenty-eighth, arriving in France June thirteenth, after a brief stay in England. About 500 soldiers for headquarters duty also crossed in English ships during the latter part of May. The first troop convoy, carrying 15,000 men, started from New York on June 14, 1917, and disembarked the last of its soldiers in the port of St. Nazaire on July second.





The U. S. S. Leviathan Camouflaged for War Service. Above—Bound for France

Organization of the convoy in so limited a time was a difficult and complex task. The War Department detailed fourteen steamers, assembled from various sources, for transports and store ships. The Navy Department detailed four cruisers, three naval transports, thirteen destroyers, two converted yachts and two fuel ships to serve as an escort. One of the Navy transports was the DeKalb, formerly the German converted auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich, which had been interned in the United States after the destruction of Admiral Von Spee's squadron off the Falkland Islands in December, 1914. Originally the departure was set for July ninth, but the time necessary to prepare troop accommodations, install guns and equip the vessels caused a delay of five days.

Shrouded by thick fog, the first American troop convoy left New York harbor in four groups, arranged according to speed. Group one, which included Admiral Gleaves' flagship, the armored cruiser Seattle, proceeded at fifteen knots; group two at fourteen knots, group three at thirteen knots and group four at eleven knots.

Rules for Safety

THE first three groups, composed of troop transports with cruiser and destroyer escorts, sailed at two-hour intervals on the afternoon of June fourteenth. The fourth, composed of freighters and their escort, sailed a day later, after being held in port for late dispatches and stores. The first group arrived in Quiberon Bay, near St. Nazaire, at midnight on the twenty-fifth of June; the second at six A.M. the following day, the third at ten A.M., June twenty-eighth, and the fourth at seven P.M., July first. Three of the groups reported unsuccessful attacks by submarines during the voyage.

Extensive preparations had been made in anticipation of such attacks. Before the departure Admiral Gleaves issued to each ship in the convoy a set of instructions with which, as he has since written in his history of the Transport Service, "every man had to be as familiar as with the Lord's Prayer." Because these instructions became the basis of all orders for ships in convoy during the later stages of the war, they merit repetition in Admiral Gleaves' own words. They required:

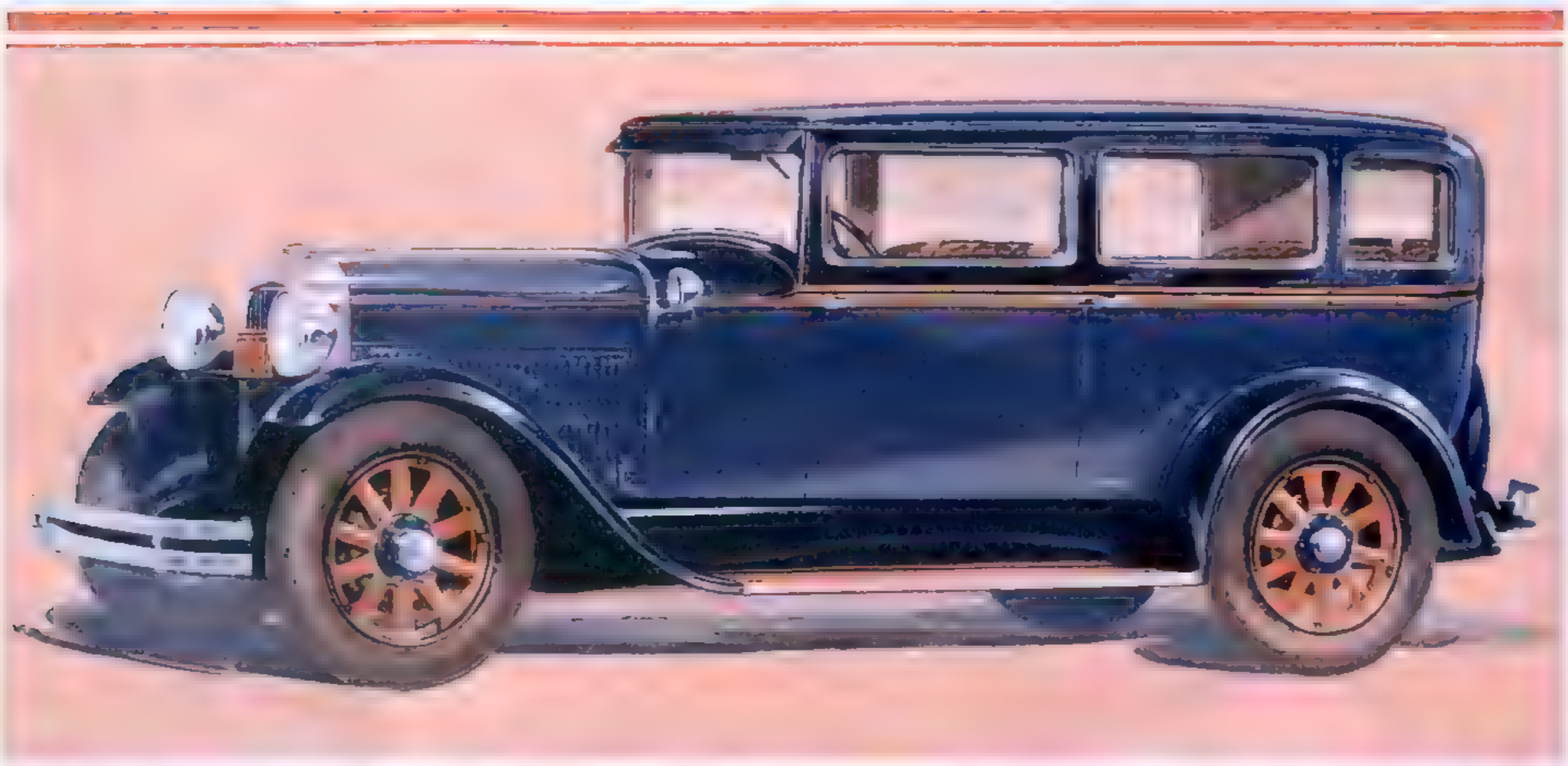
1. The use of maximum speed through the danger zone.
2. Trained lookout watches made effective by an efficient system of communication between officers of the deck and fire-control watch.
3. Continuous alert gun watches in quick communication with lookouts through the fire-control officer.
4. Constant zigzagging.
5. Minimum use of radio; reduction of smoke to a minimum; darkening of ships at night; throwing nothing overboard, lest it point to a trail.
6. A trained officer always alert and ready to use the helm to avoid torpedoes.
7. Special prearranged day and night signals between ships on manner of maneuvering when submarines were sighted.
8. Use of guns and depth bombs by all transports and escort vessels.

As further precaution, abandon-ship drills were held daily, at dawn and at twilight. Ship officers and crew were drilled to neglect no provision which might contribute to

(Continued on Page 45)

ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER



Pit it against all that motordom offers

Essex the Challenger sweeps aside the barriers of price class. It challenges the performance, the style, the luxurious roomy comfort of any car at any price, on the basis that no other car gives you back so much for every dollar you put in.

To see and appraise its 76 advanced features reveals at once why Essex excepts no car in its challenge. For point after point in fine car construction, performance and detail, brings you directly to costliest cars to find comparison.

With above 70 miles an hour top speed, Essex the Challenger, in thousands of demonstrations, is proving the endurance and ability to do 60 miles an hour all day long.

It is the finest, largest, roomiest, most brilliantly performing Essex ever built, and the price the lowest for which Essex ever sold—but little above the lowest-priced cars on the market.

That is why the acceptance of Essex the Challenger is the talk of motordom. Join the van of 1,000,000 Super-Six owners who are demonstrating its right and ability to challenge the best that motordom offers.

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

$695 AND UP. AT FACTORY

Coach	$695
2-Passenger Coupe	695
Phaeton	695
Coupe *(with rumble seat)*	725
Standard Sedan	795
Town Sedan	850
Roadster	850
Convertible Coupe	895

SPLIT EACH YEAR'S FUEL BILL IN TWO
and keep half for yourself

That is literally how you save money with a Spencer Heater. There is nothing theoretical about it. You simply buy cheaper fuels. For instance, instead of using egg, stove and nut anthracite, you use No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite in a Spencer Heater, at half the cost of domestic sizes.

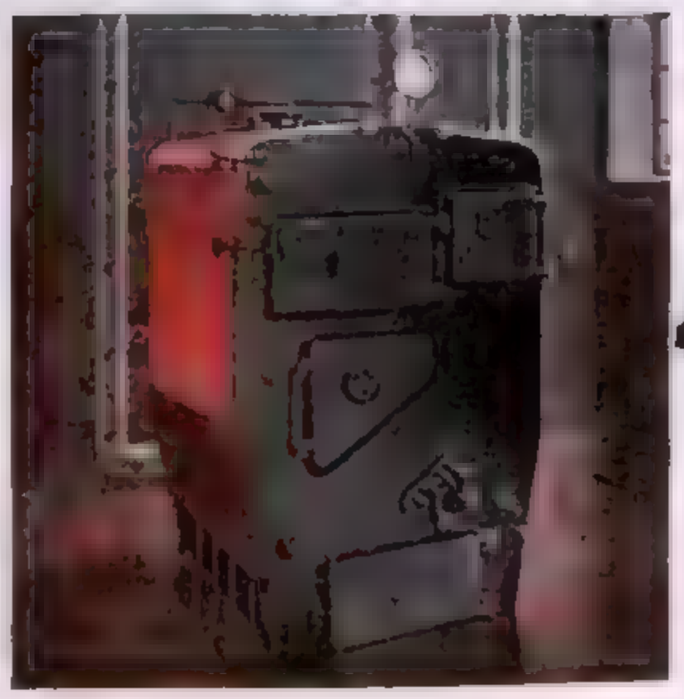
You know that small size fuels cost less. You would have a Spencer Heater in your basement this minute if you were sure that the Spencer can burn small size fuels efficiently. You can very easily assure yourself. Thirty-two years of constant testing and of everyday use have proved the Spencer, with its magazine feed and sloping Gable-Grate, to be the scientifically correct way of using all solid fuels for heat.* Spencer owners will tell you that they get a better and more uniform heat from low cost, small size fuels, than they ever got from flat grate heaters with the most expensive fuel sizes.

The Spencer was first welcomed in anthracite burning communities because of the tremendous savings made by using No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite instead of the more expensive domestic sizes. It was soon discovered by users of other fuels. Coke and graded bituminous—any of these fuels used in a Spencer gives a cleaner fire and more uniform heat, with attention only once or twice a day. No wonder demand grew. As sales increased, so did manufacturing facilities. Prices were lowered. With today's prices, even the first cost of the Spencer is little more than the price you pay for ordinary heaters, and its fuel savings quickly pay its entire cost.

For any home or building, from bungalow to skyscraper, there is a Spencer that will save fuel cost, give a better heat, with less attention. Cast iron sectional and steel tubular Spencers—all are made with the automatic magazine feed and sloping Gable-Grate that provide the lowest cost heat you can buy.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company
Williamsport, Pa.

SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS



* *The Spencer scientific principle*

Once a day, fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D), it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed. Fuel feed is by gravitation—no mechanical parts, no smothering and deadening of the fire. Uniform depth of fire bed gives maximum efficiency with minimum fuel cost. Spencer Heaters, sold and installed by all good heating contractors, bring modern convenience to the neglected cellar. Write for the Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer scientific principle in detail.

What Spencer owners say

"This was our first winter with a Spencer Heater and, I want to add, our most comfortable one. Our heater has proved its worth many times over. It has given splendid results and at a net saving in our coal bill of $105.78. It has done all you claimed for it, and I recommend it in the highest possible terms."

Ralph B. Clayberger,
123 Westminster Avenue, Merchantville, N. J.

(Continued from Page 42)

the safety of the vessel and of the men in the event of attack. Each group of the convoy was met from 300 to 500 miles west of France by a division of destroyers sent by Admiral Sims from Queenstown. This successful rendezvous was typical of the accuracy with which convoys were met through the entire course of the war. In the later operations not one destroyer escort failed to join the eastbound ships at their designated rendezvous, in fair weather or fog a record which impressively demonstrates the navigational skill of our destroyer captains. After sighting the destroyers, the cruiser escorts on later trips put back immediately to the United States, to be available as guards for other transport convoys crossing the Atlantic.

The Battle of Belle Isle

THIS successful passage by the vanguard of the A. E. F. was in many ways significant. It proved that the U-boat could not bar the American troops from Europe; it strengthened Allied morale; it established the method and form of the great Cruiser and Transport Force, which eventually was to assure the safe passage of 2,079,880 American troops to France. Of these troops, 952,581 were carried in American vessels, 1,006,987 in British, 68,246 in Italian ships chartered to Great Britain, and 52,066 in vessels of other Allied nations. The United States Navy furnished protection for 1,720,360—approximately 83 per cent—of the troops; the British for 297,903; the French for 61,617. The number of men transported monthly increased by progressive stages until, by the winter of 1917–1918, it averaged 50,000 and by April increased to 100,000. After that began the feat of transporting a quarter of a million men a month. In July of 1918, the troop movement from the United States to Europe reached the amazing total of 311,359.

It was a thrilling and memorable voyage for the great majority of soldiers who crossed to France. The frequent warnings and the state of constant preparation in which they lived could not fail to have a psychological effect. Reports of enemy submarines were frequent, occurring often in areas which subsequent investigation of German reports proved were free of the menace. Ships making their first passage through the war zone almost invariably gave false alarms, inspired possibly by the sight of broaching porpoises or bits of flotsam. All vessels bound from the United States to St. Nazaire passed close to Belle Isle, a few miles off the French coast. Not far to the northwest of the island bobbed a black spar buoy, marking a dangerous shoal. Convoy after convoy, passing the spot at dawn, opened fire on the spar, suspecting that it was a U-boat periscope. So regular was this alarm that at Lorient, headquarters of the district which I at one time commanded, we became accustomed to refer to the firing as The Battle of Belle Isle. On one occasion, after a convoy had landed safely and reported its battle, a naval officer ironically asked a transport captain if he had ammunition enough to fight his way out!

Interested Spectators: Soldiers on a Transport Watching Destroyer Protecting Them from Submarines

Standing Easy on a Transport

Disembarking at Brest

German assurance that lack of tonnage would prove an effective factor in prohibiting the movement of our troops overseas was soon dispelled. Oddly enough, the Germans themselves supplied many of the ships which made the achievement possible. Among the 104 German vessels interned in the United States from the beginning of the World War were many liners adaptable for troop ships. Some of them, in fact, had been designed with the view of such conversion. Now they were prepared to transport American, instead of German soldiers.

Anticipating this seizure, the German crews had done their best to make the vessels unfit for use after our declaration of war. Cylinders were broken, necessary parts hidden or destroyed, pipes cut and fittings wrecked. Repairs, enemy military leaders had estimated, would require a year or more, and by that time they expected victory. Again American ingenuity upset their plans. The broken cylinders were repaired by electric welding, missing parts were replaced, passenger accommodations converted into troop quarters, and within a few months twenty huge liners, refitted, camouflaged, and in many instances better than new, were bearing A. E. F. reënforcements regularly from the United States to Europe. Naturally, the best and the fastest of the seized German ships were assigned to troop transportation. Others were used for cargo.

In Enemy Ships

BEFORE the end of the war, 557,788 soldiers had crossed on the ex-German liners. The Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, and the greatest vessel afloat, alone carried 96,804. On one voyage she carried as many as 10,860 officers and men. In part, these huge troop shipments were made possible by economical arrangement of space. During the later months of the war two men occupied the same narrow berth on many transports, each taking a separate shift. The first reconditioned German ship convoy arrived at Brest early in November of 1917. Reports that a German submarine was operating in near-by waters prompted Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commanding the naval forces in France, to send an escort composed of the Wakiva, several converted yachts and small French torpedo boats to augment the Queenstown destroyers escorting the transports into harbor. It was my privilege to command the Brest escort and to pilot the convoy to port. Although foggy weather had delayed the convoy, the rendezvous was accomplished successfully and the ships were piloted into port without incident. It was, however, a thrilling and inspiring experience to see the four huge liners, in command of Captain — now Rear Admiral — A. H. Robertson, U. S. N., steaming in formation in a fog. They had even

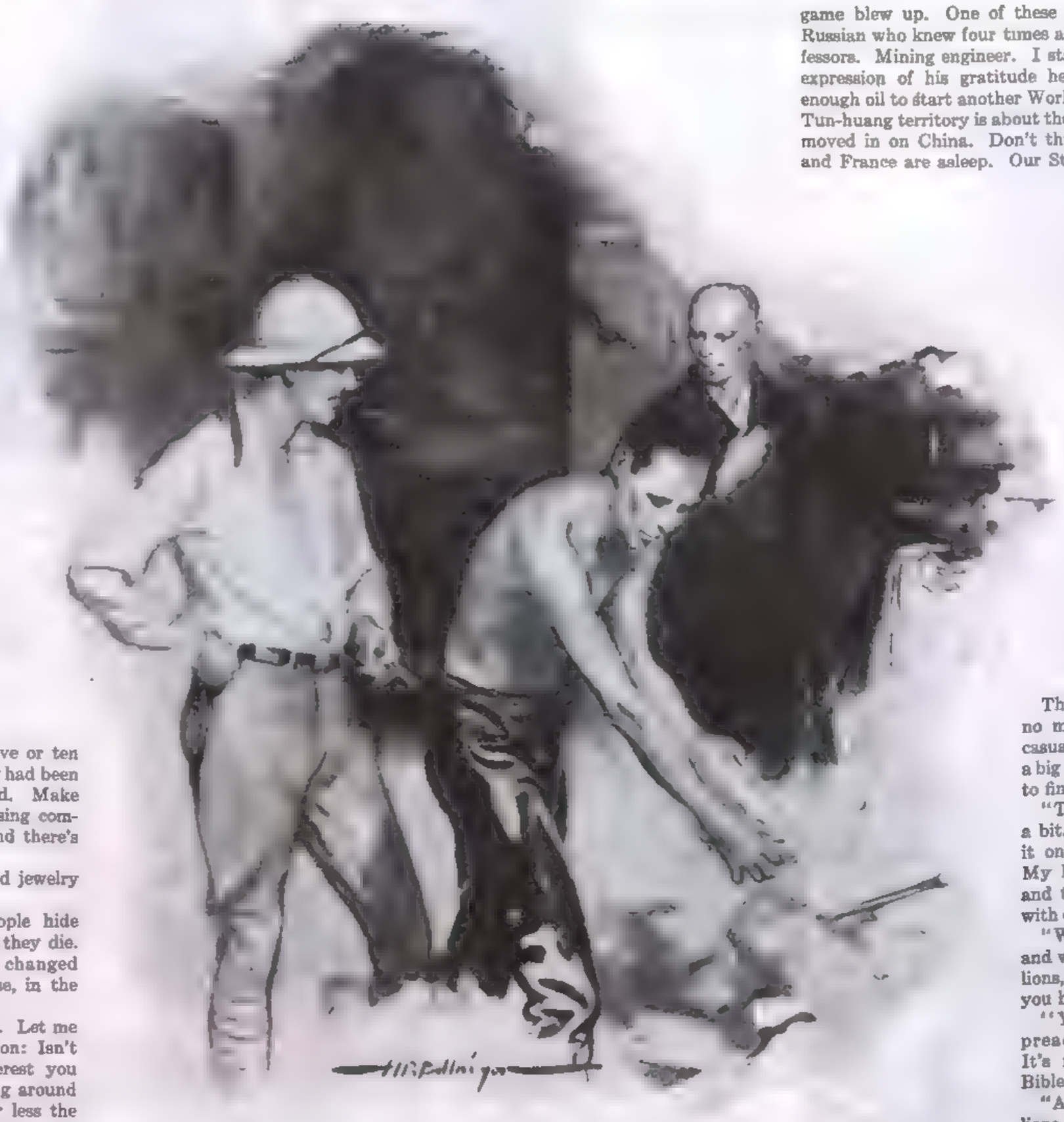
Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves, U. S. Navy, Commander of Cruiser and Transport Force

(Continued on Page 153)

SEESAW

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



"Don't Bother to Haul Down All Those Bricks," the Oil Man Suggested. "Just Tell Me About It. What's in There? Another Sanctified Mummy?"

THREE days away from San Francisco, the master of the Banzai Maru, China-bound, introduced Hamilton Scott to Shelby Clarke. "Dr. Shelby Clarke," the master of the Banzai Maru specified, "the scholar who resurrects dead languages. Mr. Scott is an oil man."

The oil man bowed. "I've heard of Doctor Clarke."

Ten minutes later, with the débris of polite conversation discarded, the two men were talking straight talk. "Your game is interesting enough," the oil man conceded, "but what do you get out of it?"

"That will depend on your definition of values. Some dead languages, you know, really have to be dug up. The best way to answer your question is to ask you to imagine what a man would find if he uncovered New York or Chicago or San Francisco five or ten thousand years after they had been buried with drifting sand. Make allowance for the increasing complexity of civilization, and there's your answer."

"You mean money and jewelry and things like that?"

"Nearly always. People hide their treasures and then they die. Human nature hasn't changed much, in the broad sense, in the last ten thousand years."

"Right. I believe you. Let me ask you one frank question: Isn't this pure and lofty interest you highbrows take in digging around for buried cities more or less the bunk? Getting down to cases, isn't the lure of the loot, the old buried-treasure idea, back of it all? I mean, rubies and emeralds and gold and Aladdin's Cave? The loot hooks you harder, doesn't it, than Sanskrit tax rolls and fractured hind legs of Babylonian bedsteads? On the level, don't all these contributions to science and archæology carry a little sinking fund of jewels and bullion?"

The archæologist smiled. "Of course we don't discard the jewels when we run onto them. Speaking for myself, I can tell you that I get more of a kick out of finding an interesting manuscript than I could get out of a hundred-pound cache of gold coins. I think I got a deeper thrill ten years ago out of finding one little shred of manuscript that may add three verses to the Bible the next time it is properly revised, than I could have known from digging up the Kohinoor."

"Maybe you're right." Doubt and annoyance sounded in the oil man's voice. "The Kohinoor thrill might have lasted longer than the scrap of manuscript, if you had set it out at 6 per cent."

"Not much longer. Difficult, isn't it, to find any thrill that lasts? Time seems to be the essence of the thrill contract. All of civilization's fight has been, in its last definition, nothing much more than an attempt to expedite life—to retard the second hand of a dollar watch."

"Maybe so. For the love of the briny deep, let's sidetrack the heavy jargon! Tell me, are you starting out on another digging expedition?"

"I'm heading for the south edge of the Gobi Desert," Doctor Clarke said.

"The ancient-man country? The place where Andrews found the big eggs?"

"You seem to read the papers. I'm headed for a territory within a thousand miles of those locations. Have you ever been into the Gobi country?"

"Never been near it. I've been looking at the maps lately, however. I'm headed for a place called Tun-huang. Ever hear of it?"

"I camped within a hundred miles of it three years ago. That's the most interesting territory in Chinese Turkestan. Everything stopped in that part of the world a thousand years ago."

The oil man got to his feet while the other man was speaking. "Say, digger, maybe you're the man I'm looking for. Do you really know the lay of the land around there?"

"Desert and mountains."

"I mean, do you know anything about the geology?"

"Mighty little. Are you traveling in the line of duty? Prospecting for oil?"

After a moment's hesitation: "In confidence, yes," the oil man disclosed. "Prospecting for oil is right. Digger, if the signs mean anything, and if my scout reports are half true, there's more oil in that part of the country than in all the rest of the world put together. It's the biggest oil bet that I'll ever play, and I've played some big ones!"

"How did you discover it?"

Hamilton Scott smiled. "That's a story all by itself. There was a bird blew into New York with a troupe of Cossacks. Not the first outfit. That one brought along their horses and almost had to eat 'em. This was another gang. They didn't even have horses to eat when their game blew up. One of these so-called Cossacks was a Russian who knew four times as much as six college professors. Mining engineer. I staked him, and as a casual expression of his gratitude he uncovered the dope on enough oil to start another World War. This oil bet in the Tun-huang territory is about the only real reason the Reds moved in on China. Don't think for a second England and France are asleep. Our State Department has been writing polite little notes on this deal for the past two years. When I saw how slow the big league moved I figured that the man who owned the land might have a slight advantage. Nobody can hold a better title to a piece of land than the man on the ground. I'll stop in Peking long enough to get a formal concession, and then I'll hit Tun-huang with both feet. I'm going in single-handed because, with the natives, I can work four times as fast as any diplomatic delegation that ever wore plug hats. That's the layout. Sounds bigger than an elephant, doesn't it?"

The archæologist's reply held no more than the warmth of casual courtesy. "It sounds like a big undertaking. Who's going to finance the project?"

"The finances don't worry me a bit. Money means less than it once did in my young life. My bank roll is fairly heavy and the oil men I play around with can take care of anything."

"When it's all taken care of and when you double your millions, what will you have that you haven't got now?"

"You sound like the preacher—'Vanity, vanity.' It's my favorite book in the Bible, though."

"After you double the millions, what will you have?" the archæologist pursued.

Scott answered in a slightly higher tone. "I'll at least have the satisfaction of looking back at a conquest, instead of gazing onward and upward at a constellation of Sanskrit adjectives. That's the main trouble with most of the scientists and intellectual giants I meet. You're radicals in your own way, impelled by the same mania that makes a boy attempt to get a complete collection of postage stamps."

"But our game absorbs us. We get something out of it after the conquest is done. How would you feel, do you think, if you dug up some sand-buried desert ruin and found a manuscript that was written by Aristotle or Alexander or Christ or Confucius? You would get something that all the money in the world cannot buy for you. You'll admit that the invention of printing has meant as much for the world as the development of petroleum, won't you?"

"I'm not sure—but what of it?"

"Among other things, the discoveries in Chinese Turkestan have proved that books were being printed from movable type long before Gutenberg was born. One of the expeditions into the country west of where you're going found scraps of manuscript in ten or fifteen languages. Some of them are still mysteries. No man can read them. I have some photographic copies of a first-century document that was undoubtedly a part of the New Testament. It is in Syriac. Some of the text is identical with the original versions of the New Testament, and some of the preceding text runs parallel, line for line, word for word, with part of the Buddhist writings dated three centuries earlier."

(Continued on Page 48)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Because engineering science has taken advantage of that fact to eliminate friction evils, machinery used in the home and on the roads, in the factory and on the farm, is today more efficient, more dependable, more economical, longer lived.

New Departure Ball Bearings never need adjustment. This is an exclusive characteristic of ball bearings—an important advantage which year after year holds all working parts of the machine to their original efficiency and reduces repairs and replacements to the minimum.

For ball bearings are the longest lived bearings. Because of their design they cannot slide; they roll. Because they roll so easily they are freest from wear and high upkeep expense.

The heavier the load, the higher the speed of the machine, the more manifest are the longevity and ruggedness of New Departure Ball Bearings.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. COMPANY
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
WORLD'S LARGEST BEARING MANUFACTURER

(Continued from Page 46)

"Again, what of it? What use is all the miscellaneous data you have just emitted?"

"No use, perhaps; but don't forget that any religious philosophy may affect the destiny of nations. It does not require much imagination to see where somebody might dig up a document that would rearrange the map of the world."

"I'm afraid that calls for more imagination than I have with me on this trip. As far as changing the map of the world goes, the oil gang I train with have shifted a few national fences."

"That's the sickening part of it. Your gang, as you call them, have played their game at an enormous cost of human life and human welfare ever since civilization began. As a matter of fact, they have destroyed a hundred civilizations. Conquest. Hardly a war for ten thousand years that hasn't been fought over the treasures of this world or the next one. International robbery."

"Excuse me a moment. I'll be back presently."

Abruptly, but without intentional rudeness, Hamilton Scott ended the discussion by walking away from his companion.

He walked directly toward a beautiful woman. "Cleo! This is luck! When did you abandon Paris?"

"Hamilton! My bandit! This is happy!"

"This is luck. When did you leave Paris?"

"Paris? Ever so long ago."

"But the theater—there was no earthquake in the newspapers."

"I abandoned the theater to its fate. For a little while I was tired. I am tired. I am resting. I am going around the world. I wish to see the world."

Cleo Rusza, knowing perhaps more of the world than any six of her fellow passengers, forthwith led Hamilton Scott on the longest walking tour that he had taken since he had boarded the ship.

"But tell me. How did you travel across the United States without being discovered? How did San Francisco fail to discover you?"

"Truly, my bandit, I tell you that I am resting. This tour is for me, not for the theater. Publicity can be avoided, as you well know, when it is desirable. I called myself Mary Lamb. My maid is fat. I wear subdued clothes. Not one man knows me for Cleo Rusza. The same face—yes, it is mine. Bandit, you would make a good detective for the capture of human beings."

"I have captured the loveliest one I ever saw. I have captured you."

"Not yet, bandit. You have encountered me."

"I know. I have encountered you fifty times. Listen, I made up my mind about you last year in Paris. This time I capture you."

"That being settled, then, you will make to excuse me. I have had my walk; now I shall have an hour of sleeping before dinner. You, no doubt, big bandit, have an engagement for dinner."

"From now on I have an engagement for three meals a day with you."

"I eat but two."

"You're slim enough now. Tomorrow I will revise your program."

From that time until the voyage ended Hamilton Scott and Shelby Clarke spent but little time together.

"Some big Japanese are putting on what they call a complimentary dinner for me," Scott announced the day before they landed in Japan. "Wireless invitation."

"Oil men?" There was a shade of unworthy criticism in Shelby Clarke's inquiry.

"Some of them crave to be. I'd like to have you come along if you care to. The prince will be there, and half a dozen of their top-chop scientific men. You'll probably encounter some congenial brains in the outfit. It isn't what you'd call a directors' meeting."

"I'll be happy to come," Shelby Clarke accepted.

The dinner given in Hamilton Scott's honor included several bursts of oratory in broken English. Responding to one flowery tribute, Hamilton Scott gave free rein to his vocabulary under the inspiration of an overdose of champagne.

He realized after he had finished that he had been somewhat extravagant with his language, and he was grateful to Shelby Clarke a few moments later when the latter charmed the assemblage with a lyrical address in their native tongue.

"Digger, you sure done noble!" the oil man burst out at the conclusion of Shelby Clarke's graceful contribution to the evening's entertainment. "I didn't get a word of it, but you had 'em hypnotized. What were you talking about?"

"Subjects buried for ten thousand years," the archæologist answered.

"You sure reaped a flock of cheers. Banzai! You pulled the feature event of the evening by the way it sounded. Life of the party!"

An hour later, when a general confusion of tongues had settled upon the assemblage, Shelby Clarke excused himself and returned to his hotel.

"Silly business," he reflected. "Plain waste of time banquets. Now for some sleep."

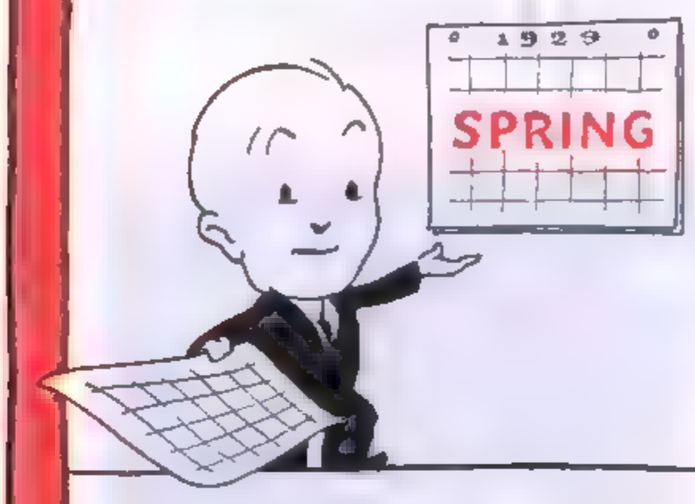
In the Sung room of the great hotel, Cleo Rusza was pretending to enjoy a late supper. From where she sat with half a dozen admirers she caught a glimpse of the archæologist returning to his rooms. Forthwith she dispatched one of her companions with an invitation. The messenger, a young Englishman, was affable with the lady's message. "The Rusza is dying, Egypt, dying. Not exactly dying, but the mirth and laughter seem to have come to a bitter end. Come along like a good fellow. You'll be the first cheering news in a long winter."

(Continued on Page 53)

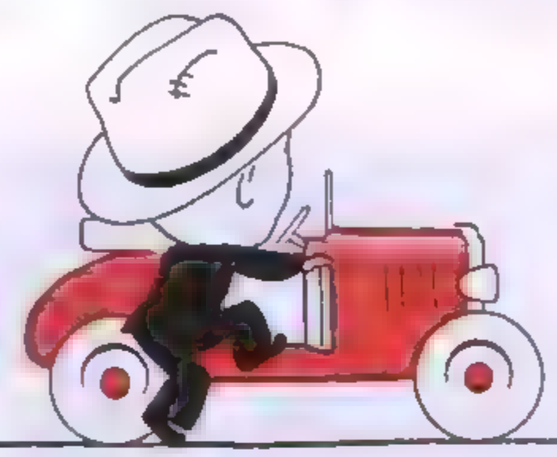
"I Am Going Into the Western Deserts Next Week. If I Find the Emeralds of Tamerlane, I Will Bring Them to You"

Do It Now

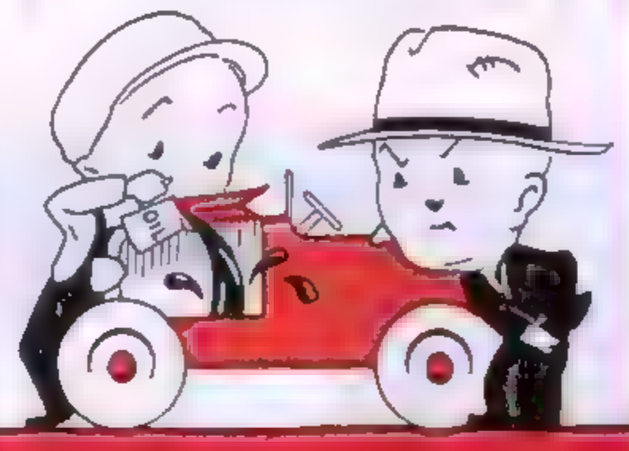
I'll start this season right, you bet,
For last year I can't soon forget...



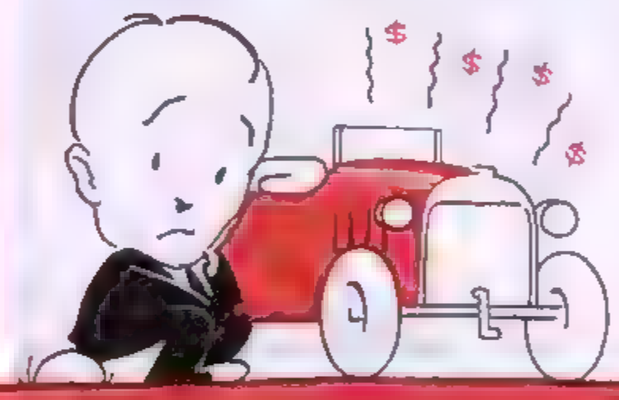
My motor seemed to be O.K.
Until I started on my way.



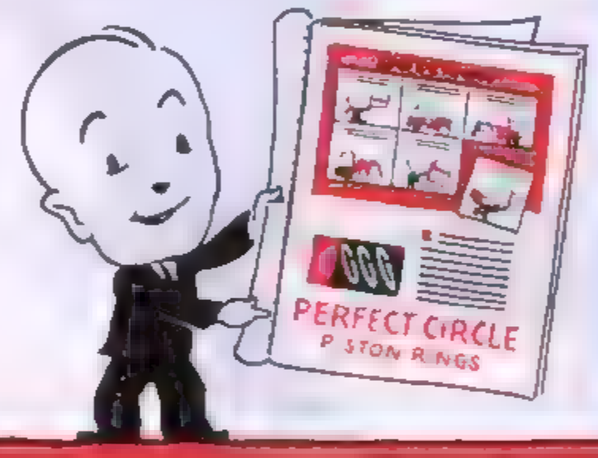
Each filling station that we'd meet,
I'd have to stop and buy a treat.



I bore this out the summer through—
But such another year won't do!



I'll stop that hoggish appetite
With piston rings I know are right...



It's PERFECT CIRCLE Rings I need
To end this everlasting greed.

Compression Type, 30c | Oil-Regulating Type, 60c | Double-Duty Type, 75c

Don't wait too long **for an overhaul. When your motor *begins* to pump oil and acts loggy and lifeless . . . stop the trouble with PERFECT CIRCLES. The right kind of piston rings are important because satisfactory oil-mileage and full power depend directly on them. You'll be sure of *new-car performance* when you replace these vital parts of your motor with PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings. These are the piston rings used by most all of the car manufacturers.**

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY • *General Offices* • HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
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Plants: Hagerstown, Newcastle, Tipton, Ind. Export Offices: 549 W. Washington St., Chicago

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

Are Repair Bills Making Your Car a Burden?

80% Of All Repair Bills Come From a Single, and Now Easily Correctable Cause—Improper Lubrication. A Service That May Save You Hundreds Of Dollars Yearly

Your car can be a source of pleasure, or a constant financial worry, just as you choose to make it.

According to highest automotive authorities, 80% of all repair bills are due to LACK OF PROPER LUBRICATION.

The Alemite System on your car provides the means to correct lubrication—PROVIDED you use the system properly.

The proper and obviously common-sense way is to avoid ordinary "greasing stations," and instead of having your car greased—probably with greases not fitted to your Alemite System—to have your car Alemited at a genuine Alemite-ing Station.

Your Protection

Those stations now are everywhere. The yellow sign shown here identifies them. Efficient mechanics serve you in those stations. Genume Alemite Lubricants, especially for use in the Alemite Systems and made by the makers of those systems themselves, are used in those stations. Consider what that means.

Go to them for service. Ask to have your car Alemited. You will find, as thousands of motorists everywhere have found, that MOST REPAIR BILLS are avoidable. Find, too, squawkless riding, longer car life and far greater pleasure from your car.

We Use Genuine
ALEMITE
Lubricants
Alemite-ing Costs No More Than Ordinary Greasing
Over 95% of the cars selling today, including the new Ford, are equipped with the Alemite or Alemite Push Type System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown here.
ALEMITE
ALEMITE (Push Type)

What Alemite-ing Consists Of

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3 SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

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What Can Farm Relief Legislation Do for Me?—By William O. Protsman

I AM a farmer. I have no direct financial interest in any other business. What happens to me and my family during the remainder of my lifetime and theirs depends very largely on the soil. Therefore, I have a deep and abiding interest in all that pertains to farming. I have read and tried to digest the various features of the farm-relief legislation heretofore proposed. I favored the McNary-Haugen Bill, equalization fee and all, and would have liked to see it given a trial, for the reason that we produce mainly one crop, tobacco, which could have been successfully handled under such a law. But since the bill has been twice vetoed by President Coolidge and the equalization fee seems to be definitely in the discard, our thinking must take some other direction. It necessarily opens up for me the whole broad question as to what shape legislation shall finally take.

I have gone on beyond the scope possible to be covered by legislation and have almost convinced myself that there is little to be expected, as far as my individual case is concerned, from any farm-relief legislation. I may be mistaken about this, but before I am assured of that fact, very much more of very definite import will have to come to pass.

As I understand the present situation, what is now proposed is the creation of a farm board with the broadest possible powers, backed up by ample government funds. These funds are presumably to be loaned to the farmers through the medium of the coöperative-marketing associations to which they are expected to belong. In addition to the passage of some such act, there is to be proposed higher tariff duties on many things produced on the farm and entirely new duties on some things that now come in free. As a further benefit to the farmers, water transportation is to be improved.

Where Cooperation Doesn't Help

I BELIEVE that out of the list the tariff duties, which will have the effect of shutting out foreign competition, will be of the most direct benefit to producers of varied products; in which class I am placed. For instance, a tariff upon bananas will operate to raise the price to the consumer. If it be made high enough some consumers may turn to domestic fruits, such as apples, and thereby create a better demand for them. Because I produce apples in a small way, I stand a chance to be benefited by both increased demand and somewhat higher prices.

The improvement in our waterways system or any other medium by which handling may be speeded up and through which freight rates may be decreased is of interest to agriculture as a whole, but its annual saving and benefit to me as an individual will be too small greatly to affect my problems.

The remaining factors in the present and proposed legislative program simmer down to about this:

1. It is to be made easy for us to join coöperative associations to handle the various crops which we grow.
2. If we do join, it will be possible for our associations to borrow government funds to carry our crop surpluses when and as they appear.

Is that a fair statement of what is proposed? If that is the gist of the plan, then I submit that such legislation will not help me. Why? In the first place, I already belong to one coöperative-marketing association which is inactive for reasons hereafter explained. There would be no point in my becoming a member in any other as long as the element in human nature which defeated the first one remains as it is. In the second place, I do not want to borrow any more money either as an individual or as a member of a coöperative-marketing association. I am now sitting up nights trying to devise ways and means for paying back some I already owe. I do not believe that my case is peculiar, but that thousands of other farmers are in situations like my own.

Let it be made plain here that I do not decry, nor am I opposed to, any farmer borrowing money if he can make a profit on it. But the chances are against him on the average. He does not and cannot, under present conditions, make a satisfactory profit upon his own capital which he has invested. For temporary purposes along well-defined lines borrowing may be advisable. On general principles it is bound to end in disappointment. Nor am I opposed to coöperative-marketing associations. I belong to one and would probably join as many others as I had products to deliver, if some plan could be devised by which an even break could be assured to the members. But if membership therein is to continue to mean what it has meant in the past, then I am "out" definitely and conclusively.

Why? Human nature is the answer.

I have always been willing to do my full share in any obligation that rested upon me as a farmer and a citizen. In the instance of the coöperative-marketing association to which I belong, in common with thousands of other loyal members, I was compelled to do more than my share. The burden became increasingly heavy, but we stuck it out and lived up to our contracts. When they expired, however, we refused to renew them under the then-existing conditions.

The ground covered here will be familiar to many who have belonged or who now belong to similar coöperative associations. To those who have not had that experience, it may be of interest. In the organization of any coöperative-marketing association where the commodity produced is the basis for membership, there is always a minority which remains outside and aloof from any efforts of persuasion or appeal. This minority is of course within its constitutional rights in staying outside. But the Constitution has precious little to do with its decision. Some men are not joiners. They are inherently individualists who do not train with the common herd and look with disdain on any effort at mass action, no matter how laudable its purpose. But the majority of those who make up this minority do so for purely selfish reasons. They plan to profit by having the association members carry the burden for the whole body of producers, while they operate outside and to their own pecuniary advantage.

In the case of Burley tobacco, which was the commodity handled by the association of which I was and am a member, 90 per cent of our product was used by four very large manufacturing concerns. The remaining 10 per cent was taken by the smaller factories. Our association was organized with a membership representing more than 75 per cent of all tobacco produced in the year 1921. It finally grew until its membership totaled 108,000.

Left Holding the Bag

DURING the six years when the marketing agreement was in effect, 1921 to 1926 inclusive, we handled approximately 1,000,000,000 pounds of tobacco and sold it for approximately $200,000,000. Every pound of tobacco and every penny of the proceeds was fully and honestly accounted for to the members. Yet, when a re-signing was attempted in the fall of 1927, they refused to sign in sufficient numbers to make further operation possible or advisable. I take this to mean that after all was said and done the majority of them felt as I did—that any further participation therein was to continue an unfair advantage to the outsider and an unequal burden upon the member.

From the very outset of our organization a systematic effort was made by some of the largest buyers of our product to encourage the outside grower. His crops were bought first and at prices that left him perhaps a greater net return than we received. Moreover, his money was paid to him all at one time, whereas under the very necessities of the case our payments extended over a term of years, as the tobacco was sold and delivered.

Again, the boundaries of the tobacco-growing district were extended by systematic effort, including the furnishing of free seed, the establishment of new markets for handling the resultant increases in the crop and by various other devices. Because of this the surplus produced in the 1923 crop was far above what it would have been under normal conditions. The burden of receiving, processing, financing and holding this surplus was wholly on the growers who had delivered their tobacco to the association.

The same was true of the surpluses that developed in the 1924 and 1925 crops. Because of the natural and proper dissatisfaction growing out of these developments, our active membership decreased and the ranks of the outsiders increased, until at the close of the term of our marketing agreement there was as much tobacco produced by the outsiders as by association members.

Despite the fact that the average price of the product was twenty cents a pound for the six crops handled, an increase of seven to eight cents a pound over that of 1920, the year immediately preceding the organization, the activities of the association were allowed to lapse. Our membership under our charter still has the remainder of the twenty-year term ahead of it, still owns about $6,000,000 worth of plants and equipment, but is not handling along the original lines laid down, a single pound of tobacco.

Short crops in 1927 and again in 1928 have brought in the loose-leaf auction markets the highest prices since 1919, and the emergency which existed in 1920

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Milking Time Draws Near

PACKARD

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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has faded into the background. What the reaction from the present membership would be in case, for any cause, the low prices of 1920 again came to pass, is an unsolved problem.

But have I not the right to doubt the efficacy of any cooperative-marketing association to achieve for me constant and lasting benefits, and under conditions which would be satisfactory and agreeable to all concerned? Can I assume that human nature is changed or will change under the new dispensation? I do not so believe, and therefore do not assume anything of the kind. On the contrary, I believe that the element of human selfishness is ingrained and will continue to be a ruling factor.

What, then, can I reasonably look forward to under what seems to be the present legislative program? In any commodity where the ultimate purchaser is represented in smaller units and greater numbers, I can readily see how a small minority of producers of many crops might join together and by service create a real place for themselves, even under present conditions.

But the organization of any big cooperative-marketing association to handle a commodity like wheat, corn, beef, pork, or any product of like character, is fraught with what now seem to me to be insurmountable obstacles. Smaller neighborhood organizations, as it were, can secure many advantages.

I shall watch with interest and anxiety Mr. Hoover's efforts to redeem his pledge to solve the question of farm relief. He must be given credit for entire sincerity in making it. His past record is sufficient evidence to me that he will do all that lies in his power to put the business of farming upon a sound and profitable financial basis. But can he do it? Can any man, no matter where he is placed and no matter with what power clothed, accomplish that much-to-be-desired end? He may help, but I am now firmly convinced that what progress I as an individual may make must be made by my own efforts.

And because I like to see any discussion carried out to its logical conclusion, I am going to suggest some things that I am doing outside of any government aid and without the help of any other agency whatsoever. In the first place, our farm must be looked upon as our workshop. Within it must be found the laboratory for all experiments, and the tools with which to work out our destiny.

We must look to the soil. By the use of lime, legumes and fertilizers, we must bring it to such a point of fertility that an hour's labor expended thereon will bring maximum results. We must use the latest and most modern machinery within our ability to buy, so that the same hour's labor accomplishes more than it has been doing. With these facilities, backed up by purposeful action, we must cut our costs of production. This will, under any circumstances, give us at least a chance for a profit. Under the best and most favorable conditions our margin will be still greater.

After a close study of our local conditions and advantages our best markets are disclosed and naturally dictate what we are to produce. We might be able to raise the best turnips in the world, but if there was no profitable market within our reach they would make a mighty poor product. But when we find that fruits of various kinds will find a ready sale at the orchard, we have a sound reason for their production. Pure, rich milk can be produced by us under proper conditions, and it can be sold at a profit. Pork can be matured, with grain grown on our own land and aided by the by-products of the dairy, and it is an advisable and generally profitable adjunct. Beef and mutton and wool can be produced and made to fit in as a part of the general scheme of things, and they should be given their proper share in the program.

A fine quality of colory Burley tobacco can be grown on our land, cared for with our facilities and finished successfully by our skilled labor, and the demand for this type of tobacco makes its production profitable.

We know that we cannot compete with the West and Northwest in the production of wheat, so we grow it only as a matter of crop rotation and for the straw, disposing of the grain at an advanced price for seed. We know that we cannot compete with Iowa, Illinois and other states in the production of corn for sale as a cash crop. So we feed all we grow, and more, to our livestock in an effort to do in the selling what we cannot do in the growing.

We cannot compete with Washington, Oregon, Missouri and Virginia in the low-cost production of apples in commercial quantities. But we can grow a limited quantity of this fruit of superlative size and flavor, and by advertising and pushing sales generally dispose of it at profitable prices. We can compete with anybody anywhere in low-cost production of tobacco, and for that reason it occupies a large place in our plans.

But, as will be seen, ours is a problem which legislation can reach only indirectly. A generally prosperous condition through all lines of trade would be our greatest boon. We have borne, though not always without complaint, the increased costs of living brought upon us by the preferential legislation given the railroads, the manufacturers, the banks and many groups of workers. Some of their increased earnings have come back to us, not unlike the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich.

We are willing and anxious to have done all that can be done to bring prosperity to the whole agricultural structure. If it can best be reached by bringing prosperity to others first, that also will be acceptable.

What we do not want and what every farmer of my acquaintance does not want is charity. I am a farmer by deliberate choice. I have met through the years nearly every form of discouragement that can fall to my lot. Yet, I love the soil and farming in all its phases. I love the smell of the freshly turned earth as it comes from the plowshare. I love the odor of the corn when it is ripe, and the glint of the waving, golden grain. I love the perfume of the flowers, the music of the birds, the restful sanctuary of the trees. I love the companionship of human beings who, like myself, believe in what we are doing. I love the loyalty, the placidity, the sound common sense and the lessons in character that can be learned from all kinds of farm animals.

I believe that the production of pure, wholesome and nourishing food, under conditions that give a square deal to everything and everybody, the soil included, is a fine and splendid business. I believe, finally, that some way will be found to end discouragement, if not to lend encouragement to those who fight the battles in this, their chosen field; who must continue to do what they are doing if plenty is to abide and hunger to remain a stranger in our land.

SEESAW

(Continued from Page 48)

A chair awaited the cheering news at Cleo Rusza's side. "Tell me about the bandit's dinner. Did the prince maintain his royalty or was he, as you say, human? Was the bandit gay?"

"'A bunch of the boys was whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon,'" Shelby Clarke quoted. "It was like that when I left."

"I do not understand."

"Never mind. That is a beautiful emerald you have."

"I love green stones," the girl replied.

"Jade?"

"Jade first of all. Emeralds I love only as they approach the splendor of ancient jade."

"There were Tamerlane's emeralds," Shelby Clarke said. "They were recorded by three or four historians who called them jade. They were probably emeralds. One of them was a crystal larger than your hand." Shelby Clarke looked intently at Cleo Rusza's hand.

"So large?"

"So small."

The young Englishman suppressed a smile. "Giddy old party," he reflected. The youngster was twenty, and Shelby Clarke was twice the youngster's age. "Giddy old mummy. Rum sort, this digger."

"Tell me, where are Tamerlane's emeralds?" Cleo Rusza demanded.

"I wish I knew. There are a hundred legends, a dozen stories, and two reasonable theories concerning them. Kernoff came out of the Tarim Basin two years ago with the best guess. The newspapers turned the story into a lot of Sunday supplement rot about Tamerlane's jade coffin. As a matter of fact, Kernoff hit one of the two feasible trails which may lead some day to Tamerlane's emeralds. The story meant nothing to Kernoff. The Scythian cultures of three or four thousand years ago are all that interest him. In South Russia he found ——"

"Tell me about Tamerlane's emeralds," Cleo Rusza interrupted.

"Tomorrow I shall tell you. I have copies of Kernoff's notes among my papers. The emeralds did a lot of traveling before Tamerlane got them. Have you seen the emerald that Prince Menzikoff bought from the governor of Siberia? It became one of the Russian crown jewels."

"I have seen that stone. It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"Perhaps it was one of the Tamerlane jewels. There were eighty-one stones named in the first records. The smallest weighed more than seven ounces. We will review Kernoff's notes tomorrow if you are interested."

"I am interested in nothing else."

"You may be. I know of some jade in Peking more beautiful than emeralds."

When, next day, the Kernoff notes had yielded their tantalizing story of the treasure of emeralds, "There is jade in Peking even more beautiful than Tamerlane's emeralds could be," Shelby Clarke reiterated.

That evening: "Why don't you rally round with me when we get to Peking?" Hamilton Scott invited the archæologist. "Really, if you will help me out a bit with the crew that are running the Chinese show just now, it will be a great favor. That route westward from Peking is all new to me. Your advice will mean a great deal to me. How about it?"

"Glad to help you in any way."

"That's grand. Cleo was chirping some glad cries about some jade in Peking. Maybe we can mix a little play with our work and clean up the jade market."

Shelby Clarke smiled. "Maybe so." To himself: "It will take more than money to unlock that treasure," he commented. "At any rate," he continued to his companion, "count on me for anything I can do to help you with your expedition. There are a few tricks that one learns. It isn't like any other country. More varieties of hell. Sometimes, though, with luck it's not bad."

"I'll have the luck," the oil man asserted. "Lady Luck rides with me in this race."

After his arrival in Peking the scientist devoted the first four days to the preliminary arrangements for his westward expedition.

"Why have you neglected me?" There was some reproach in Cleo Rusza's inquiry. "What of the emerald jade we were to discover in this city of dust? The big bandit and I have hardly seen you since we arrived here."

"We shall see the jade this night," Shelby Clarke promised. "Do not ask where it came from. We know that it was looted from the Summer Palace nearly seventy years ago, and that it is guarded now by the surviving members of the Sorrow-Not-Forgotten Tong. Fortunately, we do not have to talk to all of them."

Late that night, after a complicated route had been traversed by the trio: "In this house the jade has been kept for nearly fifty years. The place has an evil look, but you have nothing to fear."

The street room of the house to which Shelby Clarke and his two companions gained entrance seemed to be a simple establishment given over to the manufacture of filigree jewelry.

Three rooms deeper into an unknown labyrinth, Shelby Clarke encountered the man he sought.

"On my word of honor," he pledged, speaking the dialect of a people sprung from the mountains a thousand miles to the west, "this woman and this man may be trusted. They are my friends, even as you and I have been friends for these many years."

The Chinaman to whom Shelby Clarke had spoken bowed, and without further ceremony he walked to the door of the room and cackled a summons into the obscurity of the next apartment. Four men answered him and came into the room.

"The door of the jade room requires five keys," the Chinaman reminded Shelby Clarke. "Explain that to this lady. She is frightened."

"There are five locks on the door to the jade room," Shelby Clarke explained to Cleo Rusza and to the oil man. "Each of these men carries a key."

Looking at the locks, "I could bust them easily enough with a good claw bar," Hamilton Scott commented.

"It would take more than a claw bar to disperse the mob of defenders," Shelby Clarke answered. "They are opening the door. We will wait a moment or two before we enter. The air in the jade room is probably heavy."

After the splendid treasure had engaged them for an hour, "I'm only a roughneck with this sort of thing," Hamilton Scott said. "Never paid much attention to jade before, but this is the gaudiest layout I ever saw, bar none. When you said jade I didn't know you meant diamonds and emeralds and pearls and half a ton of gold. It's the most magnificent treasure I ever heard of!"

"The jade is the chief feature. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world."

"Ask old Lum Ying or whatever you call him, how much he'll take for that necklace that Cleo is petting. She hasn't been able to let go of it since she saw it."

"Nothing can buy this stuff. The British Museum and the Metropolitan and two or three individuals have tried it."

"The simplest way would be to start a war and capture the place."

"That would be the simplest way," Shelby Clarke assented.

When the trio had returned to their hotel, "That is the most magnificent collection of jewels in the world," Cleo Rusza said. "The jade pendant on the largest necklace—do you remember it?—that jade pendant is the loveliest gem I have ever seen."

"Tamerlane's emeralds—do not forget them," Shelby Clarke returned. "They were finer than this jade. The pendant you saw, with all its perfection, is undoubtedly much inferior to any one of Tamerlane's emeralds. Their history comes down for two thousand years, and we think they are recorded in the Bamboo Books before that."

Then, surrendering to an impulse whose origin he could never thereafter explain, "I am going into the western deserts next week," the scientist said to Cleo Rusza. "If I find the emeralds of Tamerlane, I will bring them to you."

With some seriousness, "Bring them and ask what you will of me," the girl replied.

For a moment thereafter, against his will, the scientist's imagination pictured what the girl's promise might mean. Then he was awakened from the spell by the voice of Hamilton Scott: "Whadd'ya mean, next week into the desert? I can't get rigged up for the trip by that time."

"My plans are made. I shall start alone, a week from today." There was enough finality in Shelby Clarke's voice to discourage further discussion of the subject. Actually, the scientist's decision served to soothe Hamilton Scott's professional conscience, which had begun to trouble him.

"Well, Cleo and I shall miss you. We'll play around here for two or three weeks after you leave."

"I should like to remain with you," Shelby Clarke explained, with added amenity in his voice, "but my work waits to be done. I must do it."

"Digger, excuse me but I don't see the reason for all the rush. Maybe you know best, but it seems to me that your dead languages will stay dead for another thousand years or two. It isn't what I'd call a rush job."

"We'll drift back into the old argument before long. The main point is that you cannot understand why my job is a rush job, as you call it."

"Civilization trying to slow up a dollar watch—that's what you said on the boat. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"That's part of the idea. I'll blaze the way for you a bit. You'll be all right as far as Kanchow, and with your equipment it'll be simple enough from there on. I know the Tao T'ai at Suchow and some of the people around Tun-huang, and I'll tell them to expect you. I may put in the winter on the south edge of the Takla Makan Desert. At any rate, I'll be within a thousand miles of you while you're at Tun-huang. If I can help you with any village politics in that district, send out some couriers."

A week later Shelby Clarke began his journey into the far country westward from Peking. After he had gone, the oil man, soothing his conscience with vain excuses for his delays, found casual diversion in Cleo Rusza's company for a time; and then, after a lapse of three weeks marked by diminishing returns for his investments of time, "You can go back to Paris on Jim Howard's yacht if you wish to," he announced to the girl. "He's an old friend of mine, and a good egg. Sailing around the world. Got his wife with him to keep him tame. He's going down through the Indian Ocean and up into the Mediterranean. It'll be a mighty pleasant trip for you, and a grand way to get to Paris. You've been weeping for Paris for the past two weeks. This gold-plated chance ought to dry your tears."

Within three days following Cleo Rusza's departure, Hamilton Scott did more work than he had done in the preceding month. The result was that he was enabled to regain considerable lost ground.

Due principally to the aid and advice which Shelby Clarke had given him, and to the scientist's influence along the route, the oil man was enabled to reach Kanchow in record time.

At Kanchow, glad of an opportunity to rest, Hamilton Scott halted his expedition for six days. The old city interested him It had resisted the Tungan rebels, and many quaint old buildings which had remained uninjured attracted his attention.

Westward from Kanchow, Hamilton Scott journeyed along a lane which had been traveled since ancient times. Somewhere along this highroad between China and Turkestan, a growing interest in the ancient scenes which lined his route softened the intense ambitions which had inspired his dream of the conquest of Tun-huang.

He began to encounter ancient wells without calculating, forthwith, what they might mean, translated into crude oil

At the ruined site of Hei-Shui-Kou he halted long enough in an extensive area of débris to collect a hundred fragments of pottery. His pleasure at finding half a dozen old coins on the eroded slope of a sand dune, he realized, had given him a new thrill. "A good layer of crude oil sprinkled over this country would stop this erosion," he reflected when the thrill of his find had died.

Halting at the Spring of Wine to bid farewell to a western mandarin who had traveled with the expedition for a week, "What is up ahead?" Hamilton Scott asked.

"Old country," the mandarin answered. "Country defended two thousand years ago. You will see, west of Yumen, the old wall and its towers along the north bank of the Su-Lo-Ho. Your interpreter, Chang, knows this country."

"Garrisons along the wall protected the small towns south of the river in ancient times," Hamilton Scott's interpreter informed him. "There was fighting in those days all the time, just like now; only men fought then to eat. Now men eat to fight."

At Tun-huang, after a rapid survey of the surrounding country, and upon the suggestion of his interpreter, Hamilton Scott pitched his camp on a narrow strip of cultivated land which extended for half a mile along the face of the conglomerate cliffs into which had been excavated the Cave Temples of the Thousand Buddhas.

"First of all, impress these local people with the fact that we will not interfere with them," the oil man instructed his interpreter. "Do not mention the fact that I have the formal concessions from the Peking officials. It is useless to tell them that the viceroy of Kan-Su is our friend. It might antagonize them. He may be unpopular in this neck of woods. You can say that the Tao-T'ai at Suchow looks with favor upon my project. In a pinch, forget all the big boys. They can be handled. We must round up the local outfit. Tell them that all I want is temporary leases on the hills to the south of all these caves along the cliff. We may have to use what little water there is in the river at first, but later on I'll bring this country more water than it ever saw, from the mountains to the south. Give 'em the idea that this territory is about to boom and that there'll be plenty of work at good wages for everybody when the drilling begins. You better send our escort of soldiers back now. This country is safe enough, and we don't need any soldiers. All they do is eat. Frame up a pleasant message for our mandarin friends, and tell 'em much obliged for their military escort. Pay 'em whatever is right."

After a week of hot weather following a two-day sandstorm, Hamilton Scott moved his camp. For his personal quarters he selected a restored grotto excavated from the cliff at the feet of a colossal Buddha. Here he enjoyed a long and fruitless interview with the Tao-Shih, who came at last to offer him a welcome to the local territory.

The priest, shy and nervous, seemed forever able to turn the conversation away from Hamilton Scott's plans to irrelevant subjects more closely allied to his own interests.

"We will bring five thousand workmen into this place," Hamilton Scott promised. "It means prosperity for everybody "

"It will take them several months to repair enough of these ruined cave temples to afford them places of worship."

"Tell him the main thing is oil, not ruined temples," Hamilton Scott directed, speaking to his interpreter with some petulance.

"The priest says that the temples are the most important things."

"Don't argue any more with him. Why are they so important?"

To this question the Tao-Shih made no direct reply. "Tell the invader," he said to the interpreter, "that if he will come with me I will show him some things that are important."

"He wants to show you why oil does not interest him," the interpreter informed Hamilton Scott.

"Fair enough. Tell him to lead the way. Maybe I can change his mind. What's he got—a lot of curios?"

At this question the interpreter smiled without replying. The Buddhist priest led Hamilton Scott and the interpreter into the entrance of the largest cave temple.

The substantial woodwork of the lofty entrance had been newly gilded. "He's got the place all dolled up—I'll say that," Hamilton Scott commented. The oil man looked around him. In a wall to the right there was an area of rough brickwork from which had fallen the plaster that had concealed it. Before this the priest stopped. He spoke a few words to Hamilton Scott's interpreter, and forthwith the native began to remove the top course of loose bricks.

"What's he got in the vault? Don't bother to haul down all those bricks," the oil man suggested. "Just tell me about it. What's in there? Another sanctified mummy, or the bones of a sacred elephant?"

Without paying heed to his employer's words the interpreter continued his work. "Precious things are here," he said finally. "Things no man except this priest has seen for long hundreds of years."

"Well, don't bother about it, Chang. Just tell me. You'll kill yourself working in this heat that way."

The interpreter continued his labor. Presently he had removed a section of the brick bulkhead two feet square. Through this opening Hamilton Scott caught his first glimpse of a mass of tightly rolled manuscript. "Old papers—is that it? Never mind about that junk."

When the opening had been enlarged sufficiently to permit entrance to the vault, the priest crawled into it. At random he selected a rolled manuscript from one of the dusty bundles nearest to him. He stepped out of the vault and opened the manuscript with some care. Hamilton Scott felt a casual thrill of satisfaction at his ability to recognize the writing.

"Greek," he said.

The interpreter's eyes lighted. "You know that language?"

"Only by sight. I was never introduced to it."

The priest had reached now for half a dozen more manuscripts. "How old is that writing? Ask him."

"It is not very old," the interpreter replied, giving his own opinion. "Maybe two thousand years. This vault was walled up almost a thousand years ago. Look at these papers which the Tao-Shih holds. It will please him "

"That one is all hen tracks to me."

"One moment, sir." The interpreter had concentrated his attention on an opened scroll which the priest had handed him. "This is very old writing. I cannot read it. It is a variation of Indian Gupta. There is a Chinese date on the margin. It is the second century by the way you count time."

The priest handed the interpreter another document, speaking a few words as he did so.

"He says this one is very old," the interpreter announced. "Nearly two thousand years. I can read it. It is in Chinese."

"What does it say?" A new interest marked Hamilton Scott's question.

"It is a story about killing a poor prophet who lived on the shore of a great sea far to the west. With two thieves he was nailed to a post of wood, nearly two thousand years ago. The rest of this writing tells about what he said to people."

The Buddhist priest was looking directly at Hamilton Scott, seeking to observe his visitor's reactions to the interpreter's words.

"What was the man's name that they killed? Where was this? Who killed him?"

"It says that the governor of the province ordered his execution. His own people wanted him killed. He was making trouble. Here it says he came from Na-sa-ruh ——"

"That would be Nazareth! Read the rest of it!"

"He claimed to be king of his people. That made them kill him."

"Let me have that. Give it here." Hamilton Scott rolled the document with the utmost care, and thereafter, through the succeeding events of the hour, he retained possession of it. "Get some more of those papers down," he said excitedly. "Tear out the rest of those bricks so we can see the rest of those documents."

Sanskrit, Kotanese, Kuchean, a Sogdian version of the Manichæan scriptures, documents in Pothi script, folded bales of writings in the variations of the Indian Gupta, painted silk banners and, last of all, when the vault had been cleared, a handful of clay type bearing Chinese characters—these were the treasures of the crypt which the Buddhist priest had guarded.

"These writings are in twenty languages," the interpreter summarized. "There are two or three thousand documents. The earliest ones in Chinese go back more than two thousand years. I know that nothing like it has ever been found since the world began! It will take scholars in languages fifty years to interpret these writings."

"Get our outfit together!" Hamilton Scott made the quickest decision of his life. "Throw enough of our supplies away to furnish boxes for packing these documents."

"You can never return along the route with them."

"We will go out through the back door of Asia. That is our best route—north and over the mountains. We'll be all right if we can reach the railroad. I'll get this stuff through Russia some way. Money will turn the trick as soon as we leave this dead land."

"What of the priest? It will kill him—this raid."

"Bring him along. Tell him he can have a million dollars to restore his temples with. Promise him anything, only get the outfit moving!"

"And your oil concessions?"

"Forget it. Get these documents packed."

It took Hamilton Scott more than a year to get his treasure safely aboard a ship in the Baltic Sea. From Stockholm, in code, he cabled a succession of startling orders to his New York office.

"Hamilton Scott has gone crazy," one of his secretaries announced. "Crazy as a bedbug. I knew that the high desert country would knock him for a loop."

"Always bull-headed," another of the oil man's trusted executives commented. "What does he mean about rounding up a gang of Oriental language sharks?"

"He probably means just what he says. You better do it if you crave to stay on the pay roll."

"Orders is orders with me. Call up the university and ask somebody who this Shelby Clarke is that he wants us to capture."

"I can tell you who he is. You know who he is. Don't you remember the big story in all the Sunday supplements about the explorer who found eighty emeralds that belonged to some Oriental king?"

"Sure I do. You're right! That's the same man. I remember it now. I'll hunt him up, and have him hired by the time our wild man gets here."

When the ship docked, Hamilton Scott drove directly to his office. He was accompanied by Chang, the interpreter, and by the Buddhist priest who had guarded the temple at Tun-huang. "There are two armored cars bringing some documents up here under guard," the oil man informed the impromptu reception committee that rallied round to greet him at his office. "Clear out the big vault so I can store the stuff away. Ask Dr. Shelby Clarke to come

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Blinded by the snow, I gave Balto his head!"

It was in January, 1925, up in the ice-bound town of Nome, Alaska, that a diphtheria epidemic suddenly threatened. Nome's only doctor cabled south for serum.

From Nenana, the nearest serum depot, lay a trail of 650 snow-covered miles. Nine days by dog-sled! But the relays of heroic men and equally heroic dogs made it in *five days*—while the mercury plunged to 30 below and the wind shot daggers of ice into their eyes.

"For the last 20 miles I've been blinded by the snow," said the final "musher," as his half-frozen "huskies" pulled into Nome out of the 60-mile gale. "It was Balto who kept the trail!"

Dog Balto and his mates and the intrepid "mushers" had risked death to save human lives. Others followed. From their Seattle branch Parke, Davis & Company alone rushed 1,000,000 units of diphtheria antitoxin to Nome. The epidemic was brought under control.

Everyday emergencies

Perhaps you may not realize that demands for emergency deliveries of life-saving medicines are *daily* occurrences in our business.

Not long ago, for example, a telephone call to our Detroit laboratories brought antitoxin 200 miles by airplane to save a nine-year-old boy threatened with lockjaw.

Again, a hospital surgeon's sudden need for a special serum opened Parke-Davis antitoxin vaults at 2 in the morning.

Instant response! A special Parke-Davis emergency organization is constantly on the alert to supply the necessary quick action for the 20 to 30 urgent calls that come to us every day in the year.

Your nearest health station

Your druggist brings this Parke-Davis emergency service right into your own neighborhood. Through him your physician is assured of ready access to Parke-Davis serums and vaccines. On his shelves dependable Parke-Davis medicinal agents stand waiting—any one of which may suddenly be called into play, through your doctor's prescription, to safeguard your health.

Whatever the need of the hour, your druggist places at your disposal without delay the advantages of our unequaled research and manufacturing facilities.

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

(Continued from Page 54)

into my office right away. You got him, didn't you?"

One of the secretaries suppressed a smile. "We located him. We found him, but he isn't got. He's been playing around in Europe for the past six months with a Paris dancer by the name of Cleo Rusza. Here's his cablegram."

Hamilton Scott read the reply which the archæologist had cabled to the summons:

WHY WORRY WITH ART CLEO SENDS LOVE TO HER BANDIT

The bandit threw the message into a wastebasket.

"That ends that," he said. "Another good man gone wrong. Well, cover Europe with cablegrams and find me someone else who can read Hittite inscriptions."

"What about the Tun-huang oil concessions?" a daring member of the group around Hamilton Scott inquired.

The oil man frowned. "Forget it! Why worry about Tun-huang oil? I've wasted half my life with oil. From now on I play a bigger game."

MANY INVENTIONS—By Arthur H. Little

IDEAS! Ideas that have grown in the minds of men and women. A young mechanic, sitting at luncheon hour in a corner of his father's workshop, wrestled with the keystone of a scheme. If only he could visualize that last detail! If only it were something tangible, something of form and weight and substance, so that he might reach out and grasp it in his husky hand and shape it to his purpose!

And yet, he knew that when he found what he sought, it would be nothing tangible at all, but something formless and invisible, something unseen but potent. Some operating force; something that would endow his scheme with life. Electricity? He shook his head. Not yet. Steam? He'd tried it and found that it condensed in the pipes and especially in the hose connections between the cars. No, not steam.

Days of the Pioneers

A voice spoke up. A businesslike young woman had wandered into the shop and was asking him: "Would you be interested in subscribing to this magazine?"

Magazines? Huh! But the young man was polite. "No, thank you," he said. "I think not."

"But," pursued the young woman, "I really think it's something in which you'd be interested. You see, much of the material is scientific."

And she laid her copy of the publication in the young mechanic's hands. Still being polite, he leafed it through—or part way through. Suddenly something caught his attention. His eyes widened. He read a half-dozen paragraphs. Then one of his husky hands went fishing for his wallet.

"Yes'm," he said to the businesslike young woman, "I'll take your magazine for a year. And can I have this copy?"

The article that had caught the wide-eyed attention of the young mechanic was one that told how European engineers were boring the Mont Cenis tunnel with compressed air. Compressed air! The formless, intangible, actuating force. At a touch of the hand of an engineer in his cab it would clamp down the brakes on the wheels of a railroad train a half mile long!

The young mechanic was George Westinghouse.

Another young man—this one not husky handed, but thin wristed, with hands that looked like an artist's—toiled over a Boston ledger in a bank in Auburn, New York; and he toiled in a spirit of rebellion. Figures! His pencil climbing columns, his brain adding numbers—adding, adding like a machine!

His pencil entered a total. And then, slam! The book went shut. The slim-wristed young man turned from his standing desk and, eyes alight, told his colleagues: "I'm through! I'm through with books and figures and pens and ink! I'll build a machine that will do what I've been doing, and do it faster!"

He quit his job and went to St. Louis; and there he found bench space in the corner of a one-story machine shop. He started with a handicap, for he knew nothing whatever of machinery. First he must learn drafting. He learned it. Then, when experiment disclosed that for his exacting purposes ordinary drafting was not sufficiently accurate, he went a step further than the drafting profession and etched his wheels and cogs and cams on copper. He built his machine.

His name was William Seward Burroughs.

Ideas! Briefly, I have sketched the stories of two ideas, each of which established a big business enterprise. Inventors, these two young men, who, working in opposite directions, expressed their ideas in terms of mechanical devices.

Where are the inventors of today? I put the question to an engineering official of a big corporation.

"They're still inventing," he said, "but they're working against handicaps. The pioneers who, a half century or so ago, turned their attention to mechanical inventions were pioneers truly—pioneers pushing ahead into the mechanical era into which all the world was to follow them. But the inventor of today, coming into the market with his patent, finds that the world has pretty much caught up. What he encounters now isn't public resistance against accepting the novelty, but competition.

"Perhaps he comes to some such concern as ours and offers his invention for sale; and when we decline it he doesn't understand, perhaps, that here, too, he has encountered the competition of engineering brains and engineering facilities. As a part of my job, I look into many inventions. And the bald truth is that so many of them are wrong for such perfectly obvious reasons—reasons, at least, that are perfectly obvious to me—that I'm led to conclude that the outside inventor, coming to us with an invention, hasn't much more than a Chinaman's chance of success. What the outsider doesn't seem to realize is that our facilities for inventing things on our own hook and then trying them out in actual practice are tremendously more extensive and effective than are the facilities of any individual.

Finding Ideas Right on the Job

"But—and here's the question that stops me—why do these inventors, these fellows who can create ideas, always aim their inventive genius at the other fellow's game? And that's what most of them do. Why don't they direct their creative talents—and their objectives needn't always be mechanical—into channels and conditions with which the possessors of those talents are familiar? Why don't they cudgel their brains for ideas that will fit right into their respective jobs and into the business of their employers?

"I'm an inventor myself. I deal with machinery. But I know that if I worked in a shoe store, I could invent a way to sell more shoes or if I worked in an office I could dope out a better way to handle the mail, and be a whale of a lot happier over that achievement than if I'd invented a swinging headlight for automobiles and then broken my pocketbook and my heart, toting the thing around and trying to sell it to some manufacturer. Ideas, man! Why, the air is full of them, waiting to be plucked! Ideas, right on the job!"

Ideas, right on the job.

A sales girl in a New York department store laid this one before the management:

"I suggest that a small outline map of our neighborhood, showing the convenient location of our store and our entrances on two streets, be published occasionally in our advertisements. Every day many thousands of strangers come to New York. I think they'd welcome an easy guide by which to find us."

The map went into the advertising and the girl was rewarded with cash. In addition, she identified herself to the management as a girl worth watching.

In another New York store the management became annoyed by the number of deliveries that went to the wrong addresses. A clerk in the delivery department offered this:

"The trouble, I think, is that words, when spoken, often are misunderstood. When the sales girl takes down the customer's name and address on the sales check, let her verify it, not by reading aloud what she has written and asking 'Is that correct?' but by handing the check to the customer and saying, 'Please read that yourself, so that we'll make no mistake.'"

The idea—so simple that no one ever had thought of it—proved successful. It's still working.

A Little Color to Catch the Eye

A salesman for a concern that sells machinery to automobile-repair shops approached his sales manager. "Boss," he said, "I've noticed that many a shop that buys one of our valve refacers sets up the machine in a prominent place where the shop's own customers can see it. Today a garageman told me that he shows his new machine to every customer that comes in and tells him, 'See! Now we're equipped to grind your valves scientifically.' Well, if our machine is such a show piece as that, let's have the factory doll it up with enamel to make it more attractive. Then let's get up a placard—you know, a good-sized, good-looking sign that we can have printed pretty reasonably—to sell the work of our machine to automobile owners. Then, when we're working on a prospect, we can show him the sign and tell him, 'And this will help you keep the machine busy, earning money for you.' I think it will help us sell machines."

"It will!" said the sales manager. It did.

A public-service corporation in New Jersey, facing the prospect of laying out new transmission lines, needed a special sort of map. An alert young man in the engineering department went to his superiors with this:

"For our purposes an ordinary map isn't enough. We need to know not only highway routes and river courses and such but something about contours. Now, in the war, they made just such maps as we need—made 'em with cameras from airplanes. Can't we find an aviator and a photographer, maybe, and put them to work?"

"We can," said the young man's superiors, "and they can do the job more quickly and more economically than we could do it ourselves."

In an office building in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the building engineer, having read deeply into the subject of combustion, determined to study his own boilers, to the end that he might conserve fuel. Soon he discovered that to study the matter scientifically he ought to be in two places at once—in the boiler room, where he could watch his fires, and on the roof, where he could watch his chimney. He scratched his head, then remembered his automobile and what it carried above his windshield—a device that enabled a man to see two ways from one spot. And he went out and borrowed what he needed, then rigged it up with wires at a strategic spot—a big, square mirror.

Another alert American in another Mid-Western city pondered the matter of the catalogues of wholesale hardware houses—specifically, the catalogue of the concern that employed him. Ordinarily the catalogue of a wholesale hardware concern is about as attractive as a telephone directory, and about as human. In general get-up it's about as inviting as a padlock.

"Oddly enough, however," mused the pondering young man, "our customers are all human beings—two thousand retailers that we'd like to bring closer in feeling to our concern. Here, maybe, is how it can be done."

For most of a day he hustled about the place, and behind him trailed two men. One was a blasé commercial photographer, with his black shroud and his camera. The other was a gray-haired middle-aged individual who carried a traveling bag and an expectant look. In an instant—if you hadn't known that he was just borrowed for the occasion—you'd have spotted him for a visiting retailer.

Through the wholesale house, from the front steps, into the display rooms and then on to the shipping platform, the busy young man piloted his two odd followers. Here and there he stopped, posed a scene carefully, and told the photographer to shoot.

Then, with the pictures and with a minimum of text, the young man arranged a preface to his company's thousand-page catalogue. And when he had finished with the book it looked something like a hardware catalogue and something like a small-scale Cook's tour. For the preface presented in pictures a visiting retailer's jaunt through the wholesale house—a jaunt on which, as he went through, he met and shook hands with just about everybody in the place, from the doorman to the shipping clerk. He even met the credit manager and found that he could smile.

"There," said the young man when he had finished, "is a catalogue that, I think, will stand out."

It did. Among hardware catalogues it stood out like a lighthouse.

Keeping Customers Busy

Consider men's furnishings. A man walks into a haberdashery and finds all the clerks busy. He waits. He stands on one foot, then on the other. He gazes at goods under glass—gazes at them until the growing glaze of disinterest seems to affect his vision. He sighs and maybe swears.

"And that waiting time," said a bright young man in a high-grade haberdashery in Detroit, "is worse than wasted. Here's a hunch."

The hunch, materialized into a store policy, works like this: Today, when a customer walks into that haberdashery and finds the clerks busy, he doesn't wait, idle and empty-handed. Instead, the salesman nearest to him says, straight off: "How-do-you-do! Somebody will serve you in just a moment. Meanwhile maybe you'd like to look at these." And he dives into the showcases and, picking carefully, as if he were putting together a bouquet of flowers, he selects three or four neckties, possibly a bordered handkerchief or two and maybe a new-style belt. These he spreads before the waiting customer, smiles, then hustles on about his immediate business.

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HOTPOINT *Automatic* "Tick-Tock" Toaster

My Automatic . . . and I never burn the toast!

NEVER again need the smell of burned toast fill your breakfast nook. You don't need to watch when I make your toast. Just tell me how you want it—delicately browned, golden, or crisp and crunchy, by setting my simple time adjustment. Then move my switch button to the left and I start toasting to the tune of the "tick-tock, tick-tock" of my watchful automatic timer. When the toast is done *exactly* right, I snap the current *off*. And my closed sides hold the heat in, keeping the fresh toast HOT until you take it out.

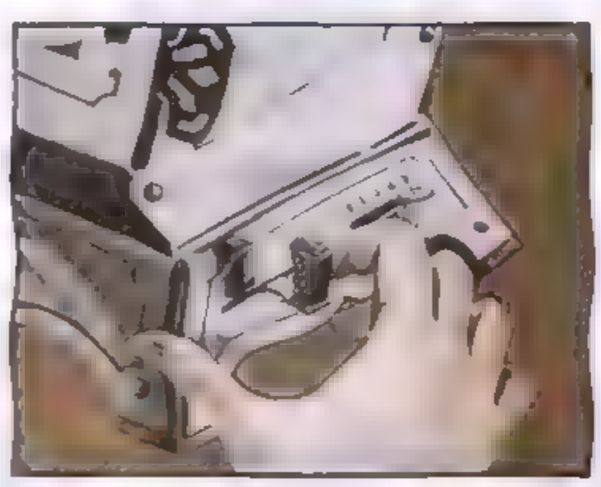
I can also toast crackers, cake, whole-wheat, raisin, rye or white bread—fresh or dry. No need to watch me, for I won't burn it. Just set my time adjustment.

Don't coax children to eat!

You don't need to. When they hear me "tick-tocking" away on the table I capture their interest and *hold* it. They are eager to put the bread in and start my "tick-tocking." They compete for the fresh, hot buttered slices—and it does me good to see how they EAT.

And remember, with each large size slice of my golden brown, buttered toast I give the active growing child abundant *energy:* as much energy value, on the average, as ¼ lb. of roast beef or 4 to 5 slices of bacon.

Ask your dealer or electric company to demonstrate me—the new Hotpoint "Tick-Tock" Toaster.



Advantages of the Hotpoint "Tick-Tock" Toaster

No watching—no burned toast.
Adjustable for any kind of toast.
Perfect, even browning.
Toasts two *large* slices at once.
Toast-Over-Type—turns the toast.
Keeps toast HOT until served.
A beautiful table appointment.

FAST!

Only $9.75

and the new Hotpoint Florentine Percolator

The Hotpoint electric percolator shown is the New Florentine, one of the many beautiful designs, ranging in price from $9.50 to $36.50. All make perfect coffee every time, automatically, by Hotpoint's special HOT-drip process

Hotpoint Electric Appliances go to the South Pole with Commander Byrd

Selected because Hotpoint electric appliances are always dependable even thousands of miles from civilization.

Far off in the frozen south seas with Commander Byrd, Hotpoint electric percolators and toasters will furnish delicious coffee and toast for breakfast—with never a falter.

In the same way millions of women throughout the country daily appreciate the wonderful dependability of Hotpoint electric irons, toasters, percolators, Hedlite heaters, waffle irons, grills, curling irons, etc. Whenever you buy an electric appliance look for the name "Hotpoint," as your assurance of highest quality, unfailing service and "most for the money."

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

© 1929 E. E. A. Co., Inc.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

SNAP!

Snap! You gently give her the gas and out she shoots—a block ahead of the others!

Never before have you enjoyed such glorious restful motoring.

The secret lies in the piston. If your car comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons, you enjoy revolutionized modern driving.

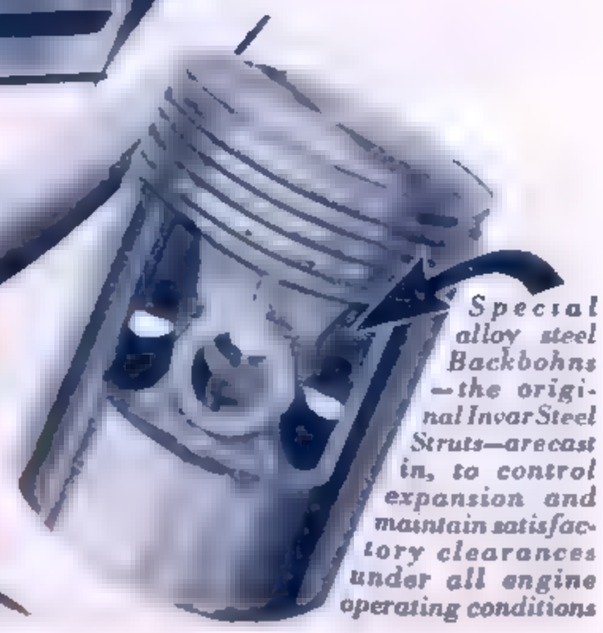
By using Nelson Bohnalite Pistons, reciprocating parts can be lightened—acceleration increased—bearing loads lessened—expansion and contraction controlled.

Today the leading automobiles in all price classes come equipped with this advanced piston.

Choose one of these and you experience a new snap in performance.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Pittsburgh

NELSON
BOHNALITE
PISTONS



Special alloy steel Backbohns—the original Invar Steel Struts—are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions

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The hunch has sold many a dollar's worth of merchandise that otherwise might waste its beauty behind plate glass.

A firm of commercial photographers in Chicago began to suspect that there was money to be made in bird's-eye photos of factories, stores and such. The difficulty attendant upon taking bird's-eye views lies in the difficulty of attaining the bird's point of vantage.

Somebody said: "Let's build a tower; a collapsible affair of sections, the sections telescoping together and rigged with tackles to raise the whole works from the ground. When it's folded the tower can ride to and from the jobs on a trailer behind one of our cars."

It worked. Today that telescoping tower—which, on the job, is guyed with wires and which carries on its apex a camera operated by a cord leading to the ground—is taking bird's-eyes all over Chicago and boosting the business volume of its owners.

In Los Angeles there is a grocery store in which the customer pays in advance. The plan, devised by a clerk, works thus: The customer says he wants a pound of white figs for stewing, please. "And what else?" the clerk asks. The customer guesses he'll take also a half pound of Swiss cheese and two cakes of yeast, and that'll be all. "Sixty-two cents," says the clerk, and then, seeing a dollar bill in the customer's hand, he adds, "Sixty-two out of a dollar." Then, along with the sales check, he sends the dollar, via carrier, to the cashier; and then, and not until then, does he proceed to assemble the order.

"The plan saves time," its inventor explains. "It saves time for both the store and the customer. Before we started the system the customer would ask for, say, a cake of soap. I'd go get the soap. Then he'd want a bottle of olive oil; and I'd have to march right back past the soap shelves to get that. Everybody in the store was marching around too much. Now, you see, I fill the order from a duplicate of the sales check and assemble the whole business on one trip. Besides, by the time the order is ready the customer's change is ready, too; and that saves time for him."

From Side Line to Mainstay

A factory girl, working at a bench in a plant that makes radio equipment, saw the need of a method of spacing the turns of wire on coils. Other girls at the bench stopped the turning, occasionally, to space the coils by hand. One morning she brought from home an implement that she thought would do the trick. It did. It was a hair comb. She reported her discovery to the plant superintendent. He watched it work.

"Lend me your comb," he said. He took it to the toolroom, and there the toolmakers used it as a pattern for coil-spacing tools for the whole coil-winding section. And the comb that the inventive girl carried to the shop won her a promotion.

In a drug store in Michigan a young saleswoman with imagination watched the customers who came in with photo films. Having watched them, she asked the store manager if she might not be assigned to the photo section for a while.

"Sure!" he said.

Three weeks later she went to him again; and the facts and figures she laid before him obliged him to adopt her suggestion that the store install a department for photo enlarging.

"You see," she explained, "nearly every roll of film contains at least one negative that would enlarge well. I suspected that if that good picture were called to the customer's attention—if somebody would say to him, 'That would make an excellent enlargement! Why don't you leave the negative with us and we'll make the enlargement for you?'—we'd increase our photo business. That's how I've been able to sell enlargements to more than 75 per cent of the customers who have come in with films."

Very often an idea has enlarged a man's job. An office man in the employ of a public-service corporation liked books. Indulging his hobby, he set up at the office, with his own volumes, a little library. To his delight, the innovation proved popular. A wise management, looking on, encouraged the idea and offered support.

"I think," the volunteer librarian told his superiors, "that if we'd increase the stock of books and stick mostly to literature that bears directly on our business, we could help everybody in the organization, including the men and women in the branch offices and subsidiary companies. Have I permission to expand the library and make it a circulating one?"

"You have!" the management said.

And now he threw his heart into the work and tackled this side-line job seriously. Bringing to bear his knowledge of books, he formulated courses of reading—ten in all—classified for the various vocations of his company's employes. He worked out a plan for enrolling readers and for keeping the books in constant service.

Today that which was his side line has grown into his major job. He stands high in the councils of his company. And because his work is something that he loves whole-heartedly he's perfectly happy.

He Could Sell Panamas to Eskimos

Another office worker—this one in the employ of a manufacturing concern—turned his attention to business letters. The letters his firm was sending out, he became convinced, were old-fashioned, their wording heavily burdened with the dead wood of useless expressions. He knew that he himself could write a whole letter—an expressive, friendly, human sort of letter—that would get results and yet be wholly free of such hold-overs from the stone age of business as "Yours of the 15th inst. received and in reply would beg to state."

He laid before the management an idea for turning out better letters by educating the dictators. The management looked doubtful. Maybe a letter divested of stiffness wouldn't be legal, or something. But—well, he could go ahead.

He formulated a plan for correspondence supervision. He worked with care and patience and, above all, with infinite tact. By means of clinics at which the carbons of outgoing correspondence were dissected and discussed, by means of little circulars that he wrote and sent to the letter writers, by means even of books on English composition, he spread the gospel of better letters. He got results. And today he, too, stands high in his company and is perfectly happy on a job he invented for himself.

Ideas! Whence do they come?

In New York there's a man whose profession is the creating of ideas for others. "They come," he says, "from study. Seldom does an idea pop into my head full grown. When that rare phenomenon occurs I look the gift horse critically in the mouth. I suspect there's something wrong. On such an idea I spend just as much time as on one I develop slowly, step by step. But on the full-grown idea, my study is negative—destructive. I'm hunting for defects. If it can survive the fire of critical analysis, why, then, maybe it's good.

"Mostly, I study trends—trends of thought and custom. I try to work from cause to effect. I start with the cause and try to foresee what the effect will be. An example? Well, the most conspicuous one is the automobile. There's a cause whose effect has been to change the mode of living and the buying habits of the whole nation."

On occasion it has been possible for a man to create a cause all by himself, and so start a trend toward a specific effect. There was—to cite an example right in the day's work and right on the job—the achievement of the salesman of bathing suits who, armed with an idea, tackled the Middle West.

"Bathing suits?" said the Middle Western retailers. "Well, of course, we sell a few, but a very few. But gosh, man, this region is no market for your stuff! Our customers haven't any place to swim."

And there this salesman's selling job had just started. For he had invaded the Middle West with plans and specifications for swimming pools. First he sold the pools—sold the idea to communities, before the elders of which he laid his blue prints and estimates of costs. Then, having sold the pools, he went back to the retailers and sold them stocks of bathing suits.

Sometimes the course of an idea lies, not along the line of a trend but away from it—away from the pack.

In a small town in the state of Washington there is a hardware store that sells goods over a dozen counties. One of its departments is a small-scale factory—a factory that makes harness for horses.

"A market for harness?" the head of the department said to me. "Indeed there is! If you think the horse has disappeared look at the census figures of domestic animals on the farms. But here's the point: Everybody except a few of us seems to have jumped to the conclusion that the horse has passed. That's why this department is making money."

A representative of an advertising agency aimed his sights at a certain corporation. He'd induce that corporation, he decided, to advertise institutionally—to advertise, not its products, but itself.

Carefully he prepared some material. Then he called on the corporation's officers. He told them the story of institutional advertising and its benefits. He called attention to the institutional advertising of the corporation's competitors.

"I haven't come empty-handed," he said. "I've a campaign here that I want to lay before you."

Before the officers he spread a complete advertising campaign, piece by piece. His comments were few. The material would speak for itself. As he went on he watched his prospects. They seemed impressed. Here and there, cautiously, a head would nod in approval.

When he had finished with the twelfth advertisement he asked: "And now, don't you think, gentlemen, that you ought to advertise institutionally?"

Merely a Basic Premise

The heads nodded again. "Yes," spoke up the spokesman, "it looks as if you're right."

"Well, then," said the advertising man, "I'm glad we're agreed on that basic premise." And here is where he ran counter to the trend. For he pushed aside the fine campaign he had just displayed and said: "What I have shown you is the kind of campaign you ought not to put out. It's a campaign that, with a mere change of name in the text, could be put out by any of your competitors. Your company stands alone. It's distinctive. And here"—and again he went into his portfolio and drew forth an exhibit—"here is your campaign. What it says about your institution can't be said about any other concern in all the world! Let's look at it."

He went back to his office with a contract.

Ideas and trends.

I've an idea of my own—an idea deeply rooted in a certain trend; and I'm sure of the trend because I share it myself. I buy my gas from a little fellow at Cass and Canfield. For months I've been saying to him: "Moe, why don't you put in a show case and a stock, so that I don't have to leave my car here and walk two blocks for a pack of cigarettes? Other motorists are in the same fix. We drive a mile for a place to park, just to buy some smokes. If you had a stock right here, you'd sell a pack of cigarettes or a half dozen cigars every time one of us drives in."

But Moe shakes his head and says: "I've got troubles enough as it is."

I know the idea is good. But it seems that to apply it I'll have to buy Moe out. And just now I'm trying to invent a way to do that.

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

THERE is a vast difference of opinion as to the relative merits of sound pictures and silent pictures. The discussion is widespread and the newspapers and magazines are taking it up. Many hold that the silent drama has a mission of its own and, in working back to the speaking stage, is departing from the originality which made it great. Others say the sound-and-talking picture is a wonderful innovation. Yet, though I am making the sound pictures, I am also continuing the production of the silent drama. As to the merits of the two, I will reserve my own opinion until I know more about the trend of public thought. Will you write me YOUR opinion?

—C. L.

* * *

"The Last Warning," mysterious and ghostly, adapted from the original Broadway Stage Success, is similar in tone to ***"Cat and Canary,"*** yet all in this organization believe it is an even more absorbing production. LAURA LA PLANTE stars with a finely selected cast.

Laura La Plante as "Actress of Accounts"

"The Girl on the Barge," from the popular story by that excellent author, Rupert Hughes, starring JEAN HERSHOLT with SALLY O'NEIL and MALCOLM MacGREGOR, is one of the most thrilling of the modern pictures and is commended to you without reserve.

"The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City," features those popular comedians GEORGE SIDNEY, VERA GORDON and MACK SWAIN and is spreading the doctrine of "fiendish laughter." Watch for it.

Arthur Edmund Carew as "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"Show Boat," starring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, will, in my opinion, be the outstanding motion picture of many years. I have some big things to tell you about it. Watch next week's column for it."

James Murray in "The Shakedown"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** two of the spectacular dramas of the year, beautifully enacted by all-star casts and beautifully staged throughout, are appealing to great crowds. I must emphasize my former advice to you to see them.

Carl Laemmle, President

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Enlightenment has reached him and his unemotional wife will post him as to the probable consequences ensuing from the destruction of municipal property and interference with the U. S. Mail. She has reminded him to have his brakes relined with Rusco, one thousand and six times.

The First Inauguration

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

BEHIND him smiled Mount Vernon; northward lay
New cares; he sighed and took the northward way.
He knew that road; but where in sterner days
The drums of death had beat were shouts of praise;
He heard the bells, the cannon's welcoming roar
From Alexandria to Baltimore.
And Philadelphia hailed him, straight and tall
Upon his proud white horse, acclaimed of all
As Freedom's paladin without a stain,
The goodliest knight that ever managed rein.

Again he crossed the Delaware; not now
In dark and storm with ice-encumbered prow,
As when he struck the sudden, midnight blow
That saved the nation in its direst woe;
For sunlit, golden, warm, the river flowed,
And Trenton scattered blossoms where he rode,
And all the Jerseys reared triumphal arches
Where once he passed on long and weary marches
From bitter battlefield to hill-crest fort,
And cheered him onward toward the narrow port.

Thirteen seamen lithe and strong
Urged the splendid barge along;
Thirteen pilots clad in white
Drove the blades with sturdy might;
Thirteen men with bearded lips,
Masters all of gallant ships,
Cleft the wave and swept the foam,
Pulled the oars and sang him home:

"We bring the man of iron strain
Who formed a nation in his brain;
We bring the man of but one goal,
Who held a nation in his soul;
We bring the chief, our hearts' adored,
Who freed a nation with his sword!
Row, shipmates, row!

"We bring the man who saw the light,
Who gave us hope in blackest night,
The man who would not own defeat
But fought and won in storm and sleet,
Who held back Howe in his leaguered coign
While the angry yeomen trapped Burgoyne!
Pull, shipmates, pull!

"We bring the man who steeled the line
At Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine,
Who gave the strength that would not yield
At Valley Forge and Monmouth Field;
We bring the man who made us free
With Yorktown's guns and Victory!
Comrades, up oars!"

So came they to Manhattan's granite quay
While dolphins played along the vessel's lee;
And through the streets he walked while thousands vied
To show their love—a love that has not died.
Where still in massive bronze he stands, he stood
In simple dignity and manlihood
And heard the stately Chancellor intone
The vow to serve the nation. Graver grown,
He bent and kissed the Book; he raised his head.
"I swear, so help me God," God's soldier said.
Then with the Chancellor all cried as one:
"Long live our President, George Washington!"

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RUSCO
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NEW AND UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 7)

besides making direct contributions to the land-grant colleges, whose work is under investigation by the Department of the Interior. Education of the alien is in the hands of the Bureaus of Immigration and Naturalization. Indeed, education being a passion of government in the American tradition, you may find this function almost anywhere. Among the miscellaneous activities of the Treasury Department is one, "to promote the education of the blind."

This happens to be in the index of the budget book. But is the expenditure included in the director's classification of functions under the head of "promotion of public education"? You cannot be sure. If the Inland Waterways Corporation could get lost, so could this activity in that unexpected place.

Conservation of natural resources is in several places. National forests and national parks run naturally together. But if a buffalo is in a national park he belongs to the Department of the Interior. If he strolls across an imaginary line into a national forest, he belongs to the Department of Agriculture.

Public works are in many places. The ill of this is not alone that it is impossible, therefore, to treat the Government's enormous expenditures in such a way that Treasury disbursements for labor and materials will increase in seasons of slack employment and diminish as the public demand for these things may rise. Public works under the head of flood control are with the War Department. Public works under the head of reclamation are with the Department of the Interior. There is no path between them. Yet flood-control engineering and reclamation engineering are naturally related; and if they had been under one executive head, as they should be, then certainly someone would have had the anxiety to see that if people went on reclaiming for cultivation land that belonged really to the river in the Lower Mississippi Valley, squeezing the river tighter and tighter between levees, they would sometime oblige the river to burst. So they did. Then the Mississippi flood disaster.

One of the free ways of Congress has been to put the administration of a new law with that department whose head at the moment was personally preferred, whether that was the right department or not.

These are high glimpses only of the Government's inability to see what it is doing. This is still the lesser problem, touching the Government in a mechanistic sense.

Suppose now that it should act upon itself in a manner to rationalize its parts and functions. And suppose, furthermore, that having done this, it provided itself with an organ of self-seeing and control, so that such confusion as this should not grow up again. Well, what then? What is government for? Certainly not to regard itself with admiration, not simply to be able to function smoothly as a mechanism. A perfectly synchronized piece of mechanism may function in a vacuum or idle its time away. What is it for? Better a Government that tends through confusion and disorder to ends lucidly perceived than one that sees clearly how it functions and yet does not know toward what it is functioning. This now is the greater problem.

Reduce Government to any simple definition. Take it to be defined as a process of the whole. Then why should it be able to

(Continued on Page 62)

Brilliant German scientist advises yeast *as food for health*

Dr. CARL NEUBERG

PROFESSOR DR. CARL NEUBERG is director of the Institute of Experimental Therapy and Bio-Chemistry at Berlin-Dahlem; Lecturer at the University of Berlin; famous research scientist; author of many scientific treatises.

"*Research work on yeast in all the civilized countries for the last 10 years has led to results remarkable in many respects. The indispensable factors to all life, the enzymes, are present in yeast . . . Its scientific recognition justifies the long experience of physicians with it and its effectiveness as a popular home remedy.*"

Prof. Dr. C. Neuberg

FOR decades the great University of Berlin has been recognized as one of the world-centers of medical and scientific learning.

Now one of its eminent lecturers, Dr. Carl Neuberg, distinguished also as head of a famous institute for medical research, adds clear-cut scientific approval to the long-established value of yeast for health.

This latest European tribute to the value of yeast has its counterpart in America where half the doctors reporting in a recent nation-wide survey said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and kindred ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your system daily they combat harmful poisons, purifying the whole body.

Bad skin, bad breath, poor digestion, colds, sore throats, "nerves"—these are a few of the ills which vanish when constipation goes.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). Try it with a sprinkle of salt, or dissolved in milk or fruit juices. Many obtain its daily health benefits by eating yeast before or between meals on crackers or toast.

To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy two or three days' supply and keep in any cool, dry place.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-83. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y. C.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of your ills start here, doctors say. But here is where yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy—bringing the precious gift of radiant health and happiness!

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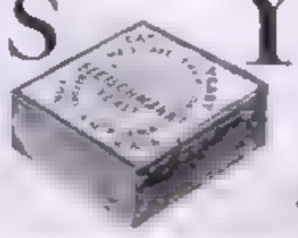

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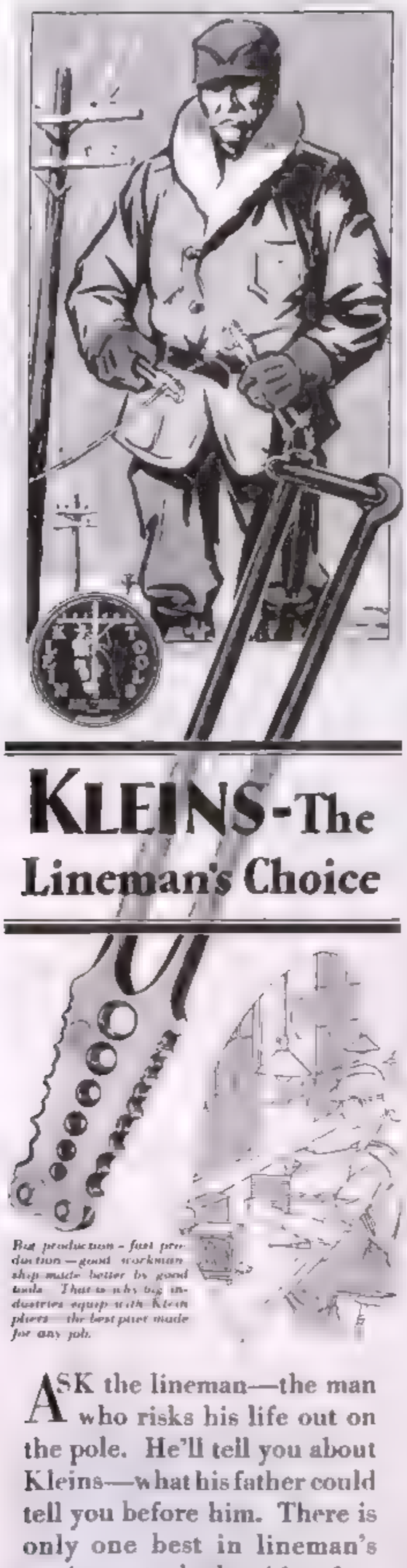
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see what it is doing—to comprehend itself whole as a mechanism? Clearly, this is only in order that it may be able more effectively to exercise the will and mentality of the people. To act rationally upon national problems it must be able to see the nation as a whole.

The jealous political approach to a problem from a particular sectional or local point of view, as if society were composed of insulated groups, parts and interests, begins in delusion. It is necessary, of course, to isolate a problem for purposes of research and analysis. This is arbitrary-a method only. When you come to consider the solutions, there is probably no such thing actually as an independent social or economic problem. At least, it would be extremely rare. What may appear to be a separate problem is a certain feature, attribute, part or activity of the organic whole, inseparable from the whole, not to be modified but with some effect upon the whole.

As the complexities of industrial civilization are multiplied by divisions of labor, specialization of effort, mechanization, new relations of vital dependence upon one another and each of us upon millions of others unseen, the importance of whole-seeing increases with the difficulty, and as the difficulty increases, so the importance of it increases again.

In Position for a Better View

The Cherokee Nation could see itself whole. An individual of that nation, separated from it by any distance, could still see it whole in his mind's eye. He knew its government, its ends and intentions, every activity in it, and comprehended perfectly his relation to it. Easily so, since it was all so simple and invariable. But how shall the modern individual acting in the midst of industrial civilization comprehend that civilization as a whole or know the nature of his relation to it? His own activity, tending always to become more and more organized, is at last difficult in itself to comprehend.

Begin low in the scale. Patrons of a New York restaurant, having seen it grow by the excellence of its food from a mere toy of a place to be an establishment so large that it has candy and tobacco concessions to let in the reception space, now observe the proprietor walking up and down his aisles with the air of one having problems to face that he cannot see. Then one day his walking, hitherto aimless, takes a certain direction. It brings him again and again to look over the shoulder of a man who sits at a desk in the corner writing figures in vertical rows on large sheets of ruled paper. That man was never there before. Who is he and what is he doing? He is a statistician, and he is making a statistical analysis of the business.

When it was a little business the proprietor knew every detail of it—how many cups in a pound of coffee, the average consumption of rolls and butter per customer, how many portions of goulash from so much weight of raw materials, and so on—and knowing every detail—even the habits of his customers—he could see it whole each morning and plan accordingly. It is still the same business, only the facts are so multiplied that he can no longer carry them in his head. He cannot even get hold of them all. There is one mysterious fact—namely, a decline in profit per customer, and he does not know why. He knows from his bills the quantity of coffee bought; he does not know the number of cups served, and if he spends his time counting them and counting also every dish out of the kitchen, he will not be seeing something else. Simply, he is no longer able to see the business as a whole by direct vision. Hence the statistician making up his analytical tables.

Hereafter, what this restaurant keeper will see will be not things but figures to represent them. It is an intelligent act on his part, for by this means he will be able again to see his business, not objectively, as at first, but by the use of symbols. Such is the complexity of one tiny cell—a restaurant, that is to say. There are many restaurant cells and they may understand one another's problems, since they have difficulties more or less alike. But how will they understand what lies back of them all the way to the sources of raw food—a system of retail distribution, a system of railroad transportation, a system of foreign commerce, a system of banking and credit, a system of agriculture, a system of industry without which modern agriculture could not exist, and all of these in a state of continuous dependent relationship?

As you rise in the scale of complexity, coming to organizations with their thousands, to those with their tens of thousands, then to those with their hundreds of thousands of employes, you find the same problem and a somewhat similar attack upon it—that is, the invention of such devices as geometric curves and charts and graphs whereby not the things themselves but symbols of them are revealed to the eye. In large industrial organizations the scene is broken up into fields of vision—one of production, one of distribution, one of personnel, one of research, one of finance, and so on—and these several views are then assembled for the use of a planning board that must be able to comprehend the thing whole; and above the planning board, whose part will be deliberative, is an executive whose part is to administer the plan and make decisions. Each of these immense organizations is but one unit of the industry to which it belongs. The industry is an aggregation of such units. Industries whole have only begun to seek ways of seeing themselves. Only the more intelligent of them perceive the necessity. But there is a higher plane still. As the unit has the necessity to see itself whole, and as the industry which is an aggregation of units has the necessity to see itself whole, so the nation, as one mighty organization of all these things, needs to see itself as a whole; and this as the supreme problem has scarcely as yet been defined.

Society's Alimentary Activities

Regard as vital phenomena only the alimentary activities of modern society. They are no less wonderful and perhaps, for all we think we know about them from giving them names, they have been no less mysteriously evolved really, than the process described by the biologist as metabolism in the animal organism. First, people who exert themselves continuously in agriculture and animal husbandry to produce the raw material of food; then those whose only business it is to transport this raw material by vast mechanical means to industries that break it down, pack it, mill it, can it, manufacture it; then it moves again in all directions to centers of storage and wholesale distribution, and thence through a system of retail selling into the hands of those who cook and serve it. An imaginary other-world scientist, invisible to us, who should approach all this as phenomena of nutrition with no way of understanding it but by observation, might have to spend a thousand years in patient research before he could make a plausible statement of it even to himself; and parts of it would possibly elude him as pure mystery, just as the biologist who observes metabolism in the animal organism is baffled by something that happens at last to the proteins, which, as he discovers, are transported in by one order of cell workers, broken down and remanufactured by others, and then distributed throughout the organism to all cells as proper food. And any untoward happening in this chain of activity produces a convulsion in the animal organism as in society.

Checking Malignant Growths

A present tendency of scientific thought is to contemplate society as if it were one organism built up of human cells performing specialized tasks. One need not go so far as to take the analogy in a literal sense. For purposes of illustration it is true enough. In the animal organism a vast number of cells, all apparently of similar structure, all absorbing the same food, all contributing to sustain and preserve the system that contains them, nevertheless contribute different tasks, each group its allotted task and no other. So it is in economic society. Certain millions of people constitute the industrial tissue, and within this definition are endless differentiations, such as textile workers, steel workers, motor makers, miners, and so on. Certain other millions constitute agriculture tissue, and again within that definition are many differentiations of task. Many thousands constitute commercial tissues, which include banking and credit; and money, like the enzyme in the animal organism, has a mystifying power to effect among things change and exchange which would not otherwise occur, and is not itself consumed in that process. Certain other thousands constitute educational tissue, the use of which is to enable any kind of social tissue, like any kind of animal tissue, to adapt itself to change and profit by experience. Then there is government tissue, corresponding to brain stuff. So you might go on. As you descend in the scale of animal organisms the fewer are the differentiations of cell nature, until, maybe, in the lowest form you find only two or three. The higher the organism, the more numerous and intricate are the differentiations. So in society, as you see at once by comparing the life of the Cherokee Nation with our own in a scheme of industrial civilization.

There is the further correspondence that in society as in the animal organism each kind of tissue has seemingly the impulse to increase itself excessively. This is probably necessary. If it had not that impulse it would not be alive, or it would be already dying. Nevertheless, this impulse must be strictly governed. No one kind of tissue may increase itself at the expense of another or at an abnormal rate but with disastrous consequences to the organism as a whole. Cancer is a form of cell life growing wild, beyond control. It is possible that disease, after all, is simply life out of rhythm.

Somewhere in the animal organism exists a principle or forethought of proportional growth. Exactly what it is no one knows. It is commonly believed to be a gland. Whatever it is, we know what it does. As the cells differentiate and assume their special tasks they are permitted to multiply, each kind at a proportional rate, until the organism is full size in all of its

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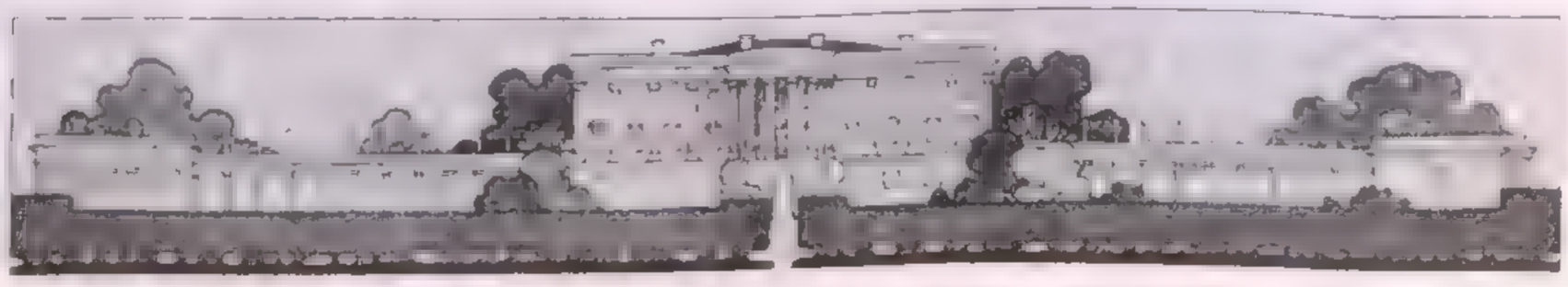

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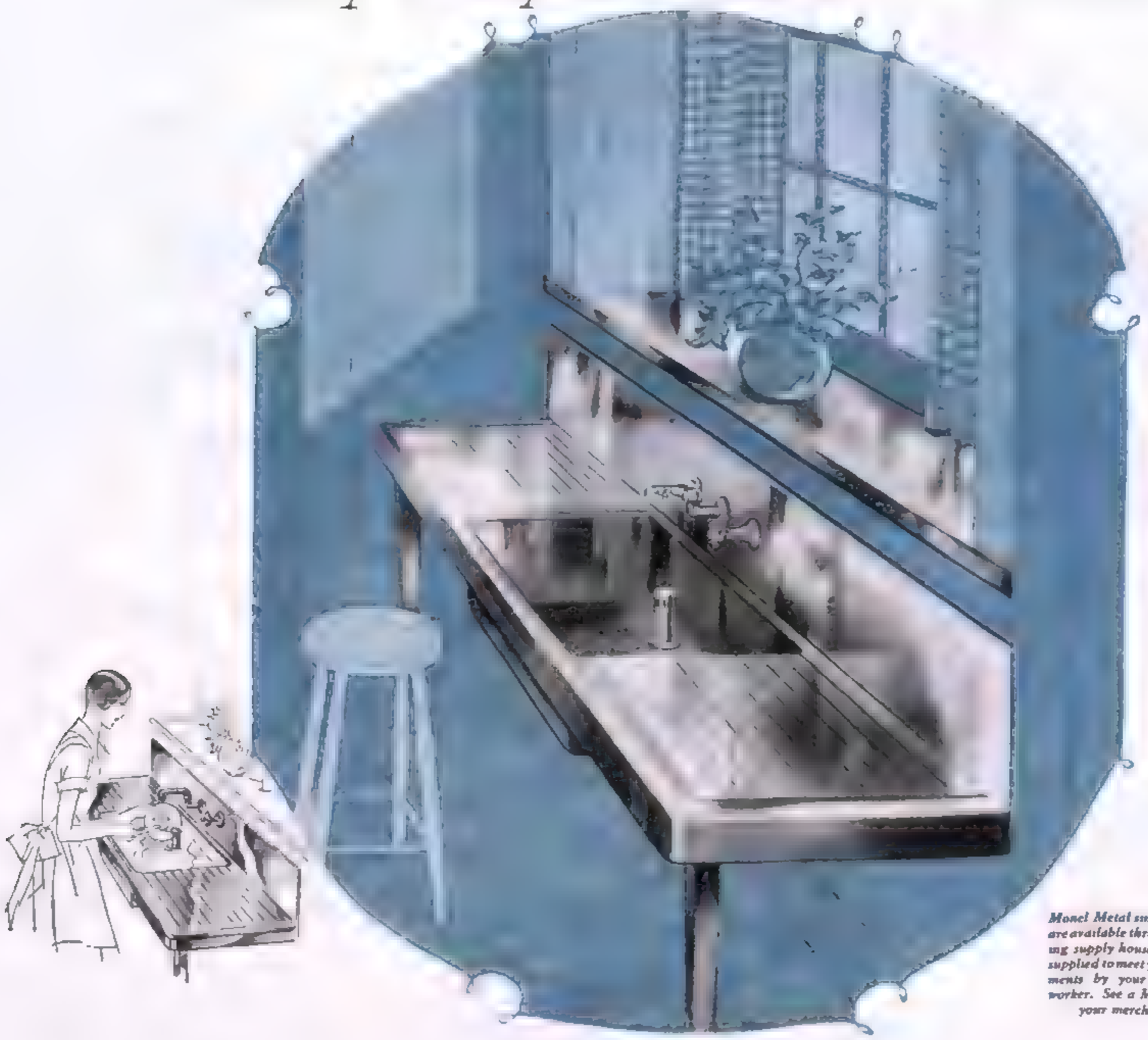

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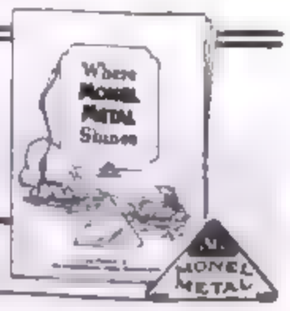

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parts. Then they must stop. During the life of the organism tissues are continually wearing out. Replacement by new growth is permitted at just the necessary rate and no more. You may by accident lose a chunk of tissue out of your flesh. It will be restored by new growth to exactly what it was and no more. It cannot be supposed that any particular kind of tissue itself knows when to stop growing, when to start and when to stop again. It must be supposed that it is governed by that principle of forethought at the seat of rhythm that keeps itself aware of the physical organism as a whole and minds each different structural part of it.

Abnormal Development

Here at the critical point the analogy begins to fail. That intelligent principle, like a forethought of balance, aware of the physical structure as whole, minding the rhythm of growth, replacement and production, such as is possessed by every animal organism—that mechanism is wanting in the social organism. There is no such gland. What you see in all directions is every kind of differentiated tissue growing, evolving, developing by its own free, ungoverned impulse. This is true of the unit of industry, true also of each industry regarded as a whole.

You might suppose the simple profit motive would provide the governing principle. Theoretically it may; in the run of time, with much loss and pain, even death, of good tissue, it perhaps does. We cannot be quite sure. But to realize how imperfectly this motive acts one has but to consider the chronic problem of what we call sick industries, notable examples of which at the present time are the coal, textile and lumber industries. There are various names for what ails them. Overexpansion, overdevelopment, excess capacity, or, in one simple word, surplus. And all this means is that as specialized tissue stuff they have grown too fast—out of rhythm. In a little while, as population increases, or, that is to say, as the total social organism grows, all this tissue will be needed. It is sick only because it is not needed immediately, and cannot, therefore, be nourished properly but at the expense of something else.

Remember, first, that if each kind of tissue had not this impulse to overgrow, it would not be healthy: it is an impulse which, in the animal organism, is restrained but not weakened. The power of it is held in a state of tension, always ready to be released as the occasion is for new growth. Remember, secondly, that no one kind of tissue can be expected to charge itself with anxiety concerning the rhythm of the whole. It has no way of seeing the whole or knowing its problems. Even when it happens, though rarely it does, that one industry achieves the view of itself as a whole, its first concern is for its own welfare—how to nourish itself at the expense of other kinds of tissue. Example, agriculture, politically conscious of itself as a whole, demanding that its share in the total income of the country be increased by political means; and this merely is a reaction to the fact that industry as another kind of tissue had by its own enterprise captured a larger share.

Here and there in the industrial scheme of civilization, more on the high plane of business than anywhere else, there is intuition of this truth—that there can be no right working solution of any problem considered by itself. This is because there is no such thing as an insulated problem. One must be considered in relation to others by some great view of the whole.

But where is that great view or any organ by which it may be had? Do you look for it in Government? Certainly it ought to be there if Government as a highly differentiated kind of tissue is, in fact, the brain stuff. But what you observe in Government is what you see everywhere else. Government tissue also has the impulse to increase itself excessively, and each special kind of it has in itself that impulse. Hence the confusion of parts and functions from the Government's inability either to see itself whole or to see what it is doing, which is the lesser problem; and then the confusion of purpose from its inability to see as a whole the social organism that includes itself, which is the greater problem. From this double disability it follows that there does not exist in Government, as concerning the nation's business, such a thing as a planning board, without which any large industrial organization would soon collapse. One little restaurant proprietor with his statistician is therein wiser than his Government.

Out of the deeper confusion must arise conflicts of idea, intention and afterthought. Political acts on the part of the Government are continually producing economic consequences. On the other side, great economic movements are continually producing political consequences. These consequences are never, or seldom if ever, unforeseeable. Simply, they are unforeseen. It is not the Government's business to foresee the economic consequences of its political acts; no more is there any responsibility upon industry to foresee the political consequences of its own rational solutions.

In example, building the Panama Canal was a political act. The consequences upon what may be called the economic geography of the country were very important. Their general nature may be indicated by the fact that in terms of transportation cost New York and other Eastern seaboard cities were thereafter nearer to San Francisco than Chicago or St. Louis. You cannot suddenly alter distance in that manner but to affect deeply the streams of commerce. The Middle West was injured. Very little imagination had been needed to foresee this effect and to suggest ways beforehand to equalize the conditions. It was nobody's business to do this. Now, twenty-five years afterward, the Middle West is very vocal about its injury. There is a Midwest problem. And since the cause was an act of Government, and since one of the independent establishments of Government—namely, the Interstate Commerce Commission—will not permit the transcontinental railroads to equalize matters by reducing their rates to the water level for the Pacific Coast trade, the people of the Middle West not unreasonably turn to the Government for relief. They demand that it shall demonstrate with three-foot barges whether it will pay to make a nine-foot ship canal down the Mississippi River. That is what the Inland Waterways Corporation is doing.

A Check on Enthusiasm

Perhaps the most significant present movement in economic life is the self-accelerating mechanization of industry. One of its consequences is political—that is to say, unemployment. This effect may be casual only, during the time it takes to reabsorb the labor that new machines have released. It may become suddenly very serious, if and when it means an actual surplus of labor. Then again it may represent what is beginning to be understood as technicological unemployment, which means that as the requirements of industry become more exacting people low in the scale of intelligence or those not easily adaptable to new methods fall out. There is nowhere in Government any commanding view of this problem. It does not know by analysis what employment represents. It knows by common knowledge that mechanization tends to cause unemployment and that unemployment tends to become a political problem. More than that, it waits for the crisis to happen. How intelligent it would be for the Government to study mechanization as a phenomenon, calculate its momentum, analyze its consequences, and then hold this picture up to industry with the suggestion that it shall take thought to provide ways beforehand of absorbing its own obsolescence!

One department of Government concerns itself with how much more each year we produce and consume, and how by these signs it may be known that the average standard of living is rising and that our wealth increases. All this is very notably true. Yet another department of Government entertains a foreboding. Although the statistical curves of the Department of Commerce may represent the standards of living to be rising and the wealth of the nation to be increasing, nevertheless the lot of many may at the same time be growing worse. The Department of Labor fashions, therefore, another kind of statistics to dramatize facts of human wastage, the economic sores, the cruelties of competition, the common tragedy of the ineffectives. There are many such facts. Each department conducts its own publicity. The themes separate and diverge, and yet in authority they are equal. Is it supposed that people will know how to combine them? Is it not much more probable that some will choose one and some the other, and come thereby to conclusions which may be neither true nor untrue?

Working at Cross Purposes

Or take the conflict between the Government's land policy and its agricultural policy, so far as it may be said to have either one or the other. The Department of Agriculture, struggling with the enigma of agricultural surplus, says a great deal of the land now under cultivation ought to go back to wild grass and forest, and it is deeply opposed to any extension of the agricultural premises by Federal reclamation. On the other hand, the Reclamation Service in the Department of the Interior believes itself to be thinking of a time when we shall be three hundred million here and need to have under intensive cultivation every arable acre. It is for draining all the swamps and bringing water to run through all the deserts, and its work is enthusiastically supported by such as find their profit in exploiting land values, as individuals, municipalities and states. The trouble there is that the Department of Agriculture is thinking now and the Reclamation Service is thinking when. What may a President do with this contradiction? In his last message to Congress, Mr. Coolidge said, in one paragraph, under the head of agricultural surplus: "Expenditures of public funds to bring in more new land should have most searching scrutiny so long as our farmers face unsatisfactory prices for crops and livestock produced on land already under cultivation," and then, in another paragraph, under the head of reclamation: "For many years the Federal Government has been committed to the wise policy of reclamation and irrigation . . . and on the whole the service has been of such incalculable benefit to so many states that no one could advocate its abandonment."

One may see new problems developing in a blind way—political consequences from economic change and no mutual awareness of the possibilities. American industry now is planting branch factories in foreign countries. This is done to overpass tariff barriers and for other reasons. These factories are under foreign laws, they pay foreign taxes, hire foreign labor; the capital, the ownership only—that is American. Is it then foreign industry or is it American industry living abroad? Where do the political responsibilities of the American Government begin or cease? These are unexplored questions, dormant; at any time unexpectedly they may become active.

If from all this a meaning begins to appear, it is this: That the necessity exists for a new science of vision. To see what we are doing in order to know what we are about—to see it not as it happens to be at an arbitrary moment, but to see it also as movement and change—this is perhaps the most pressing immediate challenge to human ingenuity.

From necessity of a somewhat similar nature came the science of geography. The world as a physical object is invisible to the sensory eye. Yet with the mind's eye we see it; we see not only the entire shape of it

FOR MEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

At least once a day, every man is the focus of attention—in the center of the spotlight. And his audience is always critical.

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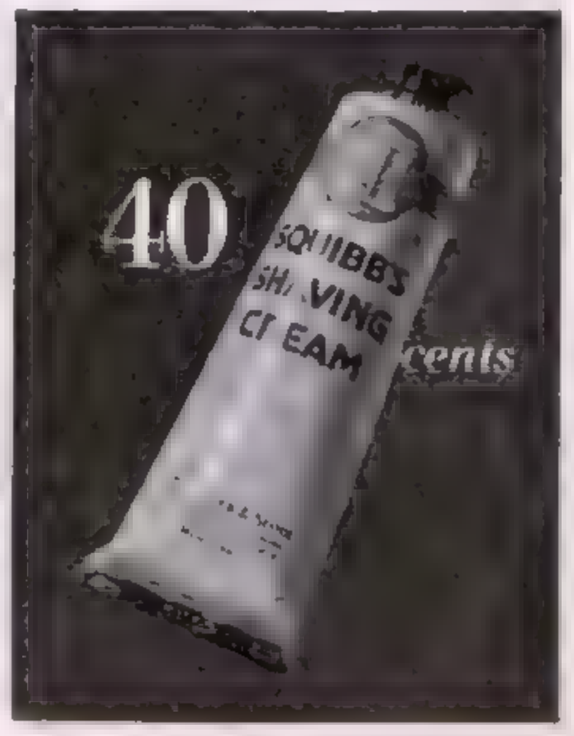

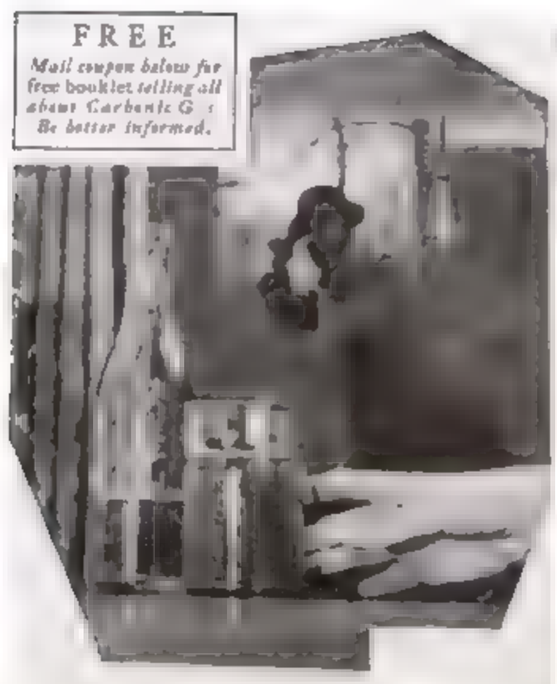

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Colds are caught easiest when big or little people become tired. A mid-morning or mid-afternoon "pick-up" in energy often saves a week in bed.

In a pure Carbonated Bottled Drink, made with sugar and fruit juice, are *167 calories of energizing food value*, a safeguard against tiring! Here too are the rich benefits of *carbonic gas* which *combats acidity* (another invitation to a cold).

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"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world and tested daily. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

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but such phenomena about it as its track in space, its tilting first one end and then the other to the sun, the play of seasons up and down upon it, the ocean currents, the trade winds, the divisions of land and water. This was not possible until the whole surface of the earth, little by little, had been discovered, explored, measured and charted, nor until the truth about the phenomena surrounding it, including that of its own movements, had been first imagined and then verified fact by fact in the tedious manner of science. From data thus accumulated the mind's eye constructs an image of the thing itself. The mind's eye sees it for the first time. Still, that is not enough. To construct this image and hold it to the view of imagination is a difficult feat. It shall be made very easy. What the eye of imagination sees shall be made actually visible to the sensory eye. Then the globe, now a familiar classroom object.

Invisible on this familiar object because the representation of it is not there, and invisible also in its own reality for the same reason that makes the earth itself invisible to the sensory eye, is another world. It is the world of human activity. This human world now to be spoken of evolved very slowly during thousands of years and came at last to be taken so much for granted that man gave less and less thought to its repetitive patterns and turned his mind to metaphysical speculation.

Discovered But Not Perceived

Then suddenly the character of this world begins to change. Machines appear. More power to act upon his environment is added to man in one century than in all the time of his existence before. Nature hitherto had held him in check by requiring in exchange for food nine-tenths of his labor. Now he finds how by use of power and knowledge he may get his food with less and less labor. So he breaks his immemorial relation with Nature, multiplies enormously in number, and delivers his destiny to science.

Then the rise of industrial civilization, and with it such riddles as surplus, where always before the one anxiety had been to find enough; and such a change as that now we are in bond not to seasons and cycles of Nature, as before, but to cycles in business and to artificial rhythms of production, distribution and exchange.

Our control of them is still very imperfect. The reason why it is so—why we know less about the cycles and rhythms of this industrial civilization, though we created it, than we know about ocean currents and trade winds—is that we have conjured up more than we can see. To the sensory eye, like the earth as a physical object, the structure of it is invisible, being so vast and complicated. We know and act upon it locally more or less as people knew and acted upon the natural world before it was revealed to them as a whole by the science of geography. Hence our way with its problems, approaching them one at a time particularly, only to find that really to understand one we must immediately understand two or three more, and then to understand these we must have definite knowledge of the whole—just as those who went first to explore a sea found that it led to another sea and that sea led to an ocean and all the waters were connected.

What was necessary to be done before the mind's eye could see this whirling planet as a physical object, that also will need to be done before the eye of imagination can seize the picture of an industrialized society. And it must see it in that way to be able to act upon it with true intelligence. The modern task may be much sooner accomplished, however, owing to our equipment of knowledge and method. Research, fact-finding, correlation. Then from the data a construction in which every part takes its right place. The method does not have to be discovered. There is only the necessity that it be perceived.

But research itself may be as tissue growing wild. So it is. There is so much of it everywhere going on that the very word is near to being in common contempt. It suffers from the puerility of those who imagine that facts can make us wise. Wisdom is not in facts; it is in the use and relation of them. Stupidity may be gorged with facts; it very often is. In every department, bureau and establishment of the Government there is fact-finding called research. It runs on every wind of curiosity, from a point of pure science in the Bureau of Standards down to psychoanalysis of farm women by a bureau of the Department of Agriculture. If you found such a condition in one of the great industrial organizations you would rightly suppose the place had gone mad or lost its head.

The two simple principles of scientific research are founded on common sense. First, from exact data construct an image of what is to be acted upon. This is for the purpose that you may be able to see it as a whole. If the image is true, all the facts are bound to be in right relation. Very well. There, now, is what is to be acted upon. What is wrong? What are the problems? Pimples, warts, hay fever, slight functional disturbances—these, it is true, are problems. But look to vital matters. The blood pressure—what of that? Ah! It is very high, and this is immediately serious. What else?

Thus the major problems are defined. The second principle is obvious. Bring all your resources to bear upon the solution of these major problems in the order of their gravity.

For its own happiness as flourishing tissue government research is innocent of these two principles. Go to and fro asking them who conduct it, "What is all this vast invisible thing that includes you and me? What is Government about?" They will stare at you. It is the nation as a whole, perhaps? Yes, they agree, it must be that. Then ask, "What are the really vital national problems?" From the answers you will realize how difficult and unfamiliar this simple, common-sense way of coming to a scientific method really is; also how dim in the average mind is the distinction between cause and effect. Most of the problems under research are not problems really but effects.

Doing the Government's Job

As Mr. Hoover faced the job of President there came to his desk a work of twelve typewritten volumes under the general title: Survey of Recent Economic Changes. The volume headings were: Industry, Transportation, Marketing, Labor, Management, Agriculture, Price Structure, Profits and Interest and Wages, Capital Accumulation and Investment, Foreign Markets and Loans, Money and Banking, and then, Conclusion, showing the effect of change in all these departments upon American life—change itself regarded as a fundamental fact in constant play. It was the first survey ever attempted of our economic life as a whole; the first attempt ever made to create an image of it visible to the mind's eye. It must occur to you, coming to reflect upon it, that without such a view of the economic organization as a sensitive whole made up of reciprocating parts it is impossible for the Government to act with wisdom in any direction. That is what Mr. Hoover thought. That being the case, it must occur to you also that to make such a survey would be a proper task of Government. But the fact is that it had to be made with the aid of private money, solicited for the purpose by Mr. Hoover. The National Bureau of Economic Research, which undertook to do the work, says in its news bulletin: "The funds for the fact-finding studies have been furnished from the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial."

The disability of the Government to move such a work as this is not for want of resources; it is for the reason that no one could save it from a clothing of politics. But how incongruous that a work properly belonging to Government should be better performed by private agencies!

What will come of it is all to be seen. A ground survey like this is but the first principle. It provides the material for constructing an image of the economic body—the thing to be acted upon. This body is full of problems. What are these problems and how do they lie in the scale of importance? To say what they are and to scale them is the next step by the second principle.

Immediately then the difficult question: Where is the authority for that saying?

Once in a while there might be a President who contained in himself the coördinating principle, and he might come to have great authority, since there is no limit to the prestige of mentality. But a President in that character would certainly see the importance of adding permanently to Government that which he had found wanting in it. So the question returns: How shall a scientific way of seeing be added to the nature of Government?

A Council of the Whole

Our habit is to think at once of a new body to be raised up by organic law, a department, an official planning board, perhaps, to be named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. In that way, nothing. But by another way, what to begin with is the simplest possible statement of the necessity. Say it is how we may bring steadily to bear upon the problems of our economic life the power and light of our highest intelligence. Such intelligence is seldom for hire. That is true. Certainly it could not be induced to sit on a government board or commission for the simple reward of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Nevertheless, it very often has a passion—perhaps it is only a vanity—for distinguished public service. Therefore, it will give itself where it cannot be bought. Europe, for all the disappreciative things she may say about us, is anxious enough to borrow it, and does. She could not buy it; it lends itself for nothing but the praise of being wanted. Much more would it be willing to give itself to its own country.

There is an interesting parliamentary practice in the House of Representatives. From time to time for purposes of considering certain kinds of legislation the body resolves itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Nation. It must have been the idea originally that in this state it ceased to be a body swayed by partisan and sectional motives, and took up a point of view which regarded the country entire. That idea now is very dim. The Speaker announces, "The House will now resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Nation for the consideration of ——" and so on, and nothing else happens. Nobody changes his seat, his mind or his point of view.

Suppose, now, it were understood as a kind of tribal American folkway that no greater honor could touch one who had proved his eminence by achieving it than to be asked to come and sit as one of an Advisory Council of the Whole on the State of the Nation. Such a body need have no legal power, no legal existence even, no rules save its own, no law to administer. Yet, from whole-seeing and right-saying, by holding in view the shape of a plan where else there was none, by lighting the way one step ahead with a candle of forethought, it might come presently to have more authority than any law could confer, and a kind of authority against which political prejudice would be impotent. This power exists. It is acting privately. During the war it was for the first time invoked to act with Government because political government alone was breaking down. With peace again, Government was restored to its political estate, as if, though in war it had been obliged to include the whole mind and meaning of industrial civilization, in peace it could very well afford to do without them.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue

CLIMAXING A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT WITH TWO SPECIALTY CARS

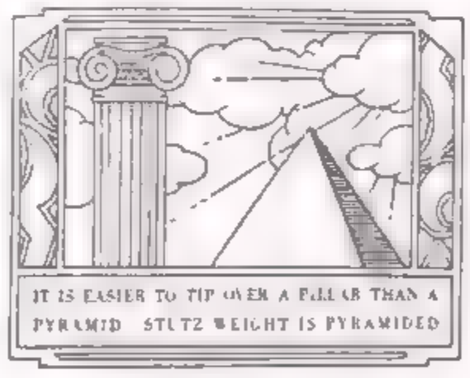
When in 1926 the Stutz Motor Car Company of America brought out its record-making eight-cylinder overhead camshaft engine, the conviction was strong that it had produced the finest car in the country.

But that outstanding engineering achievement has been continually improved by time's hand testing.

And so today, as a logical development, we announce a still greater Stutz—also an entirely new companion car, selling for about a thousand dollars less, the Blackhawk.

Two surprising examples of real *modernism* in car making—thoroughly practical advancements designed to meet the changed motoring conditions of *today!*

Of course both have low weight, worm drive, safety glass all around, steel "side-bumper" running boards, bodies by Le Baron and Weymann—all important factors that have gone to make Stutz fame. But now—



The low-weighted Stutz and the low-weighted Blackhawk have four-speed transmissions, without which no car can, we believe, be truly modern.

They have a remarkable and exclusive safety device, the "Noback," which automatically prevents back rolling on hills.

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The Stutz now retails for $3395 to $6895—Blackhawk $2345 to $2955—f. o. b. factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra. A great achievement!

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[Four years ago he was nearly beaten, today he says, "I was never so happy in my life"]

Would YOU trade places ?

HIS OVERHEAD is low, lower than he ever thought it could be. He has no discontented help on his hands.

His salesmen bring in more orders than he can turn out. He has kept every wheel turning ever since he started operations.

Prosperity has forced him to build a second plant, doubling his original layout. Now a new plant, giving him *four times* his original space, is waiting for him.

"Of course I'm happy. I never knew profits could be so easy. Most of my help never worked at a machine before they came to me. They learned fast. Never any trouble at all." That's his story. It can be yours, easily.

If you investigate the facts ready to lay before you, you will find conditions you never dreamed of, lying overnight from New York. Low rents. Low building costs. Low operating costs. High production. High profits.

Ask for this book. It is sent free, without obligation. Your request, addressed to Industrial Department, Room 524, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., will receive prompt and courteous attention.

SHELLIS' REEF

(Continued from Page 21)

uncharted obstacle in the waste of yellow water that lies between the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Korean coast. The disaster had taken place on a starry night and in a dead calm. The crew of the bark had been forced to leave her sinking, and six of them had suffered horrors quite unimaginable on a speck of an island from which two survivors—of whom Shellis was one—had been picked up ten days later in a state of delirium. This sojourn in hell had left a deep scar—as well it might have done—on the young Shellis' mind. That he even survived it a sane man was something of a miracle. In Blagden's opinion he hadn't. In the ordinary way, he assured me, there wasn't a saner man afloat than the Chusan's captain, but on that one point there was clearly a screw loose somewhere.

Before they abandoned ship, Blagden informed me, young Shellis had managed to make a stellar observation. Whatever the bark had hit—and he was convinced that it was a reef—he was able to specify its exact position. As soon as he recovered his health and his senses—or as much as was left of them—Shellis had made a full report to the Admiralty, expecting them to incorporate this important discovery in the next issue of the China Pilot. But the Admiralty, as is the way with them, had done nothing of the sort. No doubt they had made a note of Shellis' report. No doubt, Blagden said, when next they sent a survey ship to the Yellow Sea, the officer in charge had investigated the obstruction. But the reef's existence had never been recognized nor referred to, even to this day, on any chart.

"Of course," Blagden told me, "the Old Man took it rough. The whole blamed show had been so ghastly that he couldn't think of anything else. He'd been through hell—nearly lost his life and his reason—and these official blighters at home treated his report, which, after all, he'd made at great personal risk and for the sake of other people, as if it were just a description of a bad dream. He brooded over it. I fancy he must have made a nuisance of himself, not only to the Admiralty, who could escape from him, but to other people, who couldn't. He found it impossible, you see, to get away from it himself. You know what a sailor's life is; particularly if he happens to command a ship. He can't make friends of his officers; it just wouldn't do. His mind turns in on itself. What d' you call it? A vicious circle. Yes. If your mind once gets set on a thing you can't escape from it."

And that was what happened to Shellis, the mate told me. Most sympathetically, mind you. This bluff man was delicate—incredibly delicate. For him there was nothing comical in the Old Man's obsession. It was just a misfortune, like having a squint or bowlegs. Only this spiritual deformity, unfortunately, went deeper.

"That blessed reef," he said, "has come to be the most important thing in old Shellis' life. He's always waiting for some ship or other to get piled up on it. That's why, when newspapers come aboard, the first thing he'll turn to is the Lloyd's Casualty Reports. I've watched him; I know. I can almost bet he wouldn't mind if something of that kind did happen. It's a matter in which ordinary humanity doesn't count, and he'd give his life to be able to say "I told you so!"—though there isn't a sweeter, gentler old cuss in the company. I've been shipmates with most of 'em, and know what I'm talking about."

"It seems," I suggested, "to be what we call an *idée fixe*."

"I'll take your word for that, doc," said Blagden grimly. "It's a nuisance, anyway. It puts you in an awkward hole. The thing has become a joke all over the East. If you mention the Old Man's name in any club between Penang and Yokohama, you're certain to raise a laugh. He don't realize that, poor old devil, and that makes me mad. Why? Because I'm fond of him; because I respect him. And the devil of it is, the older he gets the more sure he is of it. That blessed speck in the Yellow Sea's the only important thing in navigation."

"Then you don't believe," I asked, "that this reef has any existence?"

"Ask me another," the mate replied gloomily. "In those shallow waters it's difficult to say. Of course it's quite possible that there was a reef fifty years ago. It's all on the edge of the Japanese volcanic area. Queer things are always happening thereabouts. An island pops up and goes down again every other day. But the naval surveys are generally pretty reliable. If the navy says there's nothing there I'm prepared to believe them, and so are the owners, which is more to the point. If I get piled up"—he touched wood—"on something that they say isn't there, it's their funeral, not mine—in a manner of speaking," he added, realizing just too late whose the funeral would be.

"Apparently it was pretty nearly old Shellis' "

"Well, well, I don't know. The chap was off his rocker when they rescued him. I'm not prepared to say that he didn't dream it; though, if he did, he's gone on dreaming ever since. Not that I object to that. It doesn't hurt anybody. Only ——" He paused. "Well, this is his last voyage. The company's decided that it's time for him to retire. They're anxious to push on some of the younger men. As a matter of fact—in strictest confidence, mind you—I've been promised the command of this ship as soon as he goes. I'm anxious to make things smooth for the Old Man, to give him a good finish anyway. That's why I'm taking you into my confidence, doc. He isn't himself. There's something decidedly queer about his manner. Anyone who didn't know him as well as I do might not notice it. I can't even describe to you exactly what it is. I have a feeling ——" He dried up suddenly.

"You've any amount of feelings, Blagden," I told him. "As a matter of fact, you're full of sensibility."

His eyes quizzed me, uncertain if this were a compliment. "You see," he went on, "there's one other point. This is the first voyage that the Old Man's been sent up through the Yellow Sea since the time he was wrecked there. As soon as we leave Shanghai for Chemulpo, we shall be getting near it—the place, I mean, where he imagines his reef to be. He may be all right, but he may ——" Blagden shook his head solemnly. "In any case," he said, "we've all got to pull together. I've told you all this because it may be your job, as a doctor, as much as mine. As far as his health goes, I suppose you've not noticed anything?" he asked anxiously.

I had, as I've already remarked, but there seemed no reason why I should add to Blagden's benevolent anxieties. "He isn't, of course, a young man," was all that I gave him.

"Well, sooner or later," said Blagden, "he's certain to tell you about his reef. Now that you're forewarned you'll know just how to deal with it, won't you?"

IV

I THANKED him. For several weeks I heard nothing more about poor old Shellis' reef, and the captain himself showed no signs of wishing to talk of it. Through all that period my mind was absorbed, excited and entranced by a series of visions that remain with me to this day. Gibraltar, gray and monstrous against the dawn; the snows of Crete, flamingo hued in the fire of sunset; Port Said, where first the smell of the East begins; pink mountains of Sinai in their lunar desolation; Colombo, sweltering under a vertical sun.

By this time the Chusan, that blistered tramp whose sordidness so depressed me at Birkenhead, had become a second home; a new, familiar world, whose limits I knew intimately, from the foc'sle, where the Chinese crew smoked and gambled, to the engine room, whence emanated the gigantic throbbing that made a background to my dreams. She was a kind of magic carpet, making me free of all the marvels which my comrades took so phlegmatically. Not one of them felt romantic about the sea. The Chusan herself was no more to them than an office or a workshop proceeding on her appointed course at a miserable ten knots. The ports at which we touched meant letters from home, fresh vegetables or the passing enjoyment of exotic female society. They were all, in their different ways, good fellows and humored my romanticism, with the result that by the time we made Penang there wasn't one of them with whom I wasn't on terms of an easy intimacy.

Not one, I should have said, except Captain Shellis. Not that he failed toward me in his habitual courtesy. He had better manners than any duke among my limited acquaintance. But the doctor, as I had yet to learn, holds a peculiar position among a ship's company. Among these professionals he is counted an amateur; though one of the crew, he is never exactly a sailor; though subject to the master's discipline, he is, in his own undisputed province, a specialist. He belongs, in short, to an alien, a shore-side world. Add to this, in my own case, my damnable youthfulness in comparison with the rest of them, and with Captain Shellis in particular. Our lives were so separated both by years and by the quality of our experience that I could hardly expect him to grant me an intimacy which he denied to others. I think of him, in those days, as a remote figure; a square-shouldered silhouette posed motionless on the bridge against a background of burning blue sky.

The fact remained that the doctor was the only member of the ship's company with whom the captain could be intimate without loss of discipline. The remoteness, the mystery of this dignified little man interested me. I wanted so much to be part of the ship's life, to forgo my privilege—such as it was—that his formal air disappointed me. I felt, indeed, that I had achieved a stupendous honor when, at Penang, old Shellis invited me to go ashore with him.

A more delightful host it would be impossible to imagine. Although the combination of European Sunday clothes and a white sun helmet detracted from the dignity which he had assumed with his uniform, I felt flattered by his company. He hadn't frequented that part of the Middle East through forty-odd years for nothing. Wherever our ricksha went, strange salutations awaited him. Grave Chinese merchants bowed to him from their doorsteps; Eurasian clerks raised their hats; even the ricksha coolies recognized him. I felt I was in the company of a personage—as indeed I was.

He did the honors magnificently; lunched me at the club on such curry as I had never tasted; then proposed, for our afternoon, a drive up into the hills. The memory of that excursion stays with me vividly: The soft, palm-shadowed road; the suburban homes of wealthy Chinese merchants; a flat field, scattered with cloths newly dyed with indigo, spread out to dry; the smile of a lazy bullock-wagon driver, whose teeth were stained with betel nut to the color of bright blood; and, permeating all, the hot and spicy air of the Malay Peninsula, so charged with moisture that my scalp pricked beneath the new-bought topee. We drove, for the most part, in silence, dismounting finally beneath the shade of huge and unfamiliar trees, where, by the side of a small white Hindu temple, the old man burst into unexpected confidences.

Of course I knew what to expect. He told me the story of his reef. Very much as Blagden had told it. Shyly, at first, as

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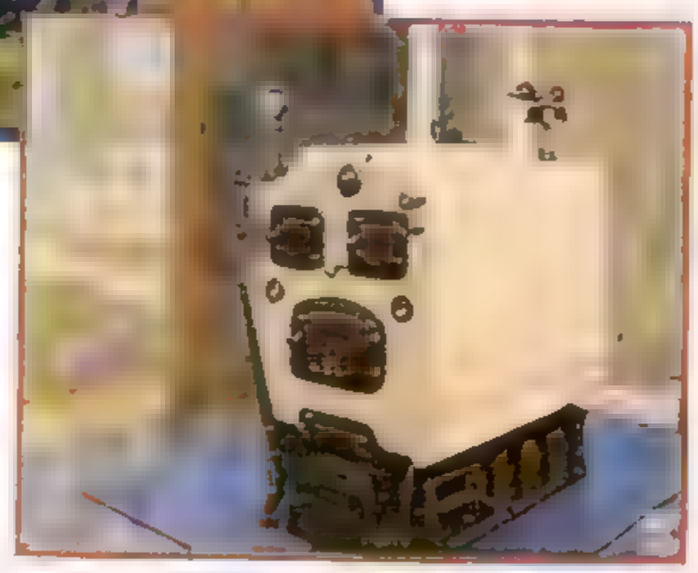
Moving Day is Judgment Day

of the value of your property



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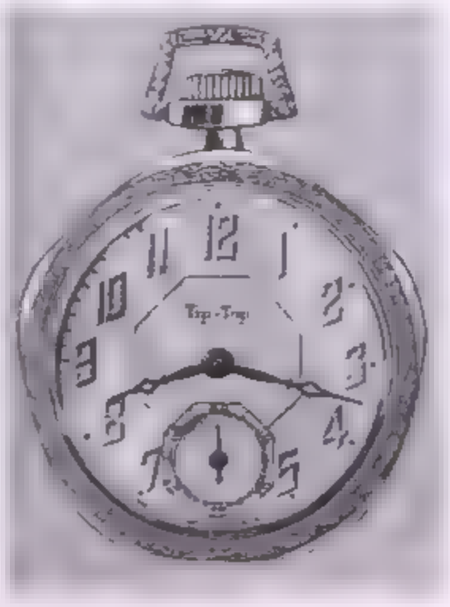

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(Continued from Page 68)

though he felt I was too young to be interested, or perhaps that I was listening from the point of view of a mental specialist. Well, if that old man were mad, he certainly had a good excuse for his insanity. He spoke, as usual, with a simple, courtly precision, but it was his very directness that made that old horror live with a vividness that had never appeared in Blagden's version

If I could have written it down, word for word, as he told it you would have given me credit for an imaginative masterpiece. I can't, alas! All that remains with me now is the incommunicable atmosphere of an actual, intense, lonely terror, so present and compelling that it swept all consciousness of my real surroundings—the whitewashed temple and the high festoons of exotic foliage—out of my mind.

"At that point," Shellis was saying, "I felt that the quartermaster and I were looking at each other almost greedily. We weren't civilized human beings any longer; just hungry cannibals. I determined that if anybody were going to be killed and eaten, I would rather it was me."

He told me these ghastly details with a detached and dreamy coldness. It was only when he passed from them to his dealings with the Admiralty and the contemptuous rejection of his report that his fiery inward agitation showed itself. As he spoke his lips trembled, his pallor increased, the pulsation of his carotids grew more violent; he drew his breath in quick and hungry gasps. If my diagnosis was correct, this emotion was dangerous. If only I could control it without alarming him! With a sigh that was like a shudder, he continued, more calmly

"All this, however, is ancient history," he said. "Until recently I've been quite resigned—yes, completely resigned. The only person with whom I've discussed the matter of late has been my dear wife." I had a momentary vision of the bony, red-faced dragoon who had put him aboard so carefully at Birkenhead. "But lately," he went on, "I've been forced to dwell on it more than is good for me. It seems curious that on this, my last voyage—for the company wish me to retire—I should be sent, in the ordinary course of my calling, to the very spot where I was wrecked fifty years ago. The company is very strict in matters of navigation. The course that we're expected to take from Woosung to Chemulpo is directly in the line of the reef which I know to exist. There's no possible margin or error in my observations. I could cover that spot on the chart with the point of a needle. It's at Latitude 36° 12′ North by 125° 23′ East. Now my ticket's as clean as that of any master in the mercantile marine. I've never had the least mishap in all my seagoing life. Supposing, on this very last voyage, I lost my ship!

"Let's look at both sides," he went on, with renewed agitation. "I'm a servant of the company, under orders. If I obey those orders I stand to lose the company's ship. Not only do I do that; I spoil my career at its end. On the other hand"—he smiled grimly—"the loss of my ship will serve as a warning to others. It may possibly save a large number of lives. And if it does nothing else"—he spoke with a passionate malignancy—"it may give the Admiralty a necessary lesson in manners!"

As he spoke, the urgency of his feeling compelled him to clutch at my arm. Then the fingers that caught me relaxed. He swayed away from me, fell back and rolled over on the slope in a pitiful heap. At that moment I think I must have gone as white as old Shellis. I saw myself running for help and carting a dead man back to the ship. For a second it almost looked as if he had gone. Then, with a disconcerting suddenness, he opened his eyes. They were dazed and colorless.

"A bit of a turn," he whispered. "I got overexcited."

"Keep quiet now. Don't move, don't think; try to put this business out of your mind!"

He smiled weakly. "You don't know what you're saying, doctor. Put it out of my mind? Why, every minute it's coming nearer and nearer!"

I made him lean on my arm as I helped him back to the gharri. In the town and on the sampan that took us to the ship, he refused my aid; he was all the captain again, resented my interference.

That evening, however, I insisted, in my professional capacity, on examining him. I found rather more than I'd already guessed; a grave, long-standing lesion of the aortic valves. Perhaps it was the lowered resistance and strain of his exposure on that Chinese islet that had allowed infective bacteria to invade that vital tissue. In any case, his hold on life was even more precarious than I had imagined. He must have known it subconsciously, and this knowledge explained the precision and composure with which he conducted his life. It explained also the sedulous care with which Mrs. Shellis had consigned his fragile old body to the Chusan at Birkenhead. Of one thing, at least, I had been warned clearly: I now knew that the shock of any unusual emotion might put an end to him. As a matter of plain duty I confided these fears to Blagden.

"Well, what can we do about it?" he asked pertinently.

Yes. What could we do? There was, actually, nothing to be done. We could do nothing but wait. And every minute, as old Shellis had said, it was coming nearer.

■

WE LEFT Shanghai on the day of the Chinese New Year; I remember it well, for our Chinese crew took the opportunity of going mad. The comprador had sent them aboard a horrible piglet covered with a sort of obscene yellow glaze. The thing filled me with nausea, for, as we steamed up to the bar at Woosung, I saw other live pigs snouting among the shallow graves that lined the banks of the Shanghai River, suggesting, in the crew's debauch, a kind of cannibalism at second hand. That evening the foc'sle grew noisy with the detonations of crackers and fireworks. A smell of burning joss stick pervaded the ship—that and the sour fumes of opium; the bos'n and two quartermasters already lay drugged in their bunks.

Since the day of his collapse at Penang, old Shellis appeared to have recovered his nerves completely. Not only did he discourage any further intimacy on my part, he actually seemed to avoid me. His composure was now so complete as to seem unnatural, though, apparently, it was so well affected as to take in the ingenuous Blagden.

"You must have put the fear of God into the Old Man," he said. "Or else he must have got an almighty fright that afternoon. Whatever it was, I'm not complaining. The quieter he keeps, the better it is for all of us."

Off the mouth of the Yang-tse we ran into patches of fog that kept the Old Man pretty thoroughly glued to the bridge. The waters of the Archipelago were stiff with fishing boats, and there was always a risk in those days, when the Japs were beginning to expand their coastal carrying trade, that some old tub bought cheap in Europe and worth twopence halfpenny, might commit hara-kiri by crashing across your bows in a light-hearted vigorous way. The delay and anxiety of those forty-eight hours told on everybody. Old Shellis was scarcely ever visible; took all his meals on the bridge and led poor Blagden, from what one heard, a terrible life.

On the third morning out the fog had vanished completely. The sun came up clear over a calm glitter of sea—not the blue of profound depths like that from which flying fish had spurted farther south, but a silken, sheeny surface, between ocher and silver, which showed that even here the influence of yellow rivers was showing itself like the mud of the Severn that tinges the Bristol Channel. I realized then why they call it the Yellow Sea. But the sparkle of

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

sunshine through cold, dry air, and the fact that the Chusan had stopped crawling and bellowing and had resumed her normal, if unimpressive, speed, was enough to lift the load from our spirits. An unshaven but cheerful Blagden made up for lost time and scamped meals at the breakfast table.

"Well, thank heaven that's over!" he congratulated himself as he put away crisped corned pork.

"What about the other business?" I reminded him. "We must be getting nearer. Is the Old Man shaping all right?"

"He doesn't look too bad," he replied. "What he and I want just now is a bellyful of sleep. The third will keep my watch."

That morning the sounds which penetrated the bulkhead that separated our cabins made it clear that Blagden was getting it. Old Shellis, I imagined, was similarly engaged. He didn't turn up for tiffin, but there was nothing unusual in that. In the dogwatch, however, when Blagden and I sat together smoking and enjoying the late afternoon sun, the captain's Chinese servant arrived with a message. Blagden and the chief engineer were wanted at once in the Old Man's cabin.

"More trouble!" said Blagden gloomily, knocking out his pipe.

When, half an hour later, he returned, there was no more doubt of it. I had never seen such an expression of puzzled discomfort before on his rugged, half-humorous face. The smile with which I greeted him went unanswered.

"Look here, doc; I want a word with you," he said.

He pulled me up the alleyway and into his cabin; then locked the door mysteriously and sat down on the locker with a heavy sigh. He threw up his hands and let them fall in a gesture of despair.

"Well, this has put the lid on it," he said. "He's mad, cracked, barmy! Gone clean off his chump!"

"What d'you mean?" I said. Of course, I knew what he meant.

"We might have guessed it," he said. "We might have guessed it."

Then roughly, disjointedly, he began to give me some sort of account of his interview with Shellis. "Take a seat, Mr. Blagden. Take a seat, Mr. Twiss," he'd begun. First of all he'd wanted them to witness his signature to some document—a will, a statement, God knew what it was. Then he had solemnly advised them to make their own wills. Tomorrow, at this time he'd said they would all be in the hands of God. Tomorrow, at this time— he pulled out a chart and showed them the spot marked with a cross of red ink—the Chusan would run aground. And that, he said, was why he had sent for them—to make the fullest possible precautions to meet the disaster. By midday tomorrow the Chusan's boats must be swung out and fully provisioned. The chief officer would issue life belts all round; a boat drill would be ordered to see that every member of the crew knew his proper station and that the gear was in order. At the same time the chief engineer would see that speed was reduced, so that the impact, when it came, might be as small as possible. He had the whole job cut and dried from A to Z.

"But surely," I said, "you two didn't take it all lying down? Didn't you try to make him see sense? Surely you could have suggested ——"

"Suggested? You might as well have made suggestions to a stone statue! He's master of this ship, and, by gad, he made us feel it!"

That was the impression that came through to me out of Blagden's confused distress—the two sane men, bewildered, protesting, yet almost reduced to silence by Shellis' stony, adamantine composure. They could no more shift that reef from his mind than if it had stood there actually in ponderable stone. However whirling mad his brain may have been, he gave his fantastic orders with a composure that transcended sanity.

"But didn't you ——" I protested.

"Let me tell you," said Blagden irritably. "Didn't we? Of course we did! Have you ever argued with a madman? I told him that all these preparations would be quite unnecessary if he'd change his course. Change course! Didn't I know that the company settled that, and that he, as a servant of the company, was forced to follow the directions he'd been given before we left Liverpool? If he considered the ship was in danger, I suggested. . . . But not a bit of it! The marine superintendent, who'd laid down the course, knew all about his objections before we sailed. The company dictated the most economical course and he must follow it. He knew what his duty was, thank you, far better than I did! I got put in my place all right as soon as I spoke.

"And, I tell you what, doc, I believe the old madman's pleased as punch. If the ship gets piled up and he's taken every possible precaution, he'll have the laugh of every johnny that's been laughing at him for the last forty years, ourselves included. I tell you it's obstinacy and pride that's under his madness. But mad he is, unless it's us that's barmy!"

"But didn't the chief ——" I began.

"The chief? Of course he did. He said that reducing speed like that was uneconomical. That the company would lose far less money, if that was his trouble, if he changed course. Which was perfectly reasonable, mind you. Reason? If it comes to reason "

"But after all," I consoled him, "this reef of his doesn't exist."

"No. It doesn't exist. I'll be damned if the thing exists."

"Then, after all —— By this time tomorrow, my dear chap, the whole thing will be over and nobody any the worse."

Blagden shook his head. "Supposing his reef does exist?"

"Why, a moment ago you swore that it didn't!"

"I know. And it doesn't. But if, my dear doc —— Oh, I hardly know what I'm saying. If you saw him yourself, so collected, so reasonable, so almighty scrupulous, by gad, I believe it would shake your faith in the spelling of your own name." He paused. "Doc, I'll tell you what. Would you be prepared to give a certificate that the Old Man's off his rocker?"

I shook my head. "No. You can't give a certificate on hearsay."

"That's just what I thought. You know, if you could, I'd take the responsibility in my own hands and lock him in his cabin myself."

"I can give you a certificate," I said, "to say that if you did that you'd kill him. I've listened to his heart, and I know. If you and the chief had argued and got him worked up I wouldn't have been sure of the consequences this afternoon even. I can tell you, with him it's a matter of touch and go."

"If it's not like my blooming luck," Blagden muttered miserably, "to be landed at my time of life with a cracked skipper! And the devil of it is, doc, I love the old blighter. That's straight. Even now, when he's mad as a hatter, there's something splendid about him. 'Take a seat, Mr. Blagden. . . . Take a seat, Mr. Twiss.' Like royalty!"

"Well, if you want to get him home alive, humor him."

"Humor him, yes," he repeated bitterly, "and make fools of the lot of us. Well, well, I suppose you're right!"

VI

BLAGDEN lurched out of the cabin and left me to pursue his consultations with the chief engineer. He hadn't, I gathered, taken any of the other officers into his confidence. He wanted, I imagine, to protect old Shellis from any unnecessary ridicule. A fine fellow, Blagden. Yet not only the junior officers but the Chinese crew must have been mystified by the proceedings of next morning. The boat drill was properly held; the boats swung out on their davits and lowered; their provisions and water duly checked. To those who were not in the secret these precautions must have seemed fantastic on a dead-calm sea, with a steady glass and a clear sky. The officers took it as one of the bad jokes which the caprice of old-fashioned superiors imposes without rime or reason. The crew, on the other hand, as Blagden whispered to me anxiously, were becoming restless. Chinamen are creatures of routine and habit, admirably efficient within the bounds of these, but inclined to be apprehensive of any departure from them. They hung in small groups on the foredeck, talking in gutturals, gesticulating. The nervousness which was centered in Blagden's uneasy mind and showed itself in his puzzled, preoccupied eyes had begun to pervade the ship from poop to foc'sle. It was increased, as you can imagine, when, as soon as the high sun had been taken, old Shellis, on the bridge, rang down "half speed" to the engine room.

The only person on the Chusan who showed no symptoms whatever of disturbance was the captain himself. His appearance as he entered the saloon and took his place at the head of the table was positively startling. To begin with, he was dressed as though he anticipated entertaining royalty. His brand-new uniform, his shining linen, his black satin tie would have shamed an admiral in their correctness. Even his gray whiskers were carefully trimmed and brushed, and his face—that face whose miniature nobility and fine ruggedness had always impressed me—was more coldly composed in its marble perfection than ever before.

He spoke little, mainly to me, but with—if that were possible—an exaggeration of the formal courtesy which he always employed. A perfect museum specimen; a statue—as Blagden had suggested—but a statue of the very best period and in faultless preservation.

All through that midday meal no mention was made of the matter that, in various degrees of enlightenment, obsessed all our minds. When it was finished we departed severally to our leisure or duty; Captain Shellis, no doubt, to his accustomed siesta; the officer of the watch to the bridge, from which he had been relieved. I myself lay in my bunk, pretending to read, for, in spite of the sunshine, the air on deck was shrewd.

As eight bells sounded, another sound startled my ears: The grating of the engine-room telegraph, the alarm of the bell that accompanied it. Simultaneously the rhythm of the Chusan's pulsations was checked. Somebody on the bridge had ordered a change from "half speed" to "slow." Blagden hurriedly poked his head inside my cabin.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "I'm for the bridge."

I turned out on deck myself. I couldn't stand it either. Obstinately, in spite of all my convictions to the contrary, the shadow of approaching disaster loomed in front of me. Above, on the bridge, whose ladder Blagden was rapidly climbing, I saw the motionless, square-shouldered silhouette of Captain Shellis' back, standing out like a statue against the pale, peerless sky.

That scene I shall never forget. The absolute silence—for the Chusan's submerged propeller was now turning over so languidly that the ship gave no vibration but an occasional shudder. The vast, encircling sea was as still as a lake, gray-ocherous, slumbering, flawless, like tarnished brass. Not a sail, not a smokestack in sight—one vast, smooth solitude. On board the ship herself not a sound was to be heard. The awful entrancedness of that moment compelled everything, animate and inanimate, to silence. Even the Chinamen, for'ard, were clustered at the side, staring hypnotically into the lucent depths that we traversed with such slow, predestinate certainty.

That "moment," I say. Yet such moments have no relation to time, and this one must have lasted, I think, a full half

(Continued on Page 75

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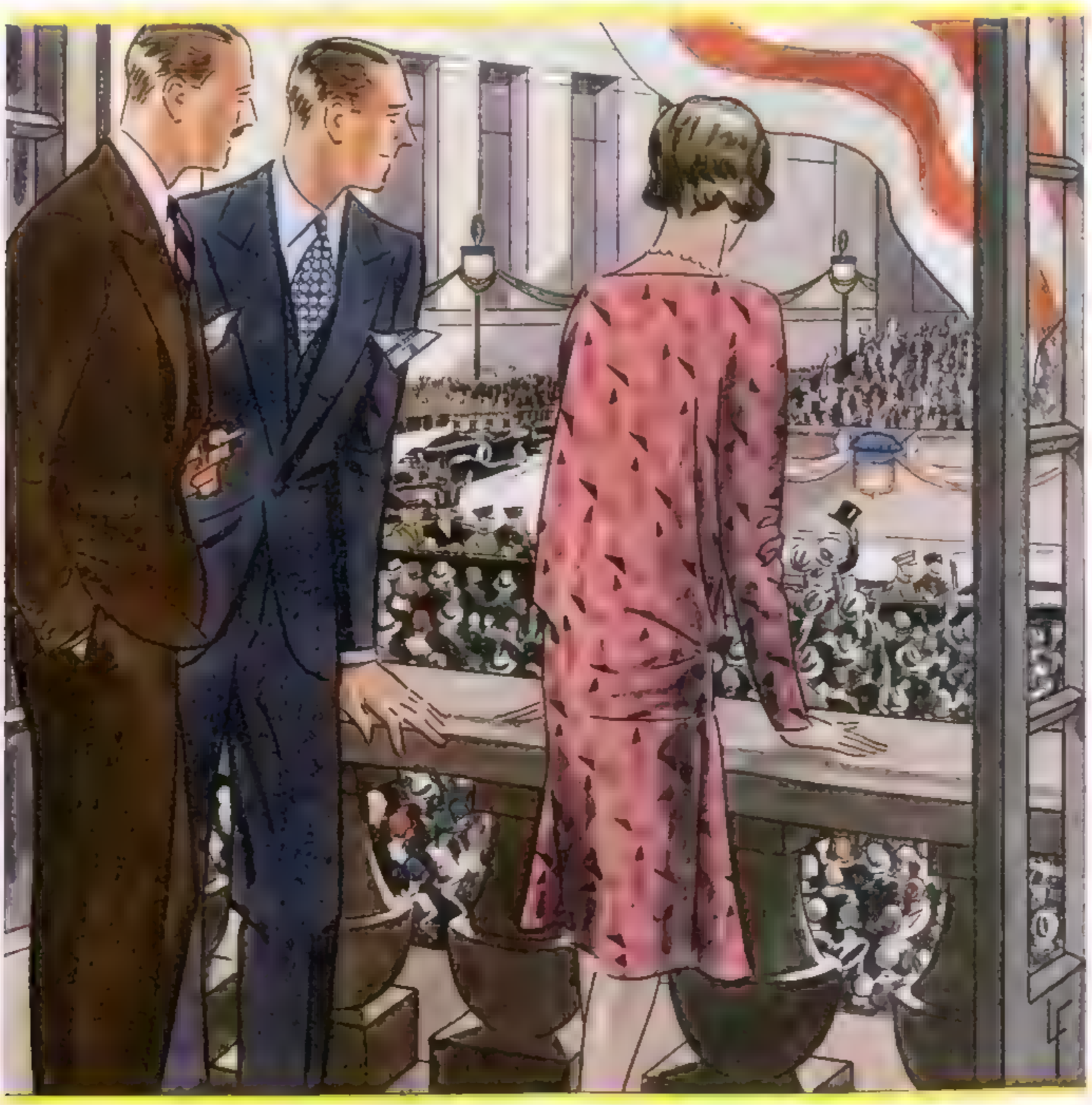

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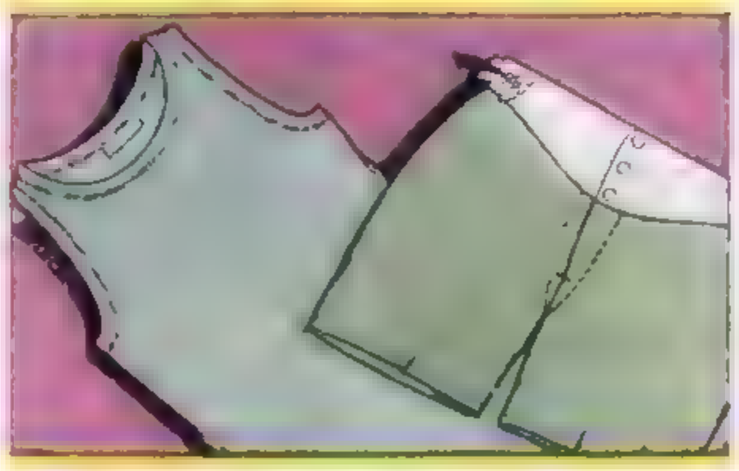

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(Continued from Page 73)

hour. It might have spun itself out into eternity for all that I knew or cared. Through the strange calm of this hallucination we were carried on and on and on. It was with the dazed consciousness of a medium emerging from a hypnotic trance that I was startled by a strained voice calling me:

"Doctor! Doctor! Come up here quickly."

I turned to see the face of Blagden, white and agonized, summoning me to the bridge. The statuesque silhouette of old Shellis, which had commanded it, was no longer visible.

How I tumbled up that ladder I have no idea. Five seconds later, somehow or other, I found myself kneeling beside the crumpled waxen effigy that once had been Captain Shellis. He had fallen, silently, where he stood, as the Chusan stole forward solemnly over the reef which had existed only in that tragic, pitiful brain, and now existed no longer—not even there.

Poor Blagden was staring down at me helplessly; there were tears in his eyes. I shook my head mutely in answer to his mute inquiry. The ship's bell beat one with a sudden, impatient clangor. It had, in my ears, a shuddering, sinister sound. A passing bell. . . . Well, well, we must all die some day. And I was young—oh, quite incredibly young!

Then, in the suspended silence, another bell shrilled urgently. Blagden had stepped to the telegraph and taken over command. "Half speed," I heard. Then, again: "Full speed ahead." The ship gave an answering shudder, the bow wave whispered. Obediently, callously, as though she had merely paused on her way out of momentary, conventional respect for the passing of a brave soul, the Chusan plowed forward under this new guidance. Just so, I thought, the traveling world moves on. We are none of us essential, I thought—not one of us—not even Blagden.

THE LAST OF THE BELLES

(Continued from Page 19)

As the afternoon passed he remained at her side. Finally Ailie came over to me and whispered, with a laugh: "He's following me around. He thinks I haven't paid my fare."

She turned quickly. Miss Kitty Preston, her face curiously flustered, stood facing us.

"Ailie Calhoun, I didn't think it of you to go out and delib'ately try to take a man away from another girl." An expression of distress at the impending scene flitted over Ailie's face. "I thought you considered yourself above anything like that."

Miss Preston's voice was low, but it held that tensity that can be felt farther than it can be heard, and I saw Ailie's clear lovely eyes glance about in panic. Luckily, Earl himself was ambling cheerfully and innocently toward us.

"If you care for him you certainly oughtn't to belittle yourself in front of him," said Ailie in a flash, her head high.

It was her acquaintance with the traditional way of behaving against Kitty Preston's naïve and fierce possessiveness, or if you prefer it, Ailie's "breeding" against the other's "commonness." She turned away.

"Wait a minute, kid!" cried Earl Schoen. "How about your address? Maybe I'd like to give you a ring on the phone."

She looked at him in a way that should have indicated to Kitty her entire lack of interest.

"I'm very busy at the Red Cross this month," she said, her voice as cool as her slicked-back blond hair. "Good-by."

On the way home she laughed. Her air of having been unwittingly involved in a contemptible business vanished.

"She'll never hold that young man," she said. "He wants somebody new."

"Apparently he wants Ailie Calhoun."

The idea amused her.

"He could give me his ticket punch to wear, like a fraternity pin. What fun! If mother ever saw anybody like that come in the house, she'd just lie down and die."

And to give Ailie credit, it was fully a fortnight before he did come in her house, although he rushed her until she pretended to be annoyed at the next country-club dance.

"He's the biggest tough, Andy," she whispered to me. "But he's so sincere."

She used the word "tough" without the conviction it would have carried had he been a Southern boy. She only knew it with her mind; her ear couldn't distinguish between one Yankee voice and another. And somehow Mrs. Calhoun didn't expire at his appearance on the threshold. The supposedly ineradicable prejudices of Ailie's parents were a convenient phenomenon that disappeared at her wish. It was her friends who were astonished. Ailie, always a little above Tarleton, whose beaus had been very carefully the "nicest" men of the camp—Ailie and Lieutenant Schoen! I grew tired of assuring people that she was merely distracting herself—and indeed every week or so there was someone new—an ensign from Pensacola, an old friend from New Orleans—but always, in between times, there was Earl Schoen.

Orders arrived for an advance party of officers and sergeants to proceed to the port of embarkation and take ship to France. My name was on the list. I had been on the range for a week and when I got back to camp, Earl Schoen buttonholed me immediately.

"We're giving a little farewell party in the mess. Just you and I and Captain Craker and three girls."

Earl and I were to call for the girls. We picked up Sally Carrol Happer and Nancy Lamar, and went on to Ailie's house; to be met at the door by the butler with the announcement that she wasn't home.

"Isn't home?" Earl repeated blankly. "Where is she?"

"Didn't leave no information about that; just said she wasn't home."

"But this is a darn funny thing!" he exclaimed. He walked around the familiar dusky veranda while the butler waited at the door. Something occurred to him. "Say," he informed me—"say, I think she's sore."

I waited. He said sternly to the butler, "You tell her I've got to speak to her a minute."

"How'm I goin' tell her that when she ain't home?"

Again he walked musingly around the porch. Then he nodded several times and said:

"She's sore at something that happened downtown."

In a few words he sketched out the matter to me.

"Look here; you wait in the car," I said. "Maybe I can fix this." And when he reluctantly retreated: "Oliver, you tell Miss Ailie I want to see her alone."

After some argument he bore this message and in a moment returned with a reply:

"Miss Ailie say she don't want to see that other gentleman about nothing never. She say come in if you like."

She was in the library. I had expected to see a picture of cool, outraged dignity, but her face was distraught, tumultuous, despairing. Her eyes were red-rimmed, as though she had been crying slowly and painfully, for hours.

"Oh, hello, Andy," she said brokenly. "I haven't seen you for so long. Has he gone?"

"Now, Ailie ——"

"Now, Ailie!" she cried. "Now, Ailie! He spoke to me, you see. He lifted his hat. He stood there ten feet from me with that horrible—that horrible woman—holding her arm and talking to her, and then when he saw me he raised his hat. Andy, I didn't know what to do. I had to go in the drug store and ask for a glass of water, and I was so afraid he'd follow in after me that I asked Mr. Rich to let me go out the back way. I never want to see him or hear of him again."

I talked. I said what one says in such cases. I said it for half an hour. I could not move her. Several times she answered by murmuring something about his not being "sincere," and for the fourth time I wondered what the word meant to her. Certainly not constancy; it was, I half suspected, some special way she wanted to be regarded.

I got up to go. And then, unbelievably, the automobile horn sounded three times impatiently outside. It was stupefying. It said as plainly as if Earl were in the room, "All right; go to the devil then! I'm not going to wait here all night."

Ailie looked at me aghast. And suddenly a peculiar look came into her face, spread, flickered, broke into a teary, hysterical smile.

"Isn't he awful?" she cried in helpless despair. "Isn't he terrible?"

"Hurry up," I said quickly. "Get your cape. This is our last night."

And I can still feel that last night vividly, the candlelight that flickered over the rough boards of the mess shack, over the frayed paper decorations left from the supply company's party, the sad mandolin down a company street that kept picking My Indiana Home out of the universal nostalgia of the departing summer. The three girls lost in this mysterious men's city felt something, too—a bewitched impermanence as though they were on a magic carpet that had lighted on the Southern countryside, and any moment the wind would lift it and waft it away. We toasted ourselves and the South. Then we left our napkins and empty glasses and a little of the past on the table, and hand in hand went out into the moonlight itself. Taps had been played; there was no sound but the far-away whinny of a horse, and a loud persistent snore at which we laughed, and the leathery snap of a sentry coming to port over by the guardhouse. Craker was on duty; we others got into a waiting car, motored into Tarleton and left Craker's girl.

Then Ailie and Earl, Sally and I, two and two in the wide back seat, each couple turned from the other, absorbed and whispering, drove away into the wide, flat darkness.

We drove through pine woods heavy with lichen and Spanish moss, and between the fallow cotton fields along a road white as the rim of the world. We parked under the broken shadow of a mill where there was the sound of running water and restive squawky birds and over everything a brightness that tried to filter in anywhere—into the lost nigger cabins, the automobile, the fastnesses of the heart. The South sang to us—I wonder if they remember. I remember—the cool pale faces, the somnolent amorous eyes and the voices:

"Are you comfortable?"

"Yes; are you?"

"Are you sure you are?"

"Yes."

Suddenly we knew it was late and there was nothing more. We turned home.

Our detachment started for Camp Mills next day, but I didn't go to France after all. We passed a cold month on Long Island, marched aboard a transport with steel helmets slung at our sides and then marched off again. There wasn't any more war. I had missed the war. When I came back to Tarleton I tried to get out of the Army, but I had a regular commission and it took most

(Continued on Page 78)

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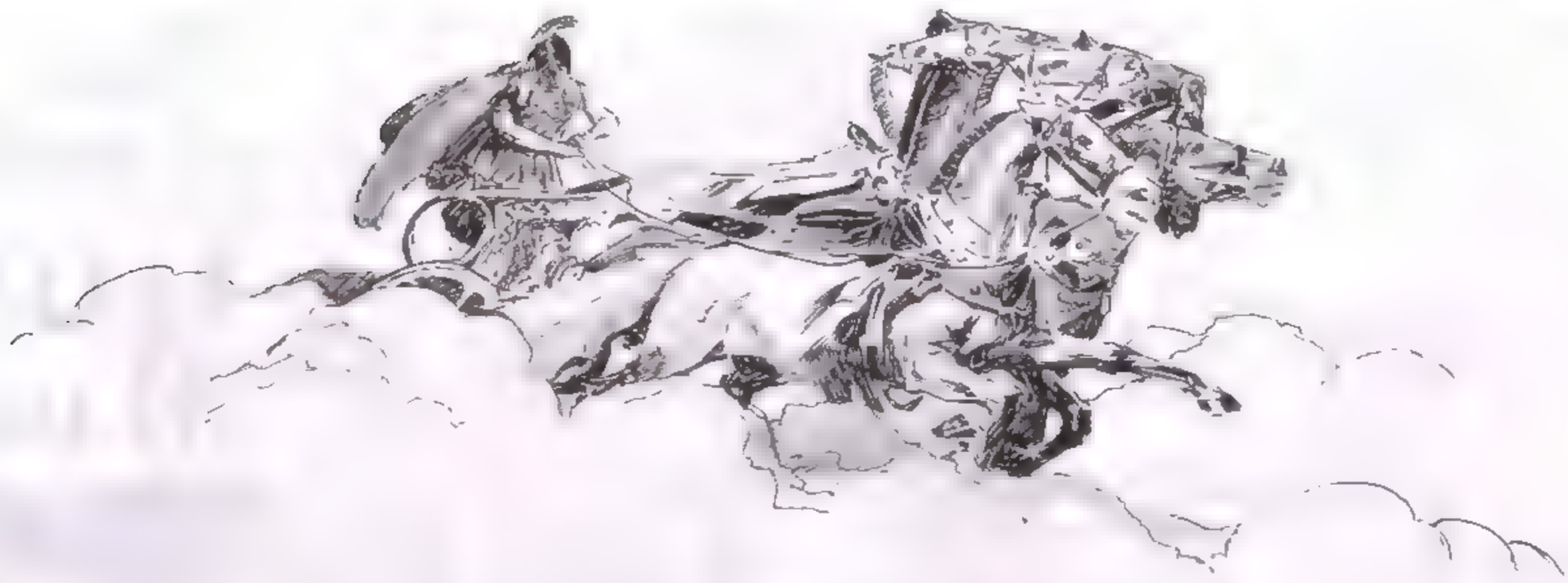

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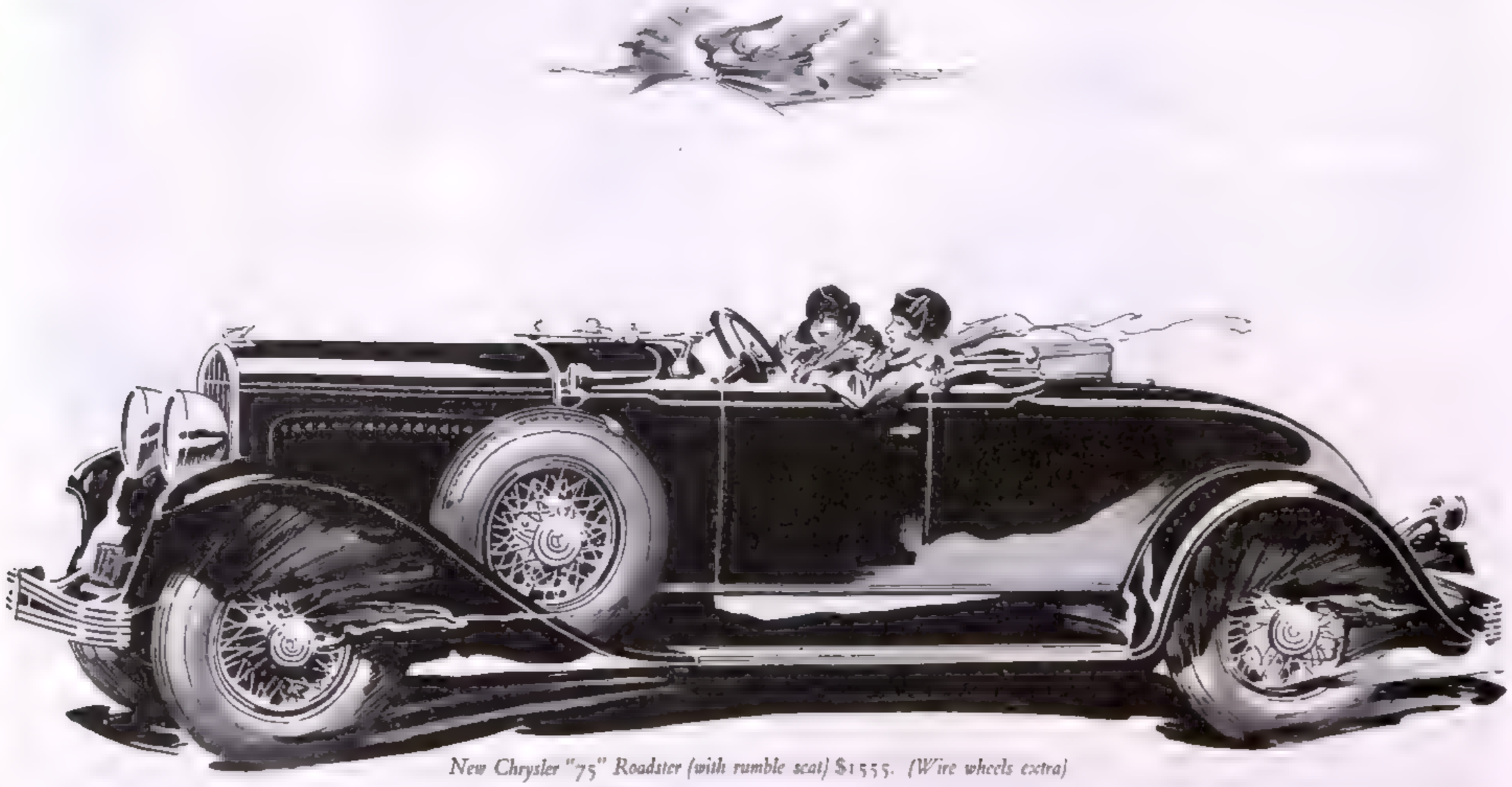

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Add to this superiority of performance, that striking and original style and beauty all Chrysler's own, at prices which are $1000 under other cars which are usually compared with Chrysler. Then you will find it easy to understand the universal demand for Chrysler.

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(Continued from Page 75)

of the winter. But Earl Schoen was one of the first to be demobilized. He wanted to find a good job "while the picking was good." Ailie was noncommittal, but there was an understanding between them that he'd be back.

By January the camps, which for two years had dominated the little city, were already fading. There was only the persistent incinerator smell to remind one of all that activity and bustle. What life remained centered bitterly about divisional headquarters building, with the disgruntled regular officers who had also missed the war.

And now the young men of Tarleton began drifting back from the ends of the earth—some with Canadian uniforms, some with crutches or empty sleeves. A returned battalion of the National Guard paraded through the streets with open ranks for their dead, and then stepped down out of romance forever and sold you things over the counters of local stores. Only a few uniforms mingled with the dinner coats at the country-club dance.

Just before Christmas, Bill Knowles arrived unexpectedly one day and left the next—either he gave Ailie an ultimatum or she had made up her mind at last. I saw her sometimes when she wasn't busy with returned heroes from Savannah and Augusta, but I felt like an outmoded survival—and I was. She was waiting for Earl Schoen with such a vast uncertainty that she didn't like to talk about it. Three days before I got my final discharge he came.

I first happened upon them walking down Market Street together, and I don't think I've ever been so sorry for a couple in my life; though I suppose the same situation was repeating itself in every city where there had been camps. Exteriorly Earl had about everything wrong with him that could be imagined. His hat was green, with a radical feather; his suit was slashed and braided in a grotesque fashion that national advertising and the movies have put an end to. Evidently he had been to his old barber, for his hair bloused neatly on his pink, shaved neck. It wasn't as though he had been shiny and poor, but the background of mill-town dance halls and outing clubs flamed out at you—or rather flamed out at Ailie. For she had never quite imagined the reality; in these clothes even the natural grace of that magnificent body had departed. At first he boasted of his fine job; it would get them along all right until he could "see some easy money." But from the moment he came back into her world on its own terms he must have known it was hopeless. I don't know what Ailie said or how much her grief weighed against her stupefaction. She acted quickly—three days after his arrival, Earl and I went North together on the train.

"Well, that's the end of that," he said moodily. "She's a wonderful girl, but too much of a highbrow for me. I guess she's got to marry some rich guy that'll give her a great social position. I can't see that stuck-up sort of thing." And then, later: "She said to come back and see her in a year, but I'll never go back. This aristocrat stuff is all right if you got the money for it, but ——"

"But it wasn't real," he meant to finish. The provincial society in which he had moved with so much satisfaction for six months already appeared to him as affected, dudish and artificial.

"Say, did you see what I saw getting on the train?" he asked me after a while. "Two wonderful janes, all alone. What do you say we mosey into the next car and ask them to lunch? I'll take the one in blue." Halfway down the car he turned around suddenly. "Say, Andy," he demanded, frowning; "one thing—how do you suppose she knew I used to command a street car? I never told her that."

"Search me."

III

THIS narrative arrives now at one of the big gaps that stared me in the face when I began. For six years, while I finished at Harvard Law and built commercial aeroplanes and backed a pavement block that went gritty under trucks, Ailie Calhoun was scarcely more than a name on a Christmas card; something that blew a little in my mind on warm nights when I remembered the magnolia flowers. Occasionally an acquaintance of Army days would ask me, "What became of that blond girl who was so popular?" but I didn't know. I ran into Nancy Lamar at the Montmartre in New York one evening and learned that Ailie had become engaged to a man in Cincinnati, had gone North to visit his family and then broken it off. She was lovely as ever and there was always a heavy beau or two. But neither Bill Knowles nor Earl Schoen had ever come back.

And somewhere about that time I heard that Bill Knowles had married a girl he met on a boat. There you are—not much of a patch to mend six years with.

Oddly enough, a girl seen at twilight in a small Indiana station started me thinking about going South. The girl, in stiff pink organdie, threw her arms about a man who got off our train and hurried him to a waiting car, and I felt a sort of pang. It seemed to me that she was bearing him off into the lost midsummer world of my early twenties, where time had stood still and charming girls, dimly seen like the past itself, still loitered along the dusky streets. I suppose that poetry is a Northern man's dream of the South. But it was months later that I sent off a wire to Ailie, and immediately followed it to Tarleton.

It was July. The Jefferson Hotel seemed strangely shabby and stuffy—a boosters' club burst into intermittent song in the dining room that my memory had long dedicated to officers and girls. I recognized the taxi driver who took me up to Ailie's house, but his "Sure, I do, lieutenant," was unconvincing. I was only one of twenty thousand.

It was a curious three days. I suppose some of Ailie's first young luster must have gone the way of such mortal shining, but I can't bear witness to it. She was still so physically appealing that you wanted to touch the personality that trembled on her lips. No—the change was more profound than that.

At once I saw she had a different line. The modulations of pride, the vocal hints that she knew the secrets of a brighter, finer ante-bellum day, were gone from her voice; there was no time for them now as it rambled on in the half laughing, half desperate banter of the newer South. And everything was swept into this banter in order to make it go on and leave no time for thinking—the present, the future, herself, me. We went to a rowdy party at the house of some young married people, and she was the nervous, glowing center of it. After all, she wasn't eighteen, and she was as attractive in her rôle of reckless clown as she had ever been in her life.

"Have you heard anything from Earl Schoen?" I asked her the second night, on our way to the country-club dance.

"No." She was serious for a moment. "I often think of him. He was the ——" She hesitated.

"Go on."

"I was going to say the man I loved most, but that wouldn't be true. I never exactly loved him, or I'd have married him any old how, wouldn't I?" She looked at me questioningly. "At least I wouldn't have treated him like that."

"It was impossible."

"Of course," she agreed uncertainly. Her mood changed; she became flippant: "How the Yankees did deceive us poor little Southern girls. Ah, me!"

When we reached the country club she melted like a chameleon into the—to me—unfamiliar crowd. There was a new generation upon the floor, with less dignity than the ones I had known, but none of them were more a part of its lazy, feverish essence than Ailie. Possibly she had perceived that in her initial longing to escape from Tarleton's provincialism she had been walking alone, following a generation which was doomed to have no successors. Just where she lost the battle waged behind the white pillars of her veranda I don't know. But she had guessed wrong, missed out somewhere. Her wild animation, which even now called enough men around her to rival the entourage of the youngest and freshest, was an admission of defeat.

I left her house, as I had so often left it that vanished June, in a mood of vague dissatisfaction. It was hours later, tossing about my bed in the hotel, that I realized what was the matter, what had always been the matter—I was deeply and incurably in love with her. In spite of every incompatibility, she was still, she would always be to me, the most attractive girl I had ever known. I told her so next afternoon. It was one of those hot days I knew so well, and Ailie sat beside me on a couch in the darkened library.

"Oh, no, I couldn't marry you," she said, almost frightened; "I don't love you that way at all. . . . I never did. And you don't love me. I didn't mean to tell you now, but next month I'm going to marry another man. We're not even announcing it, because I've done that twice before." Suddenly it occurred to her that I might be hurt: "Andy, you just had a silly idea, didn't you? You know I couldn't ever marry a Northern man."

"Who is he?" I demanded.

"A man from Savannah."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Of course I am." We both smiled. "Of course I am! What are you trying to make me say?"

There were no doubts, as there had been with other men. She couldn't afford to let herself have doubts. I knew this because she had long ago stopped making any pretensions with me. This very naturalness, I realized, was because she didn't consider me as a suitor. Beneath her mask of an instinctive thoroughbred she had always been on to herself, and she couldn't believe that anyone not taken in to the point of uncritical worship could really love her. That was what she called being "sincere"; she felt most security with men like Canby and Earl Schoen, who were incapable of passing judgments on the ostensibly aristocratic heart.

"All right," I said, as if she had asked my permission to marry. "Now, would you do something for me?"

"Anything."

"Ride out to camp."

"But there's nothing left there, honey."

"I don't care."

We walked downtown. The taxi driver in front of the hotel repeated her objection: "Nothing there now, cap."

"Never mind. Go there anyhow."

Twenty minutes later he stopped on a wide unfamiliar plain powdered with new cotton fields and marked with isolated clumps of pine.

"Like to drive over yonder where you see the smoke?" asked the driver. "That's the new state prison."

"No. Just drive along this road. I want to find where I used to live."

An old race course, inconspicuous in the camp's day of glory, had reared its dilapidated grand stand in the desolation. I tried in vain to orient myself.

"Go along this road past that clump of trees, and then turn right—no, turn left."

He obeyed disgustedly.

"You won't find a single thing, darling," said Ailie. "The contractors took it all down."

We rode slowly along the margin of the fields. It might have been here ——

"All right. I want to get out," I said suddenly.

I left Ailie sitting in the car, looking very beautiful with the warm breeze stirring her long, curly bob.

It might have been here. That would make the company streets down there and the mess shack, where we dined that night, just over the way.

The taxi driver regarded me indulgently while I stumbled here and there in the knee-deep underbrush, looking for my youth in a clapboard or a strip of roofing or a rusty tomato can. I tried to sight on a vaguely familiar clump, but it was growing darker now and I couldn't be quite sure they were the right trees.

"They're going to fix up the old race course," Ailie said. "Tarleton's getting quite doggy in its old age."

No, upon consideration they didn't look like the right trees. All I could be sure of was this place that had once been so full of life and effort was gone as if it had never existed, and that in another month Ailie would be gone and the South would be empty for me forever.

Mr. J. B. Sopwith's Stomach Ache

MR. J. B. SOPWITH had a terrible pain in his stomach. Desiring the best medical treatment, he consulted the great Doctor Wisbone.

"The first step toward cure," said the great Doctor Wisbone, "is a thorough clinical diagnosis. Half the errors of medicine proceed from curing the patient of something he hasn't got." He thrust Mr. J. B. Sopwith through a door marked Diagnosis Wing.

A secretary received Mr. J. B. Sopwith and examined him on his past history. She went exhaustively into the illnesses he had had since birth, and into the character of his parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. She filled a notebook with the records of his personal habits, love life, business career, dreams, and slips of speech.

He was then forwarded to a room where he was stripped and given a physical examination. After the customary general tests, his inward parts were scrutinized by means of the ophthalmoscope, the laryngoscope, the bronchoscope, the œsophagoscope, the sigmoidoscope and the endoscope. When the findings were fully recorded he was adjourned to the X-ray Department.

In the X-ray Department, he was given a good drink of bismuth to render his alimentary canal opaque, and he swallowed a dye—tetrabromphenolphthalein—which would find its way into the gall bladder, which would thus become visible in the photograph. A complete set of X-rays was made of his teeth, digestive apparatus and feet, and a prompt development promised.

In the Organic Records Department graphic charts were made of his pulse, with the polygraph; of his blood pressure, with the sphygmomanometer; and of his heart, with the electro-cardiograph.

In the Laboratory a blood count was made, and a sample taken for examination for the sugar and nonprotein nitrogen content. His throat was swabbed for a bacteriological examination.

In the Immunology Department he was given complement-fixation tests to determine whether he was protected against enteric fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever. His sensitiveness to special irritations, such as flower pollen, feathers and the dandruff of horses, was also studied.

"Now," said the last examiner, "you may return to Doctor Wisbone, and in the light of our examination he will give you an authoritative opinion on your stomach ache."

Unfortunately, Mr. J. B. Sopwith was dead.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

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Stained Shingles

STAINED UNDER-PRESSURE

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

(Continued from Page 23)

Mr. Bradeen's chauffeur swerved to avoid a collision, so that his car skidded and plunged through a fence and over an embankment, tumbling into the water below. The chauffeur, since the car was a limousine, was able to extricate himself and make his way to the surface, but Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill were still in the car when it was salvaged five or six hours later.

Charlie recalled the tragedy, nodded, said apologetically, "Of course. Sorry I'm so dumb."

"So they were busy all afternoon," she concluded, and she shook her head as though to dispel distressing memories. "Let's not talk about them," she urged. "I've been with them all day. What have you been doing?"

"I'm going to take you somewhere to supper," Charlie told her. "It's warm. Say we go down to the shore."

"Don't make me decide," she pleaded.

"It's decided," he returned reassuringly. "A boat ride and supper and a long evening together. Let's go."

And they did, in the end, as he proposed; and only now and then did they discuss these matters which were uppermost in the minds of both of them. But at intervals their thoughts or their tongues did trick them into this forbidden ground. Thus Charlie spoke of his call on Mrs. Culp and of the old woman's petulant complaining.

"Because Cousin Maria lost her cane!" he said laughingly, and Phœbe smiled.

"Poor old thing," she commented. But she added: "Mr. Boetius has lost his cane, too, I guess. He came into Mr. Ruson's office today and he didn't have it."

Something stirred in Charlie. "His cane?" he repeated. "I wonder where it is."

She seemed suddenly to hesitate, shook her head, said again, wearily, "I don't want to talk about the office." And she smiled at him gayly. "Besides, I shouldn't tell you things. You're an outlaw. You're not entitled to be admitted into all the secrets and mysteries."

So again for a while their slow talk wandered. They had supper on the veranda of one of those establishments which specialize in shore dinners, and they ate steamed clams and they shucked lobsters and sucked the claws and they arose at last contented and strolled away along the beach. The cool water rippled on the sand beside them, and they sat down at last, their arms clasping their knees, Charlie's cigarette end glowing in the darkness, and had a long talk together. But Charlie thought of cigarettes that had glowed and gleamed in the dark arched entrances of those warehouses, across from the house on Scurvy Street, while Molly Bell waited for her man.

And he spoke at last, irresistibly, of Molly Bell, and of Bellmer, and of the story of Boetius in that day's Journal. Charlie said he thought the tale a fabrication.

"He's protecting Bellmer," he declared. "Boetius would do that. Loyalty is a vice with him."

"Oh, you and your Boetius!" she retorted laughingly. "You think he's wonderful because he lied, and if he had refused to lie you'd still think him wonderful."

He grinned. "How's Ruson's stock?" he asked.

And Phœbe said thoughtfully, "High!" Charlie colored with chagrin in the dark beside her, but after a moment she added whimsically: "Even if he did try to get rid of me today."

"Get rid of you?" he echoed, in quick attention.

"Oh, I don't really mean that," she confessed. "One of his friends is going around the world with his whole family. A wealthy man, Mr. Ruson said, but he didn't tell me who. And this man wants a secretary to go along, and Mr. Ruson said he could place me there; he said it would be a wonderful chance to see the world—a wonderful experience."

Charlie was tingling with resentment, but his voice was steady. "Certainly would," he said slowly. "Certainly would, Phœbe. A great chance for you."

She laughed softly, touched his sleeve. "You needn't sound so woebegone."

"I'm not," he protested. "Just glad for you."

"Oh, but I'm not going," she assured him. "I refused. I don't want to go around the world. I want to stay here and—argue with you."

And Charlie, in his great relief, laughed aloud. "That's wise," he told her. "Sensible young woman! What's the world, after all? A world well lost, I call it."

"I told him," she said quizzically, "that I knew a young man out of employment who might be glad to go."

But Charlie only chuckled. "You're as big a liar as Boetius," he returned.

On the boat that took them back to the city and on the street car that bore them toward her apartment, they spoke again of Bellmer and of Molly Bell. Phœbe was more sure that in the woman lay the key to this enigma, and she reiterated this

"She may not have killed him, of course," she conceded. "But it wouldn't surprise me if she did."

Charlie said intolerantly, "Nonsense!"

"Why is it nonsense?" she demanded, and he sought for a reason.

"Well, she couldn't hit him hard enough," he declared. "And then another thing: The blow was struck from behind, by someone taller than Mr. Bellmer, or standing above him."

"She might have been standing on a chair," Phœbe insisted.

"Or on a stepladder," he said jeeringly. "Or hanging from a chandelier."

"I don't care, I think she did it," the girl protested. "Why couldn't she have hit him from in front?"

"He'd have grabbed her hand—stopped her," Charlie retorted. "Besides, she'd have had to be left-handed to hit him where he was hit."

"Well, is she?"

"No," he said positively.

"How do you know?"

He retorted stoutly: "Don't you suppose that's the first thing Inspector Tope thought of?"

"No, I don't," she told him. "I'll bet she is left-handed. I know she is."

And they said good night at last with this point still open. Charlie held his ground; but when he left her, he had made up his mind to find out whether by any chance Molly Bell were in fact left-handed. The possibility had not occurred to him, and he doubted whether it had suggested itself to the inspector.

But he was never to answer this question Phœbe had proposed. It ceased, next day, to be important. Charlie had gone to the Journal office to get his pay. In the corridor outside the cashier's wicket he chanced to encounter Boetius himself, and the young man was shocked at the change in the older one. He thought Boetius stooped more than in the past, and his face was haggard and his eyes were aching wounds. Boetius spoke to Charlie, in a low tone; and Charlie shook his hand and said quickly:

"I'm sorry, sir. I know how devoted you were to Mr. Bellmer."

"You had never seen him," Boetius thoughtfully remarked, "or you'd have known him."

"No," Charlie agreed. "And I'm mighty sorry, sir."

He had already drawn his pay envelope. He was about to turn away. But as he thus moved, one of the office boys came running along the corridor, out of breath; he came to Boetius and he stopped and said pantingly:

"Mr. Boetius, Mr. Jackman wants you quick. That woman—that Molly Bell has committed suicide in her cell."

And Charlie saw the blood drain from the city editor's cheek before the big man turned and trudged, like one too heavy laden, toward the stairs.

X

YOUNG Charlie Harquail watched Boetius trudge away along the corridor to the head of the stairs and down to the city room, and for a moment he was near forgetting the news the office boy had brought, in his keen and wistful sympathy for the older man. It did not occur to him that there was on the surface no reason why Boetius should thus command his sympathy. The editor might be expected to grieve for Bellmer, who was not only his employer but the focus of his life and all his effort; but this woman, except for her relation to Bellmer, was nothing to Boetius and could be nothing to him.

Yet Charlie, as he watched the older man stumble away toward the stair, had again a curious sense of grandeur; such a keen and thrilling emotion as had stirred in him that night when he saw the grief in Molly Bell's stark countenance while she told how her man had died. Her love for Bellmer may have been mad and foolish; but so many grand deeds have a touch of madness in them, and of valorous folly. The men and women who perform them are immune from the common-sense considerations which restrain less devoted folk. If a man would fly the Atlantic alone, we call his deed folly before it is done and splendor afterward.

Any man can give blind service and devotion to a great leader; it requires a peculiar nobility to give an equal devotion to one who is unworthy. And Charlie, watching Boetius now, was dimly conscious of this. The city editor, since Bellmer's death, had begun to assume the aspect of an empty sack; that loyalty which filled him was gone, drained, departed. He was empty now, and his emptiness was plain. Not loyalty, but grief remained; of loyalty there were only vain and futile shreds.

So Charlie watched Boetius go, and not for moments thereafter did he come back to a level mind again. Fray, the new cashier behind the wicket where Collord had used to preside, spoke to him presently, and this word roused Charlie.

Fray said speculatively, "Boetius is looking bad since Mr. Bellmer's gone."

"He is, yes," Charlie agreed. "And this just now seemed to hit him hard too. He waited."

"I expect he'll be left in charge of the paper now—he and Mr. Ruson," Fray commented. Charlie made no comment, still looking toward the stairs. "I know Mr. Bellmer fixed up his will, here awhile back. Collord had to go upstairs and witness it."

Charlie lighted a cigarette. "I've got to move," he decided, and he drifted away. Movement spurred his thoughts and his thoughts quickened his steps. By the time he reached the street he was moving more rapidly, toward headquarters and the inspector, to learn how Molly Bell had accomplished her last design.

Inspector Tope, he expected, would be already away upon some trail connected with this quest, and Charlie meant to go to the reporters' room. But as he passed through the corridor he looked into the inspector's office and saw Tope with hat and coat on, apparently about to go out; so he stopped, turned in. Tope was consulting with Inspector Hagan, a younger man and recently shifted out of uniform to plain clothes; and Charlie waited, out of hearing, till Tope saw him and greeted him.

"I just heard about it," Charlie said under his breath, as the other approached, and Inspector Tope nodded.

"We didn't look for it," he confessed. "She'd behaved well—quiet enough. Don't know that we could have helped it, anyway."

"What did she do?" Charlie asked.

And the old man said in a weary, rueful tone: "She took a hairpin and rubbed it on the windowledge till it was sharp. Then, after she got to bed, she cut into her arm and got a vein open and the matron didn't know it till this morning."

Charlie shook his head. "Shrewd," he commented. "She had intelligence."

"She'd had a transfusion sometime, Doctor Gero thought," Tope explained. "There was a scar on her arm from it. Maybe she knew how by that." And he added: "I've got to travel. What are you doing?"

Charlie grinned in some discomfiture. "I don't know where to begin. I wish you'd give me a lead—something I might dig up for you."

"I'm going down in Maine to see this chauffeur," Tope explained. "Come along, if you want. We'll get back sometime tonight or tomorrow. I want to see what he says."

"You think he did it?"

The old man shook his head. "No," he said. "But don't tell him so. I might want to throw a scare into the man."

And after a moment's consideration, Charlie decided to do as the inspector suggested. Half an hour later they were on a Portland train. It crawled through the yards and straightened out for its northward run; and they sat for a little silently, and then Charlie said, half to himself:

"Boetius was broken up by this last business." Tope looked at him inquiringly, and Charlie told how it happened that he had seen Boetius at the moment when he first heard the news. "They usually pay off down there on Tuesdays," he added. "But Mr. Collord, the cashier, died last week and there was a day's delay." And when the other made no comment, he asked, "Why do you think she did it, inspector?"

The inspector considered. "She might have been afraid of what was coming," he confessed. "But I think it was grieving for what was gone."

"Fowle Bellmer?"

The other shook his head. "No, I think she was one of these women—beautiful women—who spend all their time being beautiful, keeping beautiful. Their looks are life to them. And then Bellmer came along and she loved him. And she didn't notice the change in herself till he was gone. Then she saw that she wasn't beautiful any longer. The logical thing was to do what she did. Since beauty was gone, life was gone."

"A woman doesn't realize when she stops being beautiful," Charlie argued, but Tope shook his head.

"Fool women don't," he assented. "And women in love don't. But this one—she had a streak of sense in her. And her love was dead."

Some further silence held them and their thoughts were racing. But by and by the inspector shifted in his seat and smiled and asked casually, "Well, what have you been doing since I saw you? Found anything?"

Charlie considered, and he chuckled. "I haven't done much," he confessed. "I've run at random, more or less." And he added: "I did go out to call on Mrs. Culp yesterday. She runs the house on Scurvy Street. She's the same as ever."

"Complaining?"

"Somebody stole Cousin Maria's cane." Charlie grinned. "That was the burden of her wail."

"Pshaw!" Tope protested. "That's too bad. I expect I picked up that cane—in the back yard, under the bathroom window, next day. Probably somebody used it to prop a window open and it fell out. It was a short cane."

"Maria's lame," Charlie reminded him. "Did you give it back to her?"

"I guess I carried it to headquarters," the inspector hazarded. "I'm absent-minded sometimes."

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(Continued from Page 80)

"You ought to send it back to her," the young man urged smilingly.

And Tope said, "I'll send her a new one."

Charlie sat silent for a minute. "That reminds me," he remembered presently. "It's a hard season on canes. Boetius walks with a cane, usually, but he's lost his."

Tope looked at him curiously. "Say so, did he?"

Charlie colored faintly. "I know Miss Mannis pretty well," he explained -"Mr. Ruson's stenographer. She had supper with me last night, and she happened to mention it."

There was an undercurrent of excitement in his tone, unwilling yet persistent. For he had suddenly remembered that Doctor Gero said Bellmer might well have been killed by a blow from a cane. But if this occurred to the inspector, he did not voice the thought.

"Mr. Ruson's stenographer, is she?" he repeated. "Been there long?"

"Quite a while. Two or three years, I guess"

"Good, is she?" the inspector asked.

"Well, I like her," Charlie admitted, and he smiled. "Ruson is satisfied with her," he added; and then, remembering: "Although he did offer her a chance at a new job yesterday."

"What kind of a job?" Tope asked.

And Charlie said, "A friend of his, going around the world with his family, wants a secretary to make the trip with him. A great chance for her, Mr. Ruson thought."

"That's so," the inspector assented. "Is she going?" Charlie shook his head and the other inquired: "Who's the friend? The traveler?" But Charlie did not know.

"Glad you know her," Tope remarked, after a moment's silence. "She might find out something to help, down there. I'm going down to see Mr. Ruson when I get back see if he can help any."

"Of course she doesn't talk about Mr. Ruson's business," Charlie remarked, and the other nodded his agreement and approval.

They came in mid-afternoon to the end of their journey, to the hospital bed where Bellmer's colored chauffeur lay now in splints and bandages; and the man's eyes were wide and his dark face was gray with fright when they appeared in the ward where he was under tendance. One of the local policemen was on duty in the hall outside, and the inspector consulted with him for a moment before they went in. They had seen a house officer, who assured them the hurt man would recover; so they approached the bedside boldly enough. Charlie, watching the inspector curiously, was faintly amused at the truculent tone the old man forthwith assumed.

"Well, Wilbur," Tope remarked, "you've worked yourself into a bad jam."

The negro stirred uneasily, and the inspector pulled a folded paper from his pocket and read from it, or seemed to read from it, importantly:

Wilbur Pelky, chauffeur for Donald Bellmer, wanted for reckless driving and for going away after an accident without making himself known, and for manslaughter.

He put the paper away. "How does that sound to you?" he demanded.

Pelky rolled his head weakly. "I never hit him, Mr. Officer," he said pleadingly. "I never touched Mr. Bellmer."

"You tried to," Tope sharply insisted. "You tried to run him down."

"Naw, sir!" Pelky protested. "Naw, sir'"

But the inspector shook his finger in the other's face. "You listen to me, Wilbur," he warned. "I know all about it. If you lie, you'll only get yourself in worse. Mr. Bellmer had mistreated you, knocked you around. You told your buddies in the garage that you'd get him for it. You knew where he was going that night, and you let him out at Spruce and Latimer, and then you drove around the block and tried to run him down, right under the Elevated. He saw you coming and dodged, and you cut in toward the curb after him. Man, don't you know you're playing with the electric chair?"

"Naw, sir!" Pelky babbled desperately. "Naw, sir, I never hit him, honest I never did!"

"I said you tried to," Tope insisted. "I didn't say you hit him. I know you didn't hit him. He dodged out of your way and he fell down, but he wasn't hurt."

"Then what that you say about manslaughter?" the colored man asked cautiously.

"Bellmer was killed, twenty minutes afterward, by some gangsters," Tope told him. "We thought you had done it till we got some new stuff on it yesterday, but there's still this charge against you. You'd better tell what you know. You tried to hit him. You've got to clear yourself of that, anyway."

Pelky rolled his eyes. "That man dead, you saying?" he asked, the incredulous relief in his eyes testifying to his fear of Bellmer.

"Dead? Yes –twenty minutes after you beat it."

"I never hit him'"

"No. They shot him– three blocks away from where you saw him"

"He sure dead, is he?" Pelky insisted.

"Certainly. I told you he's dead."

The negro relaxed on his pillow; he sighed, inhaling deeply. "Man," he murmured, "that sounds good to me!"

"Why?" Tope challenged.

"He'd have skinned me alive when he caught up with me!"

"For wrecking his car?"

"Yas, sir, and for trying to wreck him! He see me when I went by!"

"Pelky," Tope asked shrewdly, "how did you happen to try to kill him just that way, running him down? That was clever. But you're dumb. How did you think of it?"

Pelky looked sheepish. "Yas, sir," he muttered.

"What put it in your head?" the inspector insisted. "You didn't work that out yourself. You might have clubbed him or cut his throat, but you'd never think of this alone." And when the colored man did not at once reply, he urged: "Speak up, Wilbur. Got the idea out of the paper, didn't you?"

"I don't have no time to read the papers," Pelky protested. "I got too many cars to polish and grease and all. Naw, sir, I don't read no papers." He added lamely: "Somebody sent me a piece about it."

"A piece?"

"Cut out of the paper," Pelky explained. "It says where if a man driving a car did want to do a job on somebody, and could catch 'em out in the street, he could do it mighty easy, and keep right on going and nobody know the difference."

"Where is it," Tope asked sharply – "that piece out of the paper? Where is it?"

Wilbur rolled his eyes. "Man, I throwed that clean away," he declared. "Mighty quick too."

"Just a clipping?"

"Out of the back page of the Journal," Wilbur explained. "It was saying they'd ought to put a hit-and-run driver in for manslaughter, and at the top it says, Murder Made Easy."

Tope looked toward Charlie and Charlie nodded. "Editorial," he pointed out. "I remember it. We can get a copy."

"And that's all there was?" the inspector asked the man in the bed

"There was some printing down the side," Pelky confessed. "It says: 'Don't Bellmer ever cross the street?'"

Inspector Tope fell to nodding his head, his hands swinging at his sides. Charlie had begun to recognize this gesture. At such times he had always the impression that the old man was tallying off this point and that in his mind, and he wondered what Tope was thinking, so he said provocatively:

"Clipped out of the Journal. Bellmer probably wrote it himself."

And Tope retorted: "He wouldn't write Pelky a note in the margin. Notes all around, in this business! Molly Bell's to Bull Fowle, in Bull's pocket; and someone's to Dent and this one to Pelky. This killer was a complete letter writer. He thought it would save trouble if Pelky killed his boss."

He turned back to the chauffeur on the bed. "Who was this from, Wilbur?" he demanded.

The negro shook his head. "I dunno, mister. It come to me in the mail –tha's all I know."

"You drove Bellmer down there that night'"

"Yas, sir. He gone home from the Journal office and changed his clothes and come out and tell me where to drop him. My orders was to come back there the same place at seven o'clock next morning. I'd been cleaning up the car before we started out, and I gone and left some grease on the door handle, and he got it on his hand and he pasted me.

"So I thought about that piece in the paper. So I let him out where he said and I cut around the block. I was mad enough to —— But I missed him, mister! He dodged! But he saw me go by. So I kep' on coming, till I come up in the ditch up here."

There was finality in his tone. The tale was told. Charlie and the inspector stayed a further while, but they had no more than this from Wilbur Pelky. The inspector asked another question, and another, and the negro answered them now readily enough. The fact that Bellmer was dead seemed to relieve him of all reticence; he had feared the dead man more than he now feared the law.

And on the train, returning to the city, Charlie broke a long silence to ask, "He told the truth?"

"Yes," the inspector agreed. "Yes, I could check him on this and that. He meant to run Bellmer down, but he lost his nerve."

"Then who?" Charlie insisted. "Who did it, inspector?"

Tope wagged his head. "Wait till I talk to Reevil," he suggested. "His gang was laying for Bull Fowle. That comes straight. I want to see what he has to say."

And he would add no more, and he fell by and by quietly asleep where he sat. So for most of the return journey Charlie had his thoughts for company.

Once or twice, half resentfully, he looked at Tope, asleep there. The inspector was old, ill-suited to this rôle he played. Tope, Charlie thought, should be just now the directing force in a whirl of activity, scouring the state for those who slew Don Bellmer. But the old man, quite unconcerned, slept as placidly as a child.

Inspector Hagan, it occurred to Charlie, would move more swiftly. Hagan was that younger officer with whom Tope had been talking at headquarters this morning, and Charlie had heard here and there some word of his abilities. Hagan had the energy of youth. The task with which this sleepy old man sought to cope was one requiring a youthful energy.

When they alighted from the train, Charlie went with the inspector to his office to discover what in the meantime might have developed there. The inspector found a memorandum on his desk, and he read it and nodded thoughtfully.

Charlie asked, "What is it, sir?"

"Mr. Boetius came up this afternoon," Tope explained, "to get permission to take away Molly Bell's body. He wants us to deliver it to him for cremation—when Doctor Gero is willing."

"Boetius?" Charlie echoed softly; and he added: "I told you how hard he was hit by the word of her death—like a pricked balloon."

"Yes," the inspector repeated. "Yes." And he added: "He has wanted to see her before, but she wouldn't—wouldn't see anyone. We told her his name, and still she wouldn't."

"But why?" Charlie urged, puzzled and disturbed. "Why does he do this now?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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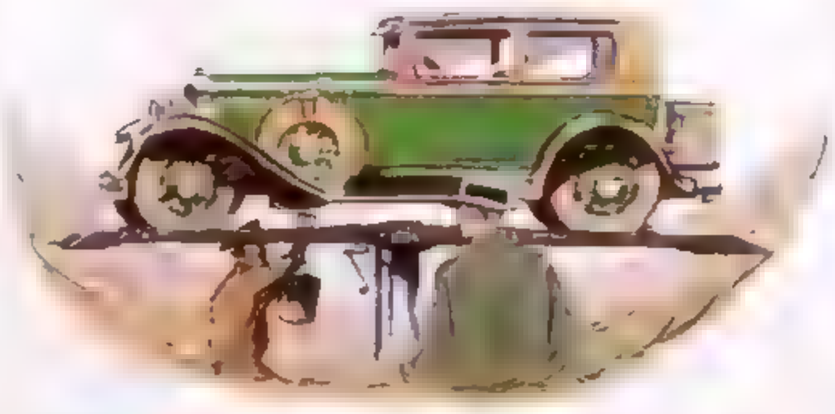

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(Continued from Page 82)

The inspector hesitated, and then he said briskly: "Oh, he's representing Bellmer—Bellmer's interest—doing what Bellmer would want him to do. That's what he says."

And Charlie slapped his knee with a curious emphasis. "That's Boetius for you!" he agreed. "The keynote of his character, the whole pith of the man. Loyalty to Bellmer! Service! Devotion! You saw his statement in the Journal?" Tope assented. "I don't believe a word of it," Charlie declared. "I don't believe Bellmer was working to get stuff for the paper or for the law. Do you?"

"Boetius says so."

"He's lying to protect Bellmer."

Tope considered this. "Ruson feels the same way about Bellmer, does he?" he asked. "Would he do anything for him—lie, and so on?"

Charlie hesitated. "Why, I hardly know Mr. Ruson," he confessed. "I have no contact with him. Miss Mannis says he always stood up to Mr. Bellmer, insisted on his own opinions. She says they argued sometimes. She heard them quarrel Saturday or heard Bellmer roar at Mr. Ruson and Ruson hold his ground. But I guess they always agreed in the end."

Inspector Tope swayed gently to and fro. "Charlie, let's go see Mr. Ruson tomorrow," he suggested. "Take me down, can you? Call up Miss Mannis and make an appointment and we'll go together. He can maybe tell us some things we want to know—things Boetius wouldn't want to spill."

And the young man nodded briskly. "Why, yes," he agreed. "Yes, I'll call Miss Mannis. Mr. Ruson might have something he could tell."

"He might," the older man repeated. "Anyway, we'll see."

XI

FOR the inspector to see Mr. Ruson was a matter easily enough arranged. Charlie did telephone Phœbe, glad of the excuse to do so, and he would have had a jocular and friendly word with her before stating his desire. But Phœbe was always extremely businesslike when he called her at the office, so he merely explained what the inspector wanted.

"He's anxious to find out something about Mr. Bellmer's personal and business affairs," he told her. "Mr. Ruson ought to be the man to tell him."

"Yes," she agreed, "of course. Mr. Bellmer always left Mr. Ruson in full charge. Wait a moment, Charlie, and I'll see."

And the event was that Charlie and the inspector came to Ruson's office at half-past two in the afternoon. It did not occur to Charlie to enter by the private door on Murray Street, for that was always locked. Those callers who had business with Ruson went in by the main entrance and were conducted to his office through a convenient corridor. Charlie spoke of this as he and the inspector waited for the elevator, and the old man nodded.

"I know," he assented. "There's a private door—I know."

The inspector, Charlie thought, was unusually abstracted today; he seemed to be absorbed in many matters, not attentive to the scenes about him. The elevator stopped to receive them, deposited them on the second floor. They turned aside and entered the outer office, where Phœbe rose from her desk to greet them with a brisk efficiency. Charlie grinned at her and introduced the inspector.

And she, without any but the most formal amenities, said, "Mr. Ruson's expecting you. One minute."

And she disappeared, to return and invite them in, to stand at the door while they crossed toward where Ruson rose to greet them. Charlie knew Mr. Ruson by sight, but these two had till this moment never exchanged a word directly. Mr. Ruson was a fair, round, youthful man rather less than the average height; his hair was thin on top and his cheeks were pink, and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles to assist his slightly protuberant pale-blue eyes.

He said cordially enough, "Good morning, gentlemen. Inspector Tope?" And he shook the inspector's pudgy hand.

The older man nodded. "How-do, Mr. Ruson?" he returned. He made some explanation: "I guess you know Mr. Harquail, here. He used to work for the Journal. He's been helping me in this business of Mr. Bellmer."

"Yes," Mr. Ruson agreed.

Tope bobbed his old head wisely. "He knows your stenographer pretty well," he said. "I guess they've talked over this thing some, but she's close-mouthed." He chuckled. "Charlie doesn't seem to be able to get much out of her, so I came to talk it over with you direct, if you've time."

Ruson smiled at the old man's vacuous tone. "Perhaps you'd like to ask Miss Mannis some questions?" he suggested dryly. "I haven't talked with her, but she may know some small matter of value to you."

Tope shook his head. "You don't mind Charlie staying, do you?" he proposed. "He remembers things better than I do. I'm getting a little too old for this job, Mr. Ruson. I think some of reuring pretty soon." He sat down, his hat in his hands, hanging between his fat knees, and he rambled on good-humoredly:

"Seems to me I can see things as straight as I ever did, but I forget a good deal. Maybe I'm not seeing straight either. This work of mine, Mr. Ruson -there are two ends to it. You've got to find out things; and after that, you've got to understand them. I can understand them sometimes, but I'm not so good at chasing around finding them out. My legs are getting old."

Charlie stared at the inspector thoughtfully. Phœbe had quietly disappeared and Ruson had resumed his seat at the desk. Inspector Tope was a figure of almost childish innocence. His old tongue wagged and he murmured and smiled and nodded; and Ruson, who had been faintly ill at ease at their first coming, as one unused to such visitations is apt to be, began to smile in amusement at the inspector's fatuity, and to wear a manner more in keeping with the weight of power and of responsibility with which Bellmer had for so long vested him. And almost insensibly he came, by and by, to tell them something about this—about his relations with the dead man. Tope had said innocently:

"Yes, sir, it was too bad. A man like Mr. Bellmer, going out and working up a case himself, trying to put over a big stunt, and then have him run into the wrong end of a lead pipe the way he did. Yes, sir, it's a shame. I admire a man that does things h mself that way."

Ruson smiled faint y. "You refer," he suggested, "to the story Mr. Boetius printed the story of Mr. Bellmer's martyrdom."

"Yes," the inspector assented. "Yes, that's it. Town's full of that sort of thing. Bootlegging, and so on. It don't come in my line much. Murder's my line, Mr. Ruson. But there's a lot of raw stuff going on."

Ruson tilted back and pressed his finger tips together. "It was a good story," he remarked. "I complimented Mr. Boetius on it." He smiled in a kindly way. "But between ourselves, I'm afraid there was not much truth in it."

"You mean it wasn't true? Mean Boetius faked it—made it up?" The inspector's tone was that of a man betrayed.

"Boetius," Ruson explained, "is remarkable for his blind loyalty to Mr. Bellmer. I believe he would be capable of any act of devotion, no matter how absurd. I suppose he felt that the manner of Mr. Bellmer's death was disgraceful, and so tried to palliate it in some small degree."

The inspector slapped his knee. "Well, I declare!" he protested. "You wouldn't think a man'd do that—go that far."

"A good story," Mr. Ruson repeated. "But to me the real story was even more interesting, more dramatic."

Tope rubbed his hands together. "Well, I never thought that maybe that wasn't true," he protested. "What's the fact, Mr. Ruson? I'm glad I came to see you. I guess you can open my eyes."

Ruson relaxed in his chair. "Mr. Bellmer was a romantic," he remarked. "That was the key to his character. He was a great adventurer. In the Middle Ages, he would have led a company of free companions; he would have ridden swaggering across the pages of history. He was a pagan—or a free man, as you choose. A lover of danger and of great deeds and valorous essays; a figure picturesque and colorful." And he added dryly: "But somewhat out of tune with the times in which he lived."

"I declare!" Tope protested.

"I've been associated with Mr. Bellmer for twenty years," Ruson assured them. "We were allies at first. Afterward he became the leader, the dreamer, and I became the administrator. He conceived great plans, but he was helpless to execute them. The details were my care. There were times when I had little faith in his projects, but I did my best to make them come true. And it is the real measure of his abilities that his plans, in spite of my sometimes reluctant coöperation and assistance, did succeed. Mr. Bellmer was a very great man."

"Sure," the inspector agreed. "Yes, that's so. Yes, he was great."

"I say this frankly," Ruson continued, in honest humility. "Without Mr. Bellmer, I should have been no more than a clerk, a stenographer—something of the kind. As it is, of course, I am a reasonably successful and a reasonably wealthy man. The kindnesses he has done me, the benefactions of which I was the recipient, are innumerable and incalculable." He hesitated, added smilingly: "I suppose he has done more for me than for any living man; and he deserves my loyalty, and has it.

"But I would not go so far as Boetius has gone. Let the public believe what they will, but your position entitles you to the truth, inspector."

"Yes, that's right," Tope assured him. "That's certainly right."

"The truth is," Ruson concluded briefly, "Mr. Bellmer liked adventure. And so, at intervals, he withdrew from the world he commanded and sought that adventure in other fields. He used to go forth, like a warrior to battle or a pugilist to a firemen's picnic. He'd come home sometimes with a black eye, a split lip, a swollen ear; but with the lust for battle sated, his eyes blazing, immensely pleased with his own misdemeanors."

"What would he do?" the inspector urged. "They tell me this Bull Fowle used to run liquor, and so on."

Ruson shook his head. "I think not," he returned. "Mr. Bellmer talked to me with apparent frankness. I think not. I think he simply played a part that was sure to involve him in affrays with criminals of the rougher sort for the sheer pleasure he had in fighting them and beating them. He was a boxer, you know."

"That sort don't fight with fists," Tope protested.

"He carried a gun," Ruson confessed. "But he never used it, I understood; or at least he never shot to kill, except perhaps in self-defense. He was a sort of Harun-al-Rashid in reverse, inspector; instead of doing good deeds to the deserving, he liked to do an ill turn to the undeserving. And he was always willing to take the consequences."

The old man clapped his knee and became exclamatory with astonishment at this recital. Charlie, at one side, listened with acute attention. What Ruson said did not wholly surprise him. The main facts had been sufficiently obvious before. But the character which Ruson drew, of a swaggering bully of a man, seeking conflict for the sake of the thrill he thus derived, had a curious and complete fascination. Bellmer, Ruson went on to explain, had begun by frequenting such drinking places and resorts as were likely to attract the underworld; he had acquired an acquaintance in those fields; he had—more or less accidentally—become involved in an occasional affray. And like a drunkard who returns to the bottle, he went back more and more often, and for longer periods, to taste again the perils and the triumphs to be encountered there.

The inspector seemed to have an insatiable appetite for details in this matter, and he asked question after question. Had Ruson never thought of the danger that Bellmer might some day be killed? Ruson admitted that the possibility had been for years always present in his mind.

"I tried to persuade him to change his ways," he confessed. "But Mr. Bellmer was a hard man to persuade, a man who went his own gait always."

"I'd have had someone watch him, try to protect him, if it was me," the inspector declared.

Ruson smiled. "I not only thought of it; I tried it," he admitted. "But Mr. Bellmer discovered my attentions and he resented them so fiercely that I was compelled to abandon the attempt."

"But he talked to you—told you all about it, right along?"

"Yes," Ruson answered. "Yes, he told me what he was doing."

"Mr. Boetius know?" Tope inquired.

"Oh, yes," Ruson declared. "Yes, Mr. Boetius was in his confidence, no doubt, as much as I."

The inspector considered, nodding his head. "Mr. Boetius wants to take charge of the woman's body," he remarked—"this Molly Bell. He says he's doing it because Mr. Bellmer would want him to."

"Ah," Mr. Ruson commented, and the older man looked at him thoughtfully.

"What makes you say ah?" he asked.

The other smiled. "I was simply expressing my interest," he affirmed.

"Mr. Bellmer didn't leave any orders about her, did he?"

"No." Ruson hesitated faintly. "No. As a matter of fact, I did not even know of her existence. He may have confided in Boetius."

"You didn't know he was going to meet her?"

Ruson moved one hand in a casual gesture. "I knew there were women in this other world where he sometimes chose to move," he conceded. "But they did not interest me."

Tope made a gesture of disappointment. "That's too bad," he remarked. "I was kind of hoping you'd be able to tell me something about her—tell me who she was, or the like." And he added: "She said her name was Molly Bell, but that came kind of pat. There was something different about her. She didn't look like the sort that would kill herself." He added gravely: "You see, she was in love with him."

"And killed herself for grief?" Ruson inquired disinterestedly.

"I don't know," Tope confessed. "She was grieving, but she was afraid too. Mighty anxious to get out of jail inside the week. I don't know why. It looked like that was what mostly worried her. And she wouldn't see anybody. Mr. Boetius wanted to see her, but she wouldn't have it so."

"Interesting," Ruson agreed. "Most interesting. Her very name a mystery then."

"She was somebody besides just plain Molly Bell," Tope asserted. "I'll bank on that. I'd certainly like to know who she was, though."

"Why not ask Boetius?" Ruson suggested.

"Think he'd know?"

"His interest in her suggests that Mr. Bellmer may have confided in him, in that respect—may perhaps have left her in his charge."

"I wish you'd come and see her," the inspector proposed. "You might recognize her yourself."

But Ruson visibly shrank at this suggestion. He laughed uncertainly. "Frankly,"

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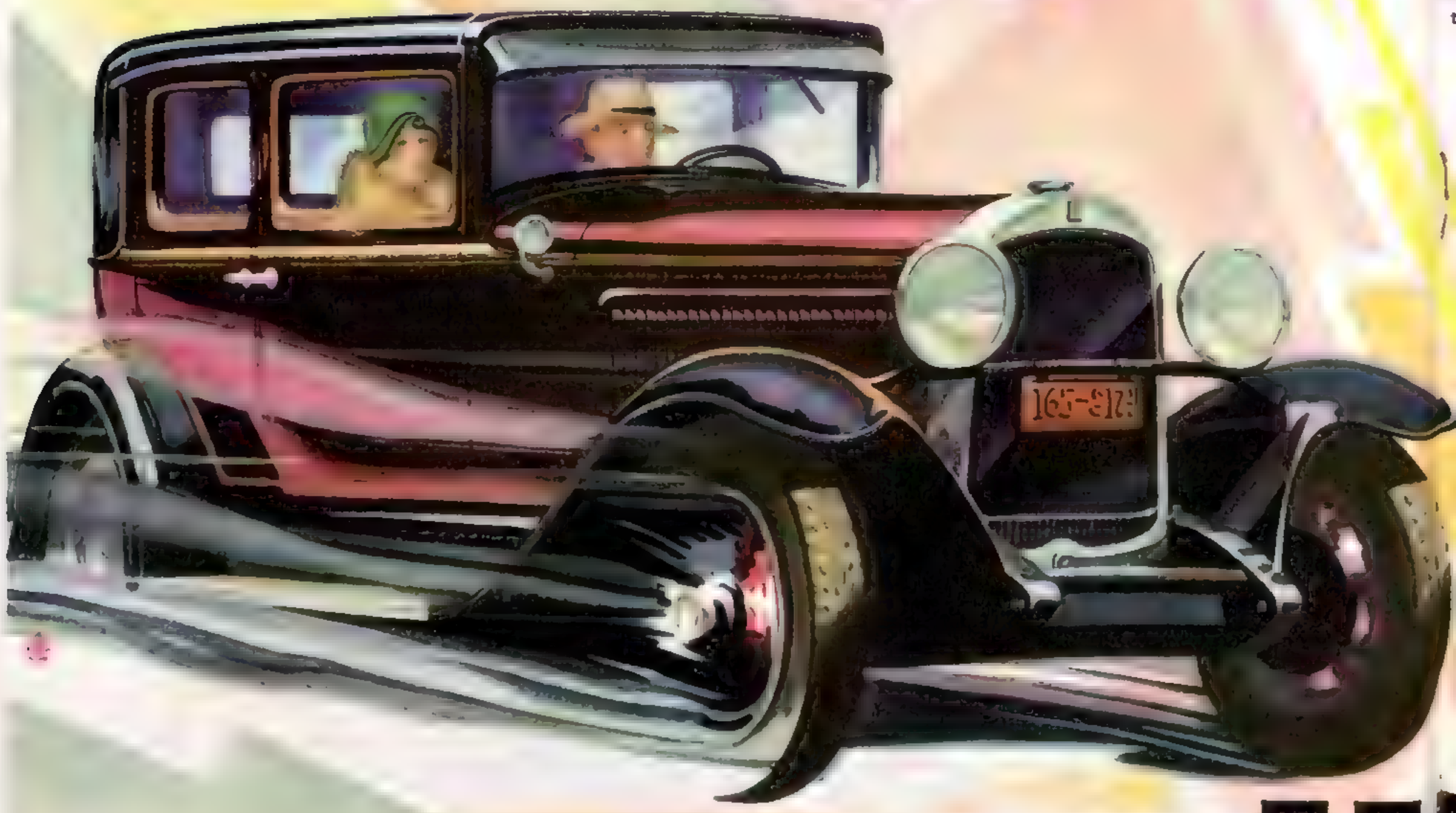

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he confessed, "I'm not up to it. I've an aversion to scenes or evidences of violence. An old trait. I used to faint if I cut my hand. A physical reaction actual illness sometimes. I'd be unable to do as you ask without collapsing. And of course there's no likelihood that I would recognize her."

The old man wagged his head. "Too bad," he remarked resignedly. "But the chance is you never saw her, anyway."

"Try Boetius," Ruson insisted once more. "He's more stoutly nerved than I."

"That reminds me," Tope remembered. "You said Bellmer might have left Boetius some orders about her. I suppose Bellmer left his business all in shape?"

Ruson nodded. "Oh, yes," he agreed. "Yes, he left a will—left everything in order."

"You offering it for probate?"

"He left instructions that we wait thirty days after his proved death," Ruson explained. "That was to avoid any possibility that we act too hastily if his death were wrongly rumored. It will be held for thirty days."

"Sure he made a will, are you?"

Ruson smiled. "I witnessed it," he returned. "Mr. Bradeen, the elder, drew it. The matter was confidential, of course. Mr. Bradeen's personal stenographer typed it and Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill and I witnessed it."

The inspector's brows lifted faintly. "You're not named in it, then, being a witness. I should think you'd have been an executor or a beneficiary. Know the terms?"

Ruson shook his head. "No. But Mr. Bellmer had amply provided for my prosperity long ago. He had no need to reward me further."

"I was thinking I heard that Collord, the cashier downstairs, witnessed that will," Tope remembered. "I heard that somewhere."

Ruson smiled. "No," he insisted mildly. "Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill and myself were the witnesses, I assure you."

"Not Boetius?"

"No; just we three."

The old man wagged his head. "That's the way it goes," he deplored. "You hear talk and believe it, and it turns out all wrong." He sat with downcast eyes, watching his fat hands where they clasped his knees, and Ruson waited patiently for him to continue.

But when the inspector did not speak, Ruson asked quietly, "Have you any line on this matter, Tope?"

The old man seemed to rouse himself, and he smiled. "Well," he confessed, "as a matter of fact, there are lines enough." He hesitated, and then continued: "This crack in the head that killed him—a man hit that way might travel quite a distance before he dropped. That makes it hard for us. For instance, Bellmer's car—he had a colored chauffeur name of Pelky, and Pelky was mad at him. Pelky drove Bellmer that night out to that neighborhood and let him out, and then he drove around the block and tried to run Mr. Bellmer down. Mr. Bellmer jumped out of the way and took a bad fall, but he was able to walk away all right. First off, I thought he might have hit his head then. We've got the chauffeur. He lit out for Canada and run into a ditch, and he's in a hospital up in Maine. He admits he tried to get Bellmer. But he says he missed him, and I guess he did."

Ruson's eyes widened. "Pelky!" he repeated.

"Know him, do you?"

"Certainly. He's not the stuff you'd suspect of murder. Rather a dull individual. I'm much surprised."

Tope eyed him thoughtfully. "Who did you think of?" he inquired; and Ruson hesitated, said at last:

"I hadn't gone so far. But I wondered how the Banner happened to know that the dead man in the morgue was Bellmer."

"The Banner!" Tope echoed.

"The Journal was about to absorb the Banner," Ruson pointed out. "Mr. Dent is rabidly proud of his paper. And they were the first to know that Mr. Bellmer was dead." His tone was suggestive.

"Dent had a letter from somebody," Tope explained, "telling him to go see Bull Fowle's body."

"A letter?" Ruson echoed.

"Charlie saw it," the inspector insisted, and the young man spoke his first word.

"I saw a copy," he corrected.

"Ah, yes, a copy," Ruson dryly agreed, and there was that in his tone which held them for a moment silent.

Then the older man stirred and said curiously, "I hadn't thought of that." He clapped his knees. "Matter of fact," he continued, "I've been leaning in another direction. We've got it straight that there was a gang here in town that was out to get Bellmer that night. Only they were after Bull Fowle, of course. They were laying for him out there, and we know there was something happened out there in the street—two shots and a man running away.

"I lean that way," he repeated. And he added: "The way I hear it, there's a gang leader named Reevil. He's in the liquor game, like the most of them. I've been trying to get hold of him. He's been out of town, but I expect to have a chance to talk to him tonight or tomorrow. I'll know better then."

Ruson considered. "It sounds possible," he agreed. "But Mr. Bellmer wasn't shot!"

"Somebody might have let off a gun in the excitement. . . . No, it was a piece of lead pipe that cracked him, at a guess."

"Ah?" Ruson assented. "I suppose you can tell by the wound." He shuddered faintly. "This is unpleasant for me," he confessed. "Pelky's dark treachery and—all the details." He rose. "Forgive me," he urged. "I am glad to help you in matters less concrete. But if you have no more to ask me——"

And Tope with the word got quickly to his feet. "Why, no," he assented. "Not a thing. I guess we've taken too much of your time." He wagged his head. "It's Reevil's bunch, likely," he repeated. "There's apt to be trouble rounding them up too. I'm getting old for rough stuff, I think sometimes."

He turned toward the door. "Well, thanks again," he said in a cheerful tone. Phœbe had answered Ruson's ring, stood now in the doorway. Tope smiled at her. "Any word you want to send me," he suggested to Ruson, "just you tell Miss Mannis and she'll tell Charlie, and I'll get it sure."

Phœbe colored faintly and Ruson smiled. Charlie moved after the inspector toward the door, stopped by Phœbe's side, touched her hand in a fashion inconspicuous and she smiled at him. Charlie chuckled and the old inspector stayed, babbling.

"Boetius fired young Harquail here," he remarked. "Charlie was out with me that night and forgot to call up the office. But Charlie's a good man. You ought to persuade Mr. Boetius to take him back again."

Ruson nodded. "I'll be glad to," he assented. And he added: "Mr. Boetius is not himself just now. Torn by grief and sorrow I suppose—a most beyond reason, beyond what you might expect. Probably he was unduly severe with Mr. Harquail. I expect we can arrange that." He looked at Charlie, and after a moment he said quickly: "Wait a minute. Miss Mannis, get Mr. Boetius on the phone."

While Phœbe went to do this, Ruson spoke to the inspector. "If you care to see Boetius, he can come up here," he proposed. "I'm about leaving for the afternoon and my office is yours to command."

"I won't take the time now," Tope demurred. "Thanks all the same."

But he and Charlie waited while Ruson presently spoke to Boetius, and after a brief interchange, Ruson turned to them smiling.

"All right, Harquail," he announced. "Mr. Boetius told me to tell you to report Monday morning. Bygones are bygones."

Charlie's quick pleasure leaped in his eyes, and he looked at Phœbe and saw her color with delight.

"I'm mighty obliged," he said uncertainly. "That's good of you, Mr. Ruson."

Ruson shook his head. "I'm always glad to help out any friend of Miss Mannis," he explained, and he smiled at Phœbe. Charlie felt unreasonably a quick resentment.

But the inspector led him toward the door, beaming his good-by's, and as Charlie passed her, Phœbe whispered, "There, didn't I tell you he's nice?"

Charlie smiled faintly back at her; he grinned derisively; he mocked: "'I told you so.'" Then he and the inspector were outside the door; they passed in silence down the stairs.

XII

OUTSIDE the building the two men separated. Inspector Tope was to go to the district attorney's office. "Danner's anxious to get some action," he explained. "It's been four-five days now, and he thinks we're not getting anywhere. He wanted to talk to me."

Charlie nodded. "I'm going to stick around here and waylay Miss Mannis," he confessed, "unless there's some errand I can run for you."

Tope hesitated. "You in the office last Saturday evening, were you, Charlie?" he asked, and the young man nodded. "Boetius there all evening, was he?"

Charlie considered. "He went out for a while," he remembered, but he added in quick loyalty: "I know what you're thinking. Some of the things Ruson said. But you can count Boetius out, inspector. He loved the ground Bellmer walked on."

The inspector nodded. "But he might know something," he suggested. "And if he does, he might tell—to get the man that did this. I'm going to see him."

"Now?"

The old man shook his head. "Got to see Danner now—slow him down some. He's all for action—any kind of action. Danner's young."

He nodded and swung away up the street, and Charlie said a word of good-by. Then he waited, and without appearing to do so, he watched the private door through which Phœbe would by and by emerge. And while he waited, he thought, in a vague distress, of the inspector's question, and of Ruson's words that had turned their attention again and again toward the city editor. It was true that this tragedy had hit Boetius hard—harder than could have been expected. The man was stalwart and sure, fit to bear such grief as this without repining. Yet in the few days since Bellmer's death he had visibly aged and some sore distress did ride him hard. Charlie was, in his fashion, as loyal to Boetius as the city editor was to Bellmer, and he was full now of a grave concern.

But by and by Phœbe appeared, and he forgot his apprehensions when she slipped her arm through his. She said in quick, gay delight, "Now do you like Mr. Ruson—since he got your job back for you?"

And Charlie retorted: "I'd have done as much myself. He just wanted to get on the good side of you."

She tossed her head. "Why should he think a favor to you would please me?" she challenged.

And the young man grinned and said cheerfully, "Oh, I credit him with eyes. He knows how you feel about me."

She pinched his arm indignantly, and then she laughed softly and her cheeks were gay. But they were not to have the evening together which Charlie had anticipated. She must, she said, return to the office; Mr. Ruson had just now a double load to bear, which she must share. And Charlie resented this, and he spoke bitterly of Ruson and of the latter's references to Boetius; and Phœbe protested that Mr. Ruson had said nothing but the truth.

"Well, it was the way he said it," Charlie insisted—"as though he thought Mr. Boetius had something to do with this."

And Phœbe, as loyal to her superior as he was to his, cried, "Well, perhaps he did!"

So there dwelt a certain coolness between them when at last they parted. Charlie walked with her back to the office, said good night to her there; and because he was unwilling to go home and to bed, he drifted aimlessly out to Scurvy Street, to the lodging where Bellmer died.

This was such a night as that other had been, when he and Tope and Doctor Gero first came to the place. There was a drizzle of rain and the pavements shone with it, and he was oppressed again by the miasma, almost palpable, like the effluvia from hideous pits of infamy, which filled the very air. The house was dark, as it was used to be; and he thought of Mrs. Culp, like a pulpy spider whimpering within; and he thought of her cousin, lame Maria, whose cane Inspector Tope had carried away to headquarters.

He found an ash can and perched on it to look over the wall into the courtyard behind the house, and it occurred to him for the first time that a man might have climbed out of the bathroom window and along the top of the fence which divided the yards, and so come to the wall and descended into the alley here.

He wondered whether this possibility had occurred to Inspector Tope, and he remembered suddenly the drunken man whom Patrolman Tyler had encountered at the end of the alley—a figure he had forgotten till just now.

Charlie's hair pricked at that memory. The drunken man, Tyler had said, walked with a limp. And Charlie's heart was sick, for Boetius was a limping man!

He left the locality at last with a curious feeling that out of this maze and muddle some clear strain of fact was about to appear; that certainty would presently replace uncertainty.

When he met Inspector Tope next morning this feeling was still strong within him. He spoke to the inspector of the fence and of Maria's cane and of the drunken man, and Inspector Tope nodded abstractedly.

"I've got the cane," he agreed. "It's heavy enough to do the trick. Maria had left it in the front hall. She was abed two-three days—didn't use it. But she didn't drop it out the bathroom window."

"I thought I heard Mrs. Culp—or someone—close the window in the bathroom while we were in the room with Molly Bell," Charlie remembered.

"Yes, you did," Tope assented. "She did. And the man in the alley wasn't drunk, Charlie."

"Tyler said he was."

"Tyler thought he was. But the man straightened his hat when it got knocked crooked. He wasn't too drunk to straighten his hat." Charlie felt his cheeks stiffen, even before the inspector added casually: "And he walked with a limp. Remember that? I'm going to talk to Boetius this afternoon."

Charlie said desperately, "You're off the track, inspector."

"Know his family, do you?" Tope inquired. "Mr. Boetius' family?" Charlie shook his head, and after a moment the inspector said, "I suppose he's a married man."

"See here," Charlie urged, "Boetius didn't do this, inspector. . . . What does Danner think?" Danner was the district attorney.

"He thinks I'm too slow," Tope returned. "He's got Hagan working on the case." He added wearily: "I'm getting old, I guess. But I'm going to see Reevil, Charlie, in a few minutes. Want to come in?"

Charlie grinned. "Sure," he returned. "Sure I do."

They had met in the square outside headquarters; they turned now inside, and a little later Reevil was introduced. This man, Charlie saw at once, was of a type distinct from Rad Huginn. Huginn had a certain imperturbability about him, and a stolid shrewdness, and he had seemed to Charlie in some ways dependable and sound. But Reevil was of a different breed—a dark, sallow, shifty youth with treacherous eyes and a terrified sneer upon

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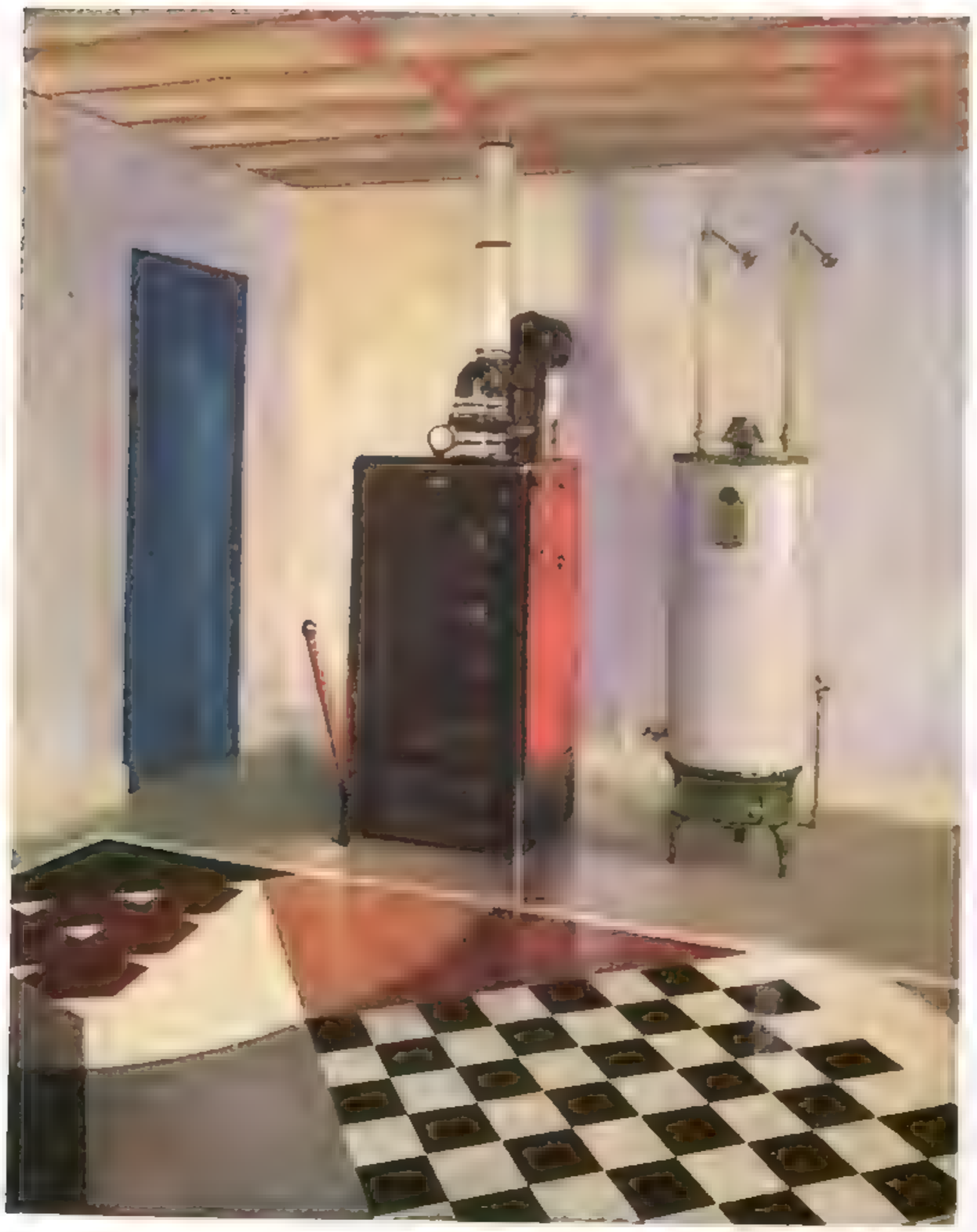

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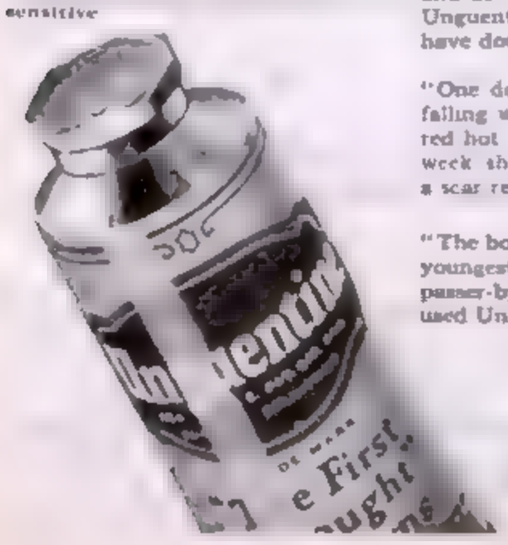

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"Last Christmas my 3-year-old son climbed up to smell a pan of hot soup on the stove. The chair slipped and down he came, scalding soup and all . . . I applied Unguentine freely . . . The doctor said, 'You couldn't have done better'"

"One day my sister became suddenly ill and fainted, falling with the whole side of her face right against a red hot heater . We applied Unguentine For a week she could only take food through a straw Not a scar remains today

"The boys had lit a bonfire, when suddenly Sidney, the youngest, fell. His left side was horribly burned. A passer-by rolled him in his overcoat, saving his life We used Unguentine freely. Now there is not even a scar."

Norwich

(Continued from Page 88)

his lips. He had been out of town, he admitted, for a day or two—some private business.

"I could have stayed away," he said. "But I heard you wanted me. What for, Inspector? What's on your mind?"

"You heard I wanted to talk to you," Tope corrected. "Martin told you. If you hadn't come quietly, you'd still have come, Reevil. Don't try that on me."

"Well, talk then," Reevil retorted. "What have you got to say?"

The inspector, whose tone a moment ago had been stern as ice, was abruptly benignant and kind. He tipped back in his chair, his fingers pressing, and his blue eyes were serene.

"All right, Reevil, I will," he said straightforwardly. "You know that we know what you do for a living. But that's out just now. It doesn't interest me. I'm not threatening you, but here's a little free advice: The Federal men will get you when they're ready—and if they don't, we will. But that's outside.

"The point is, Reevil, you've got competition. You've got Huginn and Spero, and you had Bull Fowle. Bull Fowle's dead—the man they called Bull Fowle. He was Bellmer of the Journal. You know that now.

"You'd had trouble with Bull Fowle. You warned him to lay off, keep hands off. you sent Whistler Teal to him and he knocked Whistler down. He'd made trouble for you. Naturally, you'd want him rubbed out. Maybe you rubbed him out. I don't know.

"I do know that two of Sloan's trucks were up there near the house on Scurvy Street that night, and I do know that some of the men there were your men. Maybe you were there. I don't know. I haven't talked to the others yet. You see, I'm laying my cards on the table. All you have to do, so far, is to listen. Here's the rest of it."

The old man nodded again, reassuringly; and Reevil twisted in his chair and would have spoken, but the inspector hushed him. "You talk too much," he warned. "You all talk too much. You try to outsmart us. Don't do that, Reevil. Here's what I want to say: I'm working on Bellmer—on Bull Fowle—on who got him and how. If you did it, or your men did it, keep still. Anything you say, we'll use, and we'll get you. If you didn't do it, I want you to talk. Your men were there. If one of them touched him, keep your mouth shut."

"They didn't!" Reevil cried. "Never laid hand on him! I'll come through on that straight enough."

"Wait," the inspector cautioned. "I know Sloan's trucks were there. Sloan's your man; those were as good as your trucks. I know some more of your men were there. I can prove that any time. I think you went up there to get him. If you got him, keep still; if you didn't get him, I don't care what you tried to do."

"Now, inspector," Reevil protested, "you got us wrong. I was up there on business."

"I know," Tope agreed. "There's bond stuff in those warehouses. I know that. You had business there, all right. Never mind what the business was. You were there."

"Yes, business," Reevil insisted. "That's what it was."

"You were there quite a while," Tope reminded him.

"We were waiting," the man replied. "You can't hurry things. There was bulls around there."

"You weren't laying for Bull Fowle at all? But you knew he was coming that way?"

"Not till we saw him," Reevil insisted.

Tope shook his head. "That won't do," he said mildly. "I know better. I know who took the phone call."

Reevil tried to laugh. "That didn't mean anything to me," he protested. "I didn't pay any attention to it. It just happened that we went out there that night. We were going anyway. The phone call didn't have a thing to do with it."

"Somebody telephoned you that Bull Fowle had a date at a house on Scurvy Street at half-past eleven," Tope insisted.

"Who says so?" Reevil challenged, but Tope shook his head.

"That's private—my business," he said smilingly. "There's always someone tips us off, Reevil. You know that. Somebody telephoned, the way I say, didn't they?"

"I didn't take any stock in it," Reevil insisted again, and Tope nodded.

"All right," he agreed. "That's good enough. So you had some men out there?"

"On private business."

"Certainly, private business. And a lookout man at the corner spotted Bull Fowle?"

"We weren't looking for Bull," Reevil evaded.

"But you spotted him?"

"I'll tell you, inspector," Reevil corrected, with an assumption of frankness, "here's what happened: We're up there on business, mind. But it was late, and raining, and we're all tired and nervous some of us more nervous than others. Well, here's what happened: We had the trucks there and some men watching along the street, and the man down at the corner whistled."

The inspector nodded affably. "Sure," he agreed.

"Well," said Reevil, "we thought he'd spotted a bull, or something like that. And one of the boys on the front truck started up the engine to get out of there."

"Decided to let your business go till some other night?" Inspector Tope remarked innocently.

"We was jumpy, I tell you," Reevil insisted.

"So you started one of the trucks."

"Yes, and she back-fired," Reevil explained—"two-three times. You know the way they will. I tell you, it sounded like shooting. It scared me, for one! I don't hold with rough stuff, inspector—never did."

"I know," Tope agreed in a dry tone. "You're mild as new milk, Reevil. They all say so."

Reevil squirmed. "I'm telling you what happened," he said sullenly, and Tope nodded.

"I'd like to have you," he assented.

"Well, that was it," Reevil repeated. "The truck back-fired. And at that, one of the men down the street lost his nerve. Maybe he'd seen Bull coming along and thought there was trouble ahead; or maybe he thought it was the cops coming from the other end of the street. Anyway, he started to run."

"Where was Bull?"

"He was coming along the other side of the street," Reevil replied, and Charlie looked quickly at the inspector.

But Tope made no move of satisfaction at this admission. He only said, "This man that started to run—which way did he go?"

"Down that way."

"He run toward Bull Fowle then? Looking for trouble, was he?"

Reevil made a contemptuous gesture. "He just lost his head," he repeated. "He was running to get away, like a scared rabbit. But about the time he started, Mea came around the corner and took after him. He went past us, past the trucks, shouting and yelling after him."

Tope nodded. "But Bull Fowle came right on along the street?"

Reevil nodded stubbornly. "He stopped," he confessed. "And he looked around and kind of laughed. And then he came on past where we were, only on the other side of the street. He was watching the trucks."

"You had your chance, if you wanted it," Tope commented.

But Reevil said hurriedly, "I'm telling you, we didn't want Bull. We was there on private business."

"And besides, he had his eye on you," the inspector amended, but he smiled then. "Never mind! Bull went on past where you were?" (Continued on Page 93)

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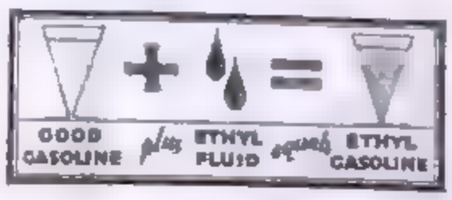

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Continued from Page 90

"There was another patrolman coming, two blocks down Dean Street," Reevil said defensively, as though the inspector's statement were an accusation. "And Bull didn't waste any time. He didn't wait for it. He went right into the house. He didn't ask for it—not from us, he didn't!" His tone was become truculent.

"But you stayed around?"

"Why, we didn't want to move too quick. But the neighborhood was too popular."

"What then?" the inspector suggested. "What did you do?"

"Why, we sat there," Reevil confessed, "in the trucks. This bull was coming along Dean toward us. We could see him in the street lights. He stopped over by the alley to talk to a man that came out of there—the alley back of the house. And the next thing this bull came running along and dived into the house, not stopping to knock or anything, and it looked like it was time for us to go."

"So you went?"

"I'm telling you, ain't I? We went on away from there."

"One of your men, was it, that Tyler talked to?"

"Back by the alley?"

"Yes."

"No; none of us."

"Who was it?"

"Don't ask me."

"What'd he look like?"

"Say, inspector, he was near two blocks away," the gangster protested. "I think he limped, kind of."

Charlie felt a clutch at his heart. The inspector sat silent, considering, and he said at last:

"Well, let's see if I get it straight. You had a bunch of men there on business. Bull Fowle came along. Someone thought he was a cop and whistled; or anyway, whatever he thought, he whistled. You started up a truck and it back-fired. Someone thought that meant shooting and got cold feet and ran. Bull went into the house, nobody bothering him. And Tyler—that's the officer on Dean Street—stopped to talk to a man with a limp, and then he ran into the house too."

"That's the ticket!"

"What did you think made him run into the house? Truck engine going, was it?"

"No, we'd turned it off."

"You hear anything to make him run?"

"No."

"Didn't hear a woman yell?"

"No."

The inspector considered, and he relaxed in his chair; and after what seemed to Charlie a long time, he said casually: "Well, I guess that's all, Reevil. Maybe more later. You might stay in town. Didn't see anyone else around there, did you?"

"Why, there was quite a few people passed. We was there quite a while—from quarter past ten."

"Ten?" Inspector Tope echoed. His eyes were suddenly shrewd, and after a moment he said persuasively: "It won't hurt you any, Reevil, to tell me about that phone call. If it was 11:30, what did you come so early for?"

Reevil grinned. "You said 11:30," he retorted. "You're so wise!"

"It was for half-past ten then," Tope remarked, half to himself, nodding. "That's what the woman said and that's what you say, but Bellmer read it half-past eleven." The old man dismissed these speculations. "I don't suppose you saw anybody else go into the house on Scurvy Street, did you?"

The other man smiled grimly. "You don't?"

Tope considered. "There was a man," he said slowly. "A big man, who walked lame. He stopped someone over by the Elevated that night, about quarter of eleven, to ask where Scurvy Street was. I thought maybe he was heading for that house."

But Reevil, though perhaps disingenuously, shook his head; and Charlie, turning in time to see this response, felt as though a load had been lifted from his chest. He could scarce breathe till Tope, after a moment, rose with a gesture of dismissal. Not till Reevil had left them did Charlie fully realize how intensely he had dreaded what Reevil might next reveal.

When the gangster had gone, Charlie stayed with the inspector. He had an instinctive feeling that by so doing he might avert catastrophe; that for him to stay was in some sort a defense against the revelations he had come to fear. Until the day before, in Ruson's office, it had never occurred to Charlie to see in the demeanor of Boetius anything susceptible of wrong interpretation, but now it seemed to him that every new turn pointed in the city editor's direction. And a fierce loyalty began to rise in him, and at the same time a sick concern.

So he stayed with the inspector, and the old man seemed willing that he should stay. He asked Charlie gently, when Reevil was gone, "Well, how did it sound to you?"

"It fits in," Charlie confessed. "It fits the scene. What Molly Bell saw, or said she saw; and what Mea saw and did and what Tyler saw."

"And it puts Bellmer in the house, untouched," Tope reminded him, "if it's true. If it's true, he was killed inside."

"Doctor Gero said he dropped where he was struck," Charlie remembered. "Inspector, was it the woman, after all? Miss Mannis has said so from the beginning."

The old man smiled. "Don't go so fast, Charlie," he urged. "It was either the chauffeur or Reevil's bunch or someone in the house. But I don't take Pelky's say-so for final, nor Reevil's. We don't know much yet, Charlie." He hesitated. "But, son, you can find out one thing for me, if you're a mind."

"What?"

"How long was Boetius out of the office that night, and when did he get back? Find that out, can you?"

Charlie sat still and the blood began to drain from his cheeks.

The old inspector must have seen, for he said gently, "Don't go on your own memory, Charlie. Go and make sure."

Charlie nodded. "I will," he stammered.

"And go slow, son," the inspector added. "Don't think ahead of what you know."

"That's right," Charlie promised. He was on his feet.

"But you might want to know," Tope told him gently, "that we're turning Molly Bell's body over to Boetius."

"Oh, yes, he wanted that," Charlie remembered.

"He's making arrangements to handle it," the inspector explained. "Doctor Gero thought it would be a nuisance to him, but he wanted it so. Said Bellmer would want it so." He added: "All right, Charlie. Find out if you can."

But before Charlie could move to depart, someone knocked on the door and Tope called cheerfully, "Come in!"

It was Dankert, of the Star, who entered there, and he spoke quickly.

"Inspector," he cried, "they say Hagan's gone down to get Ruson, the publisher of the Journal. What's up, inspector?"

Tope stared at him. "Hagan?" he echoed. "Ruson? Who says so? Who said so, Dankert? What for?"

"Gail picked it up at the D. A.'s office," Dankert confessed. "Danner isn't there and Hagan isn't there, and nobody else knows. What do you say?"

Tope wagged his head helplessly. "Why," he protested, "I ——" The telephone rang and he turned aside to answer it. "This is for you, Charlie," he said over his shoulder, and Charlie took the instrument from his hands.

Phœbe spoke to him over the wire. "Charlie?" And at his affirmative: "Mr. Ruson wanted me to get in touch with you," she said in swift hushed tones. "Something he thought you ought to know. Mrs. Boetius went away from home last Saturday, to be gone a week."

She paused, and Charlie's brows knitted with bewilderment. There seemed to him no meaning in this message. But she mistook his silence, and when he did not reply or comment, she said, in rueful apology:

"Mr. Ruson insisted that I call you, Charlie. I'm sorry, dear."

And Charlie, at that word, abruptly smiled in quick delight, forgetting his bewilderment. "All right—darling," he retorted; and he asked, remembering Dankert's news: "Mr. Ruson there, is he?"

"Inspector Hagan came in a moment ago," she explained. "They're together now."

"I see," he assented; and he added gravely: "I may see you in a few minutes then. G'-by now."

He was in haste, for Tope and Dankert had already gone out. He overtook them as they crossed the square toward the courthouse, heard Tope say querulously:

"I suppose I'm a bit old for this sort of work, Dankert. They've been saying so. But they might have told me that Hagan was going down there."

Then young Gail came racing to meet them, stopped breathless with the word he bore. He could scarce speak, gripped Dankert's arm, panted his news.

"Hagan — swore warrant — Ruson — for murder!" he cried, and ran on toward the telephones, Dankert racing on his heels.

Tope and young Charlie Harquail were left standing dumb with astonishment in the middle of the square. A car that wished to pass that way honked at them; a derisive pigeon swooped low, as though to flirt its wings across their faces.

And Charlie thought the inspector looked, in this moment of his supersession, very old indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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HUNTING TREASURES IN THE OLD WORLD

(Continued from Page 17)

Sure enough, one day the lady from Boston was rewarded. She saw an old canvas. There was no question of its antiquity. The fabric showed that, for Miss Boston was well posted upon the various weaves of the various canvases in use in various countries at various times. She could talk by the hour on the kind of fabric that Frans Hals favored, and the coarseness of the Spagnoletto's canvases, or how Goya changed from a certain kind to another around 1804. It was easy to tell that the picture was very old, but less easy to tell what it was about. She thought it was the portrait of a man. It was entrancingly indistinguishable. At times she thought he wore a beard and a ruff. That would make it early seventeenth century.

Her New England conscience kept her from seeking bargains under false pretenses. She said distinctly to the man:

"How much is that very old painting?"

Perhaps her Boston accent prevented the man from learning her national kinship to Croesus.

"That old pinting?"

"Yes."

"Two bob, mum."

"I'll take it," she said. Then, irrepressibly honest, even in her hopes, she added: "It looks like Rembrandt."

She handed him two shillings, but he shook his head.

"If it is Rembrandt it is four shillings, your ladyship."

For a moment she felt like Bunker-Hilling this ignoble redcoat. Still she could not blame him for being what he was. Moreover, that was the antiquest-looking canvas she had ever seen outside of a Spanish church. She owed it to herself to teach the man a lesson by buying a picture that might be a Rembrandt after all. And there wasn't much difference between forty-eight cents and ninety-six. She paid him his four shillings and took the picture with her.

A few days later, at a tea, she described her find to a well-known painter who was doing a portrait of her cousin. He was so interested that she invited him to see it. He called the next day.

He looked at the canvas carefully a long time, examining it at close range and squinting at it from a distance, but said nothing. Finally she asked him:

"Well, what do you think of it? The man asked me two shillings for it, but when I told him it looked like a Rembrandt, he said that the price was four shillings."

A Rembrandt of the Market Place

His face brightened. "That story," he said, "is worth much more than four bob."

"Yes," she said, unsmilingly. "I can see that; but what have I here?"

"Well," he said slowly, his eyes on the canvas, "I still think you found a wonderful bargain."

She was naturally glad to know that she had bought art wisely.

"Could you tell me ——" She paused, but he knew what she wished to know. They all do.

"You would like me to venture a guess as to who painted it?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"Well, attributions are always dangerous. I don't mind giving my opinion, but a guess is not an affidavit. In the case of a picture as dirty as this, an offhand opinion is not worth much."

"Do you think I had better have it cleaned?" she asked, such having been her intention from the first.

"Do you wish my honest advice?"

"Yes."

"Will you follow the advice if I give it?" She hesitated. He smiled and said, "It is really a very interesting canvas."

"I'll promise that I'll try to take your advice."

"I advise you to wash it with Castile soap and water. Use a soft rag. In that way you will get rid of all the dust and smoke and grease. When it is dry you might freshen it up with a bit of oil. Then hang it. Nobody can possibly know whose work it is. You can call it what you wish with absolute safety. It may be a Rembrandt or it may be nothing."

It was good advice, but somehow it did not sound honest. The more she thought about it the less she cared to call hers a Rembrandt without being sure. There was no way of making sure unless she had the canvas cleaned by a professional. The work could be done in London much more cheaply than at home.

She obtained the address of a competent cleaner, took it to him and had it cleaned. The painter had said that it might be a Rembrandt or it might be nothing. Cleaning it proved that it was not a Rembrandt. It was a Caledonian Market bargain.

Well Out of a Tight Corner

Ignorance of certain customs of the antique trade in England may prove to be dangerous. The conversation one night drifted to the curious experiences in antique hunting, of the kind dear alike to collectors and common idlers. Two of the ladies smiled at each other so knowingly that I said to one of them:

"You tell it."

"It didn't happen to me," she objected.

"It's all in the family," the other remarked encouragingly, whereupon her friend told the story:

"My sister has always been interested in antiques, particularly in small objects. Her husband was appointed to take charge of the London office of his concern. He is doing very well, but he is by no means rich enough to permit himself costly hobbies. They hadn't been in London very long when someone spoke about how interesting auction sales at Christie's sometimes were, when historic objects were put up for sale and the top collectors of the world bid against one another. She went there one day and saw some beautiful silver on exhibition. It was to be sold the following day. She didn't think that she would be able to buy anything, but there was no telling. It was English silver, and things were not so dear in London as in Boston.

"Well, the next day she was at the auction rooms before the opening, and stood near the table. The pieces were put up. The prices were much lower than she had, in her wildest dreams, believed possible. All told, her seven pieces didn't cost her quite $700. When she was asked for her name she gave her husband's business card. Owing to something or other, she was told that her bill would be ready for her the next day, when she could pay for the pieces. She asked what the aggregate would be approximately.

"'Oh, we can tell you exactly,' said the bookkeeper. And he figured quickly that she owed Christie's about £3497—about $17,000. Being very strong, she survived the discovery that what the auctioneer had called was not the price of the piece but the price per ounce, according to custom.

"She did not know how to get out of it. Her husband hadn't $17,000 to pay for old English silver. It could not help his business standing to be identified with a wife capable of making that kind of mistake. She decided that she would have to tell him about it and together they might find some way out of her trouble. She turned to go just as a man rushed up to the desk and wanted to know who had bought Numbers 421 to 428.

"'This lady,' said the clerk, pointing to my sister.

"The man was an agent who acted for one of the best-known and most reckless of the collectors of silver in England, and had reached Christie's too late. Five out of the seven pieces his client particularly wanted to complete a historic set.

"'Perhaps the lady might sell them,' suggested the clerk, who apparently was not very keen about having Americans cart away England's treasures to their barbarous country.

"My own belief is that my sister was too flabbergasted to know what the collector's agent was driving at when he began to offer her a very fair profit on the five pieces he wanted. She just stared at him. He, being used to the glassy noncomprehension of the aristocracy, raised his bid.

"'Why, that is almost what you paid for the entire lot,' the clerk said. My sister was more perplexed than ever. It was too good to be true.

"'What did the entire lot cost her?' asked the agent.

"'It came to £3497 and 10 shillings,' said the bookkeeper.

"'I'll give you £3500 for the five pieces. That will mean that your two remaining pieces will cost you less than nothing,' said the collector's agent.

"'Madam,' said the bookkeeper in anguished tones, 'it is not for me to tell you what you should do, but no one else in the world will pay that price.'

"'Very well,' said my sister; 'I'll accept it.'

"The man pulled out his wallet and paid Christie's man his price in cash, asked for the pieces, looked them over carefully and carried them off.

"'Do you wish to take your two pieces with you?' asked Christie's clerk respectfully. My sister was no longer an American; she was the incarnation of victory.

"My sister looked at him. He took from the drawer the change—£2, 10 shillings—but she said to him:

"'I should like you to keep that for yourself.' The man's face covered itself with six inches of solid respect. My sister went on: 'But I should like to ask something in return.'

"'Anything we can do, madam,' he assured her.

"'Do you know the man I sold the silver to?'

"'Yes, madam; very well. He is a dealer who acts as agent for Sir—for a prominent collector.'

"'Will you find out for me,' said my sister, 'how much he would have been willing to pay for those five pieces? The next time I see you, tell me what he says, will you?'

"Some time afterward my sister again went to Christie's and saw the same clerk. He remembered her and was very deferential.

"'Did you find out?' she asked him.

"'Yes, I did. He didn't wish to tell me, but I finally had it out of him. He said he was prepared to go up to £4000 for the five pieces.'

"The remaining two pieces—one is a William and Mary tankard and the other a Commonwealth cup—valued at thousands of dollars, stand her exactly nothing!"

That was the best bargain story I heard on that trip.

Time Enough to Sell

Of late years it has become the fashion in the United States to harp on the wisdom of buying antiques. "A good antique is a good investment," they all tell you, and any dealer can prove it with a hundred stories. There is no question that good antiques will more than hold their own. In the case of furniture, every year adds antiquity to it, and the growing hosts of collectors insure a permanent demand. Modern furniture, on the other hand, after you have kept it one month or twenty years is merely secondhand furniture when you come to sell it. I am constantly hearing of dealers in the United States who, believing in higher prices in the future, are holding and not selling furniture. These are unsubstantiated rumors. I do not think that investment holdings of antiques by American dealers are anywhere near as extensive as they are made out to be.

In England, I think, the average high-class dealer looks much farther ahead than in America. The American dealer emphasizes the desirability of the antique investment for the collector. The English dealer thinks of himself when he speculates on the stability of the antique market. The famous set of Queen Anne chairs which established a high record price at the first auction sale I attended was still unsold when I was in London the last time, but the owner told me that he did not care. He simply added to the price, every year, a sum equivalent to the interest on his original asking price. Americans are apt to stress the deal, where the English harp on the article. I was in a London picture dealer's place when he refused a very large price for a masterpiece.

"That is a great deal of money," I observed.

"Oh, yes, but it is worth more. It's a Rembrandt. It will wait."

A Treasure Chest for Bait

On the steamer on the way back home we had some interesting conversations with one of the best-known dealers in London. He is forever traveling on the Continent on the lookout for treasures. He has a very large chest in his house in England. When he comes back from one of his trips to France or Italy or Spain, he holds out the choicest piece that he has found on that particular trip, puts it in the chest and forgets about it.

"Why do you do that?" I asked him.

"Well," he explained, "I've got to die some day, and then what will happen? My wife will have all the goods in my shop to dispose of. You know, they are all good, but not all exceptional pieces. Now the goods that I put away in this chest are the best I can buy—the cream of my finds. Don't you see that these real treasures will be the only bait to use when my wife holds an auction sale of my goods? Those are the pieces that will fetch the great collectors from all over. The mob always follows the great collectors. And so, the knowing ones will buy the prizes and pay thousands of pounds and the rest of the stock will go to the rest of the crowd. At a sale where one item may fetch £10,000 a man is ashamed to seek bargains in the less rare pieces. That chest is my savings bank and its contents are my insurance."

It is always difficult to get reliable information about the actual methods and processes of furniture faking from the fakers themselves. The nearest approach to dependable data is what you may obtain from the studios of the craftsmen who make reproductions for you on order. You tell them you wish so many chairs exactly like the sample, or ask for an Elizabethan table or a Jacobean court cupboard. They will reproduce an authentic specimen, copying it down to the burns and scars. But even then they do not like to talk freely about their work, for they all have their treasured trade secrets and their pet formulas. For instance, they do not like to tell you exactly what stain they use on new oak to make it look 300 years old, or on old oak to make it look still older; nor just how they manage to imitate fairly closely the patina of antique mahogany; nor what kind and strength of acids they use on other woods for certain purposes.

The English collector's pet abomination in furniture is the high varnish polish that we used to call French polish in this country. You will find that many of the old English pieces have a queer, dead, sun-faded color. I was told it came from the use of brick dust and mutton tallow on the wood. The fakers use all manner of things to get that same sun-bleached look on mahogany which is so greatly in favor in

(Continued on Page 98)

GENERAL

"MAROONED!"

Another woman writes us:

"Marooned! That is the fate of many a woman, and it was mine until I got an inexpensive car for my very own.

"We live about six miles from town and there are no bus lines or street cars. As my husband and most of the neighbor men work in town, and use their cars to drive in and out, we women would be left stranded here many a day when we want to attend a lecture, concert, cooking school or card party, if it were not for my powerful old bus, which carries five; and every seat is always spoken for when there is anything going on in town.

"The neighbor women who haven't cars envy me. We go shopping, swimming, picnicking, huckleberrying in this car. If I want to take my little boy to the dentist or doctor, it is always nice to know that there is a car on the place in emergencies. A large share of our good times can be traced directly to this car, and without it, our home would seem almost a prison."

More than 3,000,000 American families have learned that a second car is not only a great convenience but an economy. The second car need not necessarily be a new car. Many used cars have thousands of miles of *unused transportation* in them and can be purchased at low prices. For the purchase of new and used cars alike, General Motors dealers offer the convenient GMAC Payment Plan.

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MOTORS

(Continued from Page 95)

England. So skillful are they in coloring the outside wood surfaces in imitation of the old that it is absolutely essential for the buyer to examine very carefully the inside of all chairs, tables, and so on. There is no other way of telling. No matter how much the outside has been polished and treated and made to look old, the unpolished inside of a genuine piece should be of the uniform hue which is the stain of time, and, therefore, the one reliable index.

Where you cannot get at it you are at a serious disadvantage. I know of an instance where the Elizabethan oak paneling of a large room was bought by an American after experts, British and American, had passed on it, only to learn, when it was taken down, that it was the work of a remarkable craftsman, done less than thirty years ago. It was historically and architecturally correct in every detail and the cabinet technic was unimprovable, for the modern carver had copied painstakingly and intelligently some original Tudor paneling taken from an older and smaller room in the same house. I understand it was not sold as old woodwork, but was disposed of by a firm of London solicitors for the estate of a gentleman who died a stock-market bankrupt.

There are firms in London which specialize on fine reproductions. They employ the most skilled workmen obtainable, and there is no question that a first-class English cabinetmaker knows his trade. The work is done with the utmost care and conscientiousness. The workmen, when in doubt, call for advice or suggestions from the firm's expert or from outsiders who know that particular type of antique furniture thoroughly. These firms are not engaged in turning out fakes but in making the highest class of reproductions. They make or complete sets of chairs and supply individual key pieces as well as entire interiors in furtherance of well-studied decorative schemes.

These reproductions find their way into private homes, but unfortunately—as with us—also into the shops of unscrupulous dealers, who do not hesitate to palm them off for antiques.

So thoroughly has England been hunted over for antiques that it is to the auction sales that collectors turn for needed specimens. A certain class of dealers, taking advantage of these sales, capitalize names famous among collectors. They attend the big sales, where they purchase a few low-priced articles. They then advertise that they will sell a wonderful lot of fine antique furniture, paintings, silver, objets d'art, and so on, "from the famous collection of the Earl of So-and-So." The credulous amateur may think the set of Jacobean chairs came from a noted collection, whereas all that really came from that sale was one Sheraton chair and some china.

A Pleasure to be Fooled

But the salesman succeeds in making friends with the customer to such an extent that he actually exhorts the buyer to make sure he gets the same chairs he is buying. He actually warns his new friend to be on the lookout against substitutions and calls his attention to some scratch or a mend or a stain in the seat cover by which the buyer may recognize his purchases when they are delivered to him.

Filled to the hilt with watchfulness and dozens of identifying marks, all the customer asks is to get those selfsame chairs safely in his home. When they are delivered and he checks up and finds the furniture to be exactly what he bought, he is content with his bargain.

There is in London a titled Englishman whose mission in life seems to be to convince Americans that they have misjudged Britons. His mien, manner, speech, voice, point of view and sense of humor prove that British insularity is not so pervasive as we feared. The fact that he is an authority on certain lines of antiques and exceedingly well posted on practically all lines is no more remarkable than the fact that he understands Americans so thoroughly. Well, he told me a story:

"I have a cousin who is well known in the diplomatic service. He purchased eighteen chairs from one of the depositories. Knowing my interest in antique furniture, he asked me to come and see them in his home. I could see that he was very proud of his purchase. Of course I went, though I was prepared for the worst by his story of how and where he had found the wonderful chairs. The moment I entered the room my suspicions were confirmed. The chairs were fakes. I told him so frankly. There was no sense of his making an ass of himself, exhibiting his chairs before people who would be sure to know they were not genuine. He could not bring himself to believe I was right, although he knew I knew furniture. He told me, most earnestly, how he had carefully examined the chairs before he bought them, and also after they reached his home, and they were the same chairs he had bought.

"Fortunately the overenthusiastic sellers had assured my cousin that the chairs had come from a well-known sale. That misrepresentation was their undoing, for it enabled me to threaten them with an action unless the money was repaid and the chairs called for by twelve o'clock that very day. This was done at once."

Saved by His Colossal Nerve

Imagine the plight of an American under similar circumstance, without an aggressive titled cousin, who was a well-known authority to boot. As a rule, these misrepresenting gentry know just how far to go. They prefer to give in now and then rather than to fight. They rope in so many "mugs"—as the English call them—who never know they have been fooled, that they can afford occasional restitution.

And there is the old trick, of course, of renting an apartment and filling it up with fake furniture and a few good originals. The well-bred owner advertises. Optimists seeking bargains call. The owner admits that owing to urgent need they will dispose of family heirlooms not at a fair value but at any price. They are helpless and they leave it to the buyer to play fair. The optimists buy—at much less than the same piece brings at the auction sales—as they can see from the clippings the well-bred owner has. The bargain hunter's urge is not so far removed from the gold-brick buyer's desire to get something for nothing.

London dealers to whom I spoke were inclined to blame the auctioneers for printing, in the catalogues of their sales, the descriptions sent in by the sellers, without taking the pains to check up the facts. They print what is sent in by the owners. In the case of reproductions, the catalogue may not lie, but it is misleading.

A prominent Philadelphia antique dealer on his return from a trip to England threw up his hands in virtuous horror as he spoke of the prevalence of faking. Personally we found the unreliable country shops as easy to spot in England as in America. They carried no really high-class fakes. Apparently they do not have the tourist trade to cater to—large numbers of well-to-do people in a spending mood, buying antiques as they would buy souvenirs. The high cost of skilled labor makes really artistic faking come high. The reputable dealers who have wealthy customers will not handle them, and the unreliable shops either haven't the capital needed or they are so full of rank imitations that they realize a first-class fake there would be as much out of place as a genuine piece.

Out-and-out fakers do not advertise their business, and I have no personal knowledge of which the English manufacturing centers for spurious antiques are, outside of London; but English friends told us that Bath was noted for its manufactures of fakes. There are several concerns there which are making period furniture and girandoles for export to the United States. These are entered at the customhouse as reproductions and pay duty as modern furniture. The transformation into genuine antiques takes place after they leave the New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Baltimore customhouse.

In connection with those circular convex mirrors, we learned that the elaborately carved kind that most American collectors prize are not considered desirable specimens in England. They are kept for the American trade. Both genuine specimens and fakes are shipped in large quantities to the United States, where patriotic collectors buy them because they are American pieces. At least, they look the part, according to the buyers.

"How do you make that out?" I have asked, and the usual answer was:

"Why, it is an eagle mirror!"

Of course, the eagle as a furniture motif was used by the English and the French during the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century; not, indeed, to cater to American jingoism, but because it was in demand at home. It is not always the American eagle which screams from the top of these mirrors. It may be one of Napoleon's birds. An importer in New York told me that he did not think more than one girandole in twenty was authentic.

In London, where the good shops are the best in the world, the bad ones are incredibly bad. On the way to one of the most reliable dealers in all England, I passed, within two or three blocks of his place, at least a dozen of the cheapest kind of fakers' shops. The American crime is to ask from 20 to 50 per cent more for pieces as alleged antiques than admitted reproductions would fetch. But in London some of the pieces offered for sale as old were incredibly crude. It bespoke an effrontery on the part of the dealers unmatched in barbarous America. One man told me that he guaranteed a Queen Anne chair as being of the period, absolutely original; and yet a child of five would have seen that it was a synthetic piece, made, rather clumsily, out of old pieces of other walnut furniture—and not always Queen Anne pieces either. He said he needed money so badly to pay for his wife's hospital bills that instead of asking £500 for it, he would sorrowfully let it go for £125—only about $600.

It would have been dear at any price. If he had asked twenty-five dollars I would have summoned the policeman. Asking $600 saved him. It was monumental nerve.

Gathering Raw Material

A trained English servant should not volunteer information, but one at my hotel could not help knowing that we were buying antiques. One day he respectfully apologized for telling me that he knew of a shop where I could buy old pieces very cheap because it was in an out-of-the-way place. Only a few extremely well-posted people knew about it. The owners were not members of the British Antique Dealers' Association, but it was the best place in London for wonderful bargains. They were constantly selling pieces for a mere song to the biggest dealers in London, who got thousands of pounds for them. They also shipped vast quantities of furniture to America and other parts of the world. After several minutes of what I may modestly call a grilling cross-examination, the valet confessed that his younger brother was a workman at this shop.

"What does he do there?" I asked.

"Oh, he is a cabinetmaker," he answered.

"Does he repair old pieces?"

"Yes; and he makes them so you can't tell they are not old."

"If I pay him for his time, will he come here and tell me something about his work?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Times are hard in England. Every little helps.

The young cabinetmaker duly called. He told me he had finished his apprenticeship a few months before. He was not very high up in the fakers' hierarchy and he did not have so many trade secrets to impart as I had hoped. Chiefly his work consisted of doing what he was told to do. Though his was not the master mind, his story was illuminating. The firm kept a dozen men at work making old pieces. They copied them from old pictures or drawings, though occasionally they used an old piece for a model. The shop had a large assortment of parts of all kinds of pieces. The workmen would be told, for example, to make a chair, and were shown one or two legs to go by, and a back or an arm, not always of the same piece but always of the style and period, so that the result was a sort of *pastiche*. Nearly all the men in the shop had been working at this faking long enough to know what was required of them—that is, the essential differences between their work and legitimate cabinetmaking.

The two bosses themselves were seldom in the shop. They were out nearly all the time seeking old pieces in London and in the provinces, looking for material—that is, for stock for their work. They went everywhere, hunting for all kinds of wood, so long as it was old. The more worm-eaten it was the better they liked it, of course. They would buy furniture that was so badly broken as to be beyond repairing, just to get the old wood. A drawer with the front all smashed would be bought for the bottom and sides. They also purchased plain or unvendibly ugly pieces or démodé furniture, say of the 1830's and 1840's. These are valuable because of the old veneer. Old veneer can be easily distinguished from new. It not only is thicker, as a rule, but it is all saw cut, instead of modern knife cut.

The Key to Battle Scars

They removed the old veneer by soaking the piece in water, and then they literally ironed it as you would a starched shirt, with a hot sadiron. This, applied to the damp wood, worked on the principle of steaming an envelope open; it softened the glue. They ran a thin knife or spatula under the veener and peeled it right off. This genuine old veneer taken from inferior pieces was used on the reproductions, the frames of which were made entirely out of old materials. They would build up a desirable Hepplewhite chest of drawers out of parts of undesirable pieces, but the veneer, the drawers, the sides and the top were all old. These reconstructed pieces, the young man said, were their most successful, or highest-priced, fakes.

He told me that in his shop they treated new walnut with quicklime, which they spread wet over the wood and then wiped it. The piece was then covered with thick coats of varnish, which they later rubbed to show wear. They made dents on the new surface to show us-age in addition to plain-age, and they broke off legs or other parts and glued them on again to show dam-age.

"What do you make the dents with?" I asked him.

"Well, sir, we couldn't use a hammer or any special tool, because all the dents would look alike if they were made by the same instrument. What we use, sir, is a bunch of keys. You see, you have all kinds and sizes of keys in your bunch and you swing it from the end of the chain and bring it down on the wood. That way you will get the different dents made by the different parts of the different keys. If you want a few larger dents, we make them with a hammer or an iron rod or a file end or anything. Usually, when we make Queen Anne pieces, we snap off one of the cabriole legs and repair it so that you can see the break plainly. Nobody breaks new pieces, do you see, sir? We varnish the piece or use furniture polish, and while it is still wet we drop dust and shop sweepings on it and let it dry in with the polish. That makes it look very old and dirty, sir. We always use old parts of old pieces when we make up the new pieces. They are very particular about this in the shop. They can't find enough worm-eaten old walnut to make as much Queen Anne furniture with as they can sell. That is what they all ask for, sir."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

Do finger prints talk about you ... *behind your back?*

FINGER PRINTS, like soiled gloves, don't say nice things about you. They aren't fair to the real *YOU*, who are, we feel sure, quite a fastidious person.

Mocking your tidy housekeeping, finger prints persist in spite of all your care and neatness. For *you* aren't to blame; they may be the fault of your furniture polish! If it contains too much oil (*and ordinary polishes often do!*) naturally every touch leaves its trace and dust accepts the invitation to stay.

But there is *one* greaseless polish! The only kind which cleans, beautifies, *and protects*. Really finger prints are the least of its conquests. Heat and water spots, scuffs and scratches, blemishes of all kinds are warded off by this amazing polish, which, until recently, women knew only as the fashionable, beautiful finish for floors—Johnson's Wax.

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Undeniably aristocratic, the soft lustre of Johnson's Wax now enhances the finest furniture in homes of social importance.

The coupon will bring you enough wax for your dining room table. Fill it out right now.

Three generations of fingers have left not a mark on this secretary: a century of serving has not marred this coffee table. For always wax *has protected their beauty.*

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The Interior Finishing Authorities"

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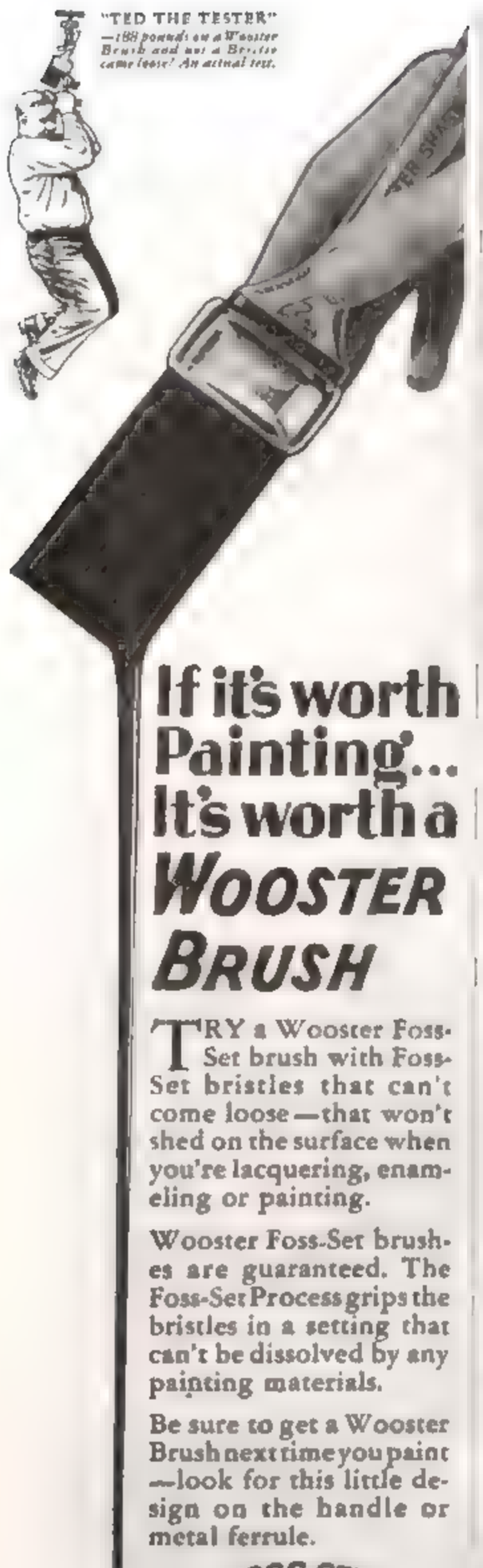

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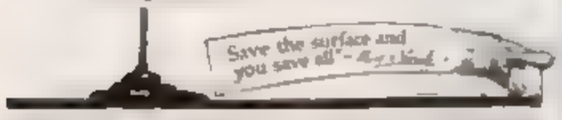

WHAT A GOOD BRUSH DOES

The pure Chinese hog bristles of a good Brush dig into every fissure and crevice of the surface, and brush out air bubbles, thus securing deeper penetration of the painting material. This means a better finish, greater surface protection, and economy when you paint with a Wooster Brush because the paint becomes an integral part of the surface itself—not just a "paint film" to crack or peel off.

A WILL AND A WAY

(Continued from Page 40)

"Only one I know of," said the woman.

"And who is that?" asked Brant.

"Nobuddy but Lily Price. Everybuddy knows that."

The old man's eye closed again in a deliberate wink. He had comprehended.

"No one else?" Brant asked, ostensibly of the woman, but really of David Price. The old head stirred on the pillow, moving slightly from left to right in the negative.

"Nobuddy I know of," said Mrs. Brief.

"Where is she? She should be notified."

"She's in the kitchen doin' her work," Mrs. Brief said as one who speaks of a person of no account.

"And you," asked the doctor—"what is your position? A guest within the gates?"

"I do fur Mr. Price," she said.

"And your husband does for Mr. Price also?"

"Ye kin call him the hired man, if ye want to."

"Clear," said Brant. "Limpid clear. While the hired man and the woman who does enjoy a well-earned leisure, the niece of the house labors in the vineyard."

"In the kitchen," said the woman stolidly. "How much longer you goin' to be?"

"Quite long," said Brant. "To which I may add: Quite frequent."

"He's dyin', hain't he?" she asked, callous whether the sick man overheard her words or not.

"He will not die today. I do not think he will die tomorrow. I would strongly advise against his death the day after that. In short, if Mr. Price is to pass away, my counsel is that he does it in my presence. You may not be aware of it, madam, but there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of even in a doctor's philosophy. Ah, here comes your husband, the hired man."

For a time after the return of Jacob Brief there was silence in the room while Doctor Perkins did those things which were essential. At the end of his labors he stood erect and made a statement; somehow it seemed rather an order issued by one in authority.

"Mr. Price," he said, "will be living when I return at eight this evening." It was almost as if he had said, "See to it that Mr. Price does not die before I come."

Then he stretched out his big hand and touched the patient on the shoulder. "Rest," he said, "and let your mind be at peace."

With that he gathered up the tools of his trade and walked toward the door. Behind him followed the soft, padding footsteps of Jacob Brief and his wife.

"I can find my way out," said the doctor, but nevertheless they followed him along the hall and down the stairs and to the very door, nor did they say a word of good-by as he opened it and stepped out upon the front stoop. As he progressed along the walk to the gate he was aware of their expressionless eyes upon his shoulder blades as they stood stolid, soft, massive, in the doorway.

"Well?" asked the Peddy Orphan.

"One does not," he said, "appreciate the sweetness of the circumambient ether until he has occupied an inclosure with Mr. and Mrs. Brief."

"They are still speeding the departing doctor," she said.

"I feel," he said, "as if I had been swimming among malignant jellyfish."

"And Mr. Price?" she asked.

"I think," he said, "Mr. Price is nearer to death than his physical condition warrants. . . . What are Mr. Price's circumstances?"

"We call him wealthy," she said. "You actually saw him?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "you are the first, outside that household, to have seen him for more than two years."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "of the dogs that are generally loose in the yard, and because Jacob Brief and his wife do not send out invitations to afternoon tea."

"You hint," he said, "that this couple have been keeping him incommunicado."

"I don't hint. I state," she said.

"What about this girl—this Lily?"

"One has some few liberties in a jail," said the Peddy Orphan.

"This couple," said Brant, "are not relations. Will you tell me, then, how they can profit if the old man makes no will? They cannot inherit under the statute of descent and distribution. What do they gain?"

"Doesn't the last will made cancel all former wills?" asked the Peddy Orphan.

"That house," said Brant in a hushed voice, "seems to be hungry to shelter a crime."

"I think," she said, "it has sheltered something more cruel than actual crime."

"A lonely, weak old man! Two ruthless mounds of flesh! Two years undisturbed to terrify and to smother his will under the soft, stifling putty of their wills! Why has no one made it his business to investigate this thing?"

"We are a people," she said, "who mind our own business."

"While an old man is kept close and subjected to such tortures of duress as these shapeless creatures can devise!"

"Will he die?" she asked.

"If," said Doctor Perkins, "he does not die before eight o'clock tonight, his danger is not immediate. On the contrary, if they guess that I know what I know ——"

"Would they dare?"

"When a man is as old as Mr. Price and as far gone as Mr. Price, his hold upon life is so feeble that the tiniest wrench will loosen it. There would have to be no actual, visible violence—nothing that could be proved by post mortem. There would be little for Jacob Brief and his wife to apprehend." Doctor Perkins turned suddenly to look at his companion. "You're a precocious brat," he said with some astonishment. "Every little while I find myself treating you as a man and an equal."

"I may be a brat," she said, "but I object to educated adjectives. And besides, I'm not your equal. Young man, I'm so much smarter than you that the difference between us would make a pretty bright person. In fact," she ended with a sort of purr of satisfaction, "I don't know but what I'm smarter than almost everybody."

"Young," said Doctor Perkins, "and sweet and modest. That's the way I like to see children."

"But what are you going to do about it? Make nasty remarks about me? . . . I mean about Mr. Price."

"I'll know more about it tonight at eight o'clock."

"When you visit the old man again?"

"Exactly."

"Then," she said, "you'll never do anything."

"What?"

"Exactly," she said, mocking his manner of pronouncing the word. "Because you won't visit Mr. Price tonight."

"Why?"

"They don't want you."

"Granted."

"It's easier to fire a doctor than an office boy," she said. "Before night you will have lost a patient, and some doctor the Briefs like better will be on the job."

At this he remained silent and frowning. It was a possibility he had not considered. If their suspicions of him had been aroused, it was the course they would take—the course they would be compelled to take. And they could do so without danger to themselves. There are so many excuses for dismissing a physician, and the doctor cannot complain. If he makes any sort of fuss he puts himself in a most disagreeable position with his professional brethren. Any charges he may bring after the event reflect upon the ability and integrity of the replacing doctor, and are likely to be set down as the result of rancor at his discharge. What then?

"I suppose," said the Peddy Orphan ironically, "you'll just sit like a bump on a log and think noble thoughts about professional ethics."

"Huh!"

"While an old man dies and his niece is robbed by those two enormous lumps of predatory putty."

"The situation," said Brant, "would present difficulties."

"Difficulties surmounted," she said piously, "are the stones from which our noblest monument is built. I read that in a copy book. It's grand. I dote on lofty thoughts like that."

"Go ahead and dote," he said, "while I think a little."

"I'll love watching you. Do you scowl and gnaw your finger?"

"Shut up," he said brusquely.

They drove for ten minutes in silence, but that was all the Peddy Orphan could endure of that sort of amusement. "Well," she demanded, "what's the answer?"

"I don't know," he said.

"All right. Now you dote a while and let me do the thinking."

"Be still," he said, "or I'll make you get out and walk."

"Oh," she exclaimed rapturously, "will you really? I thought I never should be made to walk home. I was afraid I lacked the necessary attributes of popularity. Doctor Perkins, you have made me a very happy girl."

"You're an infernal pest," he said.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. Shall I get out and walk now? And the sewing circles and the missionary society will enjoy it too."

Doctor Perkins rejoined nothing, but put on more speed, lest she take it into her head to disembark through pure impishness and leave him to face the situation thereby developed.

Presently Brant stopped his car just to the left of the post office in Kidder's Dam and alighted without a word to his companion.

"Going to the dentist?" she asked. "I thought it was toothache."

This he ignored utterly and climbed the stairs to the law office of young Richard Bumpus, whom he found at his desk hopefully awaiting the arrival of clients.

"I'm Doctor Perkins," Brant said abruptly, "and I want you to draw a will."

"Wills," said Mr. Bumpus, "are my strong holt. Draw up a chair and sit down."

"It's not for myself," said Brant, "but for a patient who is too ill to come in person."

"You want me to go to him?"

"It can't be done," said the doctor, "for reasons."

"Such as?"

"That you wouldn't be allowed to see him, chiefly."

"Um. . . . I seem to detect an odor in the air."

"There is one. Therefore I want a will that can't be busted, and I want to know exactly how to carry out the formalities of signing. My patient is David Price."

The young lawyer eyed Doctor Perkins briefly. "Not burning your fingers, are you, or neglecting to mind your own business or anything? Not thinking of sitting on a hot cook stove?"

"I've got to take the chance."

"So they've called in a doctor," said Bumpus.

"Self-protection," replied Brant.

"The old man asked to have a will?"

Brant described accurately the events in Mr. Price's sick room.

"You're more or less guessing at the beneficiary," said Bumpus.

"Rather more than less."

"Of course they've got a will out of him."

(Continued on Page 102)

"JIM'S *a peach, but—"*

Wives—thousands of wives—worry about husbands. And these wives seldom tell husbands the things they're worrying about.

"Jim's a peach—he never gets sore at me if the cream's turned and he has to use milk in his coffee—he never even raised his voice to little Jim when he used the hammer on the superheterodyne—he never tells me I look best in green when I've just bought a lavender dress. Jim's certainly a peach, but—"

But what? "Jim's a peach, but he doesn't give himself a chance."

The wrinkled carelessness of Jim's clothes doesn't give him a chance. The men who can make or break a man in business look at the wrinkled carelessness of his clothes and figure that his work will be just as careless and untidy as his wrinkled clothes.

A clean shirt. A well pressed suit. Polished shoes. These are three of the easiest ways for a man to put himself in line to make more money.

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To Wives. We are collecting stories of men who helped themselves earn more money by becoming neater in appearance. Won't you write us any true stories of such experiences that you know? You need not mention any names. We promise not to mention your name without your permission. *Write your story to U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

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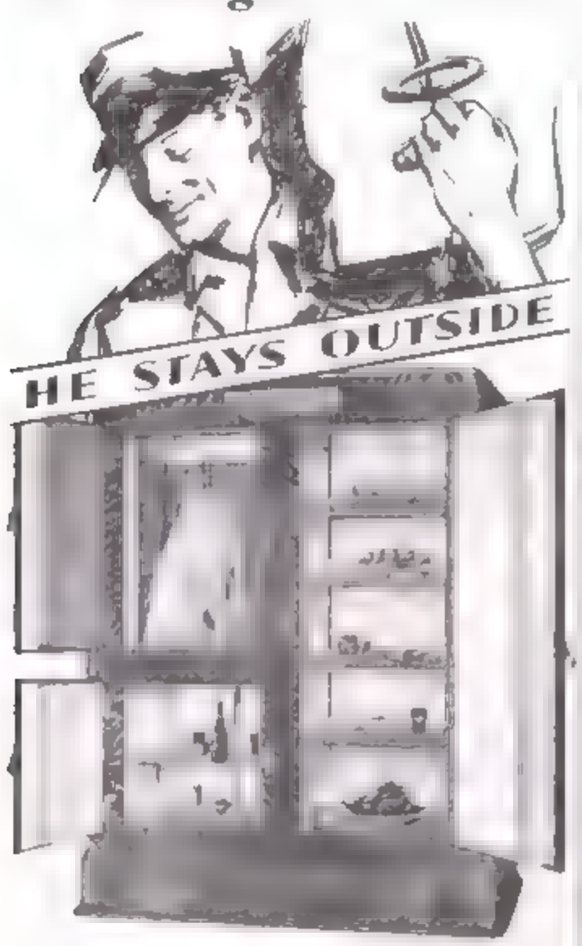
Ice Refrigerator Month



Enjoy all these extra advantages of ICE refrigeration

ICE refrigeration at its best is surprisingly convenient as well as extremely healthful. You can have all the modern improvements to be found in the new HERRICK line of quality refrigerators, at prices very little, if any, more than you would pay for an ordinary ice box.

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permits regular icing without bothering the housekeeper. And it saves ice in cool weather. Blue print plans showing how to provide HERRICK Outside Icing for new homes and how to install it in homes already built, will be sent free on request.

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gives pure, ice-cold water, untouched by ice, at the turn of a faucet on your HERRICK Refrigerator. Connects with your water system or holds spring water.

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gives three-way protection against warm air. The cabinets and linings of the HERRICK are non-conductors of heat, and in between is heavily packed MINERAL WOOL, shown by U. S. Bureau of Standards' tests to be one of the most effective insulating materials. The result is extra efficiency from the ice or current used.

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HERRICK
THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 100)

"I take that for granted."

"It's pretty irregular."

"Suppose," said Brant, "we behave like human beings and not like professional men."

"I'll go you once," said Bumpus, "if I repent at leisure. I'll draw you a nice, short, water-tight will, and tell you how to drive it. After which I may be seen to wash my hands and remark in a nonchalant voice that the devil may take the hindermost. I've got to live here."

"So have I," said Brant.

Bumpus turned to his typewriter, inserted paper, and typed rapidly. In five minutes he withdrew the document, read it carefully and handed it to Doctor Perkins.

"There she is, brief and to the point. With the attestation clause big as life and twice as natural. That's the catch. There must be two witnesses. The testator must declare this document to be his last will and testament. He must request two persons to sign as attesting witnesses. He must sign his name in their sight and presence, and they two must sign as witnesses in his sight and presence and in the sight and presence of each other. Tricky, eh? How'll you manage it? How'll you get a parade of witnesses into the old man's room past the barricade of Briefs?" He got up and walked to the washstand in the corner. "I may now be seen rinsing my hands. The world is yours. Twenty-five dollars, please, and go as far as you like. Beautiful weather we're having."

"Much obliged," said Brant.

"When the trouble comes I shall probably deny I ever saw or heard of you. Housebreaking is a crime. Murder, even with the best intentions, is frowned upon. And, if you get this thing signed today, they'll have a new one signed tomorrow. On the whole, you have bought yourself a puzzle which may explode in your face. The door is behind you and an army marches on its stomach. He who testates last testates best."

"I like your conversation," said Brant. "It is so pedantic. Suppose, some day when peace comes peacefully stealing, we start making short evenings out of long ones."

"Signed, sealed and delivered," said Bumpus.

When Doctor Perkins reached the street his car stood at the sidewalk, but the Peddy Orphan had disappeared. He drove at once to his home, where Mrs. Widget, his housekeeper, met him at the door to tell him that there had been repeated calls from David Price. He shrugged his wide shoulders and went into his office. Hardly had he seated himself in his chair when the telephone sounded again. It was Jacob Brief.

"Doctor," said the man, "you don't need to come out again tonight like you said. The old man cal'lates he don't want ye. Got the notion ye was too young. So he told me to call Doc Whittaker from Dublin."

"So fleet the works of men," replied Brant. "It is true I am not an ancient and holy thing, and therefore it is practically impossible for me to fade like a dream."

"Eh? What's that?" asked Mr. Brief in a tone of voice

"Few people read Kingsley today. I don't myself. The answer is in the affirmative. Youth will not be served. Thank you for calling, Mr. Brief. Do you ever reflect upon aphorisms?"

"I dunno what you're talkin' about."

"Well, sir, here's one for you to reflect upon. Where there's a will there's a way. Good afternoon, Mr. Brief."

With that he hung up the receiver and set about the task of discovering a way for the will. He was now deprived of all standing in the matter. But on the other hand, he reflected, what actual standing had Jacob Brief and his wife? In the eyes of the law, none except such standing as servants may have who obey the directions of their employer. And without doubt, they were not obeying such directions. They were usurpers of authority. That was a fact, but nevertheless a fact incapable of being proved by him. They possessed at least color of authority. Their weakness was guilt. Upon them rested the knowledge that they had transgressed in the way of criminal conspiracy and in the way of holding in durance and exercising duress over a human being. Where there is guilt there is apprehension. The weak point in their defenses would be their fear.

He checked that off as an asset. After which he gave consideration to Lily Price, whom he had thought of scarcely at all. But Lily deserved considerable attention, for, after all, she was the elected victim. It was she who would be robbed of her inheritance and left destitute. Lily, if she could be reached, was potent to supply him with the standing he lacked, for she was white and twenty-one—if not free. Doctor Perkins was beginning to see dimly his way for a little distance into the forest.

"Probably," he said to himself, "the dogs will not be turned loose until dusk. Or are the animals maintained to keep Lily in as well as to keep outsiders out?"

He walked through to the kitchen. "Mrs. Widget," he said, "one of your largest glasses of milk, if you please, and a piece of the apple pie. Also a posy for my buttonhole. When a man goes courting he should be sustained by food and made lovely by flowers."

"Be you goin' courtin'? Courtin' who?"

"You may," he said, "regard me as a spurious suitor, a counterfeit swain with apocryphal sighs upon his lips. Also, if you have a baseball bat you're not using this afternoon, I'll take the loan of it."

"Hush your nonsense," she said. "'Tain't the way a doctor ought to talk. Folks 'll be losin' confidence in you. What you want of a ball bat?"

"Merely," he said, "a precautionary measure. A man may travel far on apple pie and milk."

"Don't you go fetchin' no wife here," said Mrs. Widget, "if you want to go on eatin' my cookin'."

"Perish the thought. I would rather eat your cooking than be wed to the late Helen of Troy."

"All the same," she said, "you'll be marryin' sometime. Everybuddy does."

"When the time comes," he said, "I'll let you pick the lady."

"I got her picked," said Mrs. Widget succinctly, and made a most effective exit into the pantry.

Doctor Perkins finished his pie and went out to his waiting car, in which he drove with his accustomed breakneck speed toward the farmstead of David Price, but not before he stopped at the Variety Store and bought him a light but serviceable bat for seventy-five cents. Fifteen minutes later he stopped before David Price's gate and alighted.

Almost instantly two large dogs showed a disposition to tear down the fence in their eagerness to do their duty upon his person. He walked to the barrier and very deftly tapped the black dog upon the skull with his baseball bat. The yellow one withdrew somewhat and crouched, growling. Brant walked to the gate and opened it, whereupon the yellow dog executed belligerent maneuvers. Brant advanced with upraised bat and the dog put its tail between its legs and went away from there.

Brant rang the doorbell and Jacob Brief appeared in faded suspenders, expressionless as ever, and stared out of his big pale eyes.

"I told ye not to come no more," he said. "The old man don't want ye."

Brant pointed to the flower in his buttonhole. "I do not come as a physician," he said. "I am a social caller. This is my badge of office."

"We don't want no callers," said Brief. "What you done to my dawgs? I'll have the law onto ye for molestin' my dawgs."

"I'm not calling on you," said Brant. "My attentions are for Miss Lily."

"She don't want no callers."

"I can't believe that. She is young and personable. I, too, am young and personable. What more natural than that I should seek her society? Will you tell her I am here?"

"You can't see her."

"Ah. Do I understand that you refuse to let me see Miss Lily? In what capacity do you refuse? Are you her guardian, perhaps? Or otherwise *in loco parentis?*"

"You jest can't see her."

"She's twenty-one," suggested Brant. "Suppose you let her speak for herself."

"You better go away 'fore ye git into trouble," said Mr. Brief. "You're trespassin'."

"I've come to call on Miss Lily," said Brant patiently.

"You can't," said Brief shortly.

"Do I understand that you, the hired man, take it upon yourself to refuse visitors to the niece of your employer? By what right?"

"'Tain't none of your business."

"Did you ever, my friend, hear of the writ of habeas corpus? It is a legal paper dear to the heart of free peoples. It prevents Bastilles and lettres de cachet. If it shall appear that the person of a citizen be held in illegal restraint, this writ will issue. Numbers of large official persons will appear and carry the restrained person to the court, which will inquire into the matter. You wouldn't care to have that happen, would you?"

Mr. Brief wet his lips and his bulging, dull eyes moved uneasily.

"It appears to me," said Brant, "that Miss Lily is being curtailed in her liberty. Unless I am assured to the contrary by herself in person, my next port of call shall be the courthouse. I am not, as you see, a young man to be deprived of his social diversions. In short, when I make a call, I make a call. So speak, or forever after hold your peace."

"I'll ask her," said Mr. Brief colorlessly.

"No, I'll ask her," said the doctor. "Fetch her to the door."

Jacob Brief stared at Doctor Perkins with those dull eyes which gave the impression of being sightless; then he turned toward the rear of the house. The doctor kept his foot in the crack of the door as insurance. There was a delay of some minutes, when Brief appeared again, almost pushing before him a slight, frightened girl with careless hair and equally careless dress. Her whole appearance indicated a lack of interest in herself or in the world at large, and her eyes were those of a terrified rabbit.

"Here she is," said Brief. "She don't want to see ye."

"Suppose," said Doctor Perkins, "you retire to a discreet distance, Mr. Brief. This conversation is not for the hired man; it is much too good for him."

"Here she is," said Brief stolidly, "and here I stay."

Brant looked at his watch. "In just fifty minutes," he said, "I will be back with a writ."

"Talk to her if ye want to," conceded Mr. Brief.

"Come out in the sunshine, Lily," Brant said. "You look as if you'd been hiding in a cellar. We'll walk up and down the yard and talk."

"I don't want to talk to you," she muttered

"Then," he said, taking her arm, "come out and keep quiet."

Brief watched this proceeding stolidly before he turned slowly and padded toward the kitchen.

"Now, Lily," said Brant, "we'll take it for granted friend Brief has promised abominable things if you talk to me. And you're terrified of him."

"Oh, I wish I was dead!" she said quietly.

"You get two more wishes. Now, to begin with: You don't have to go back into that house unless you wish. I'll take you to town, where you will be protected. You are safe. Nothing can happen to you."

(Continued on Page 105)

when hills get steeper and steeper ..look to your VALVES

When your motor gasps on the hill you used to take at one swift rush, it's time to look to your valves.

The red hot hammering of countless explosions has battered them, pitted them, perhaps even warped or burned them. Power is leaking past those valves—power that never gets to the drive shaft. No wonder hills feel steeper and steeper.

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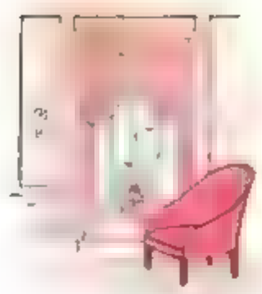

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UPSON BOARD

(Continued from Page 102)

"They'd kill you," she said.

"Is it true they have kept you a prisoner here, refusing to allow you to see anyone? Have they mistreated you?"

"I could always see anybody I wanted to. They've always been kind and good to me."

"You learned that by heart, didn't you? Now we'll try again, and you mustn't answer out of the book. Try to answer this one out of your head: The Briefs have been jailers to yourself and your uncle, haven't they?"

"Oh, I daren't say anything. I daren't say so."

"Have they ever laid hands on you? Struck you? Treated you with cruelty?"

"I daren't answer questions. Go away. Leave me be. I wish I was dead."

"Now you've done it!" he said. "You've been and gone and used up another wish. Only one left. It would be grand if they hadn't tortured all the courage out of you and you had just one small spark of it left. Do you know what we could do then?"

"Nobody can do anything."

"Go to the foot," said Brant. "You're wrong. We could march up to the door and trample in and heave Mr. and Mrs. Brief out upon their ears. But that's asking too much of you, I'm afraid. Can you drive a car?"

"I—I could once."

"Good. And where is the telephone?"

"In the hall."

"Splendid place for it. Now you are going to do exactly as I say. Until you get fed up and breathe lots of air and get a new state of mind, you're probably going to do as anybody says, because you haven't much will left. But we'll cure that. So, temporarily, you've traded bosses and I'm the new one."

"I daren't."

"Come along," he said, and led her to his car, which he started. "Now sit in the seat behind the wheel. Good! And do what I tell you. I'm going back into the house for purposes of the common good. If, while I am gone, Mr. Brief or his wife emerge, you will throw in the clutch and drive like billy-be-damned to Kidder's Dam. You will go to Richard Bumpus' office and tell him I sent you and that he's to let his conscience be his guide. All clear?"

"I—I daren't."

He took her hand and held it firmly and looked into her eyes. "Do as I tell you," he said. "Don't dare do otherwise than as I tell you."

He returned to the house and pushed open the door. Mr. and Mrs. Brief stood, enormous and silent, in the hall—enormous and silent and flaccid and malign.

"I have just dealt myself an ace off the bottom of the deck," he said pleasantly. "What do you hold?" He took the first step of the stairs.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Brief.

"To see Mr. Price."

"No," said Mr. Brief.

"They still hang folks in this state," said Brant, taking the second step.

The couple hesitated; their eyes turned slowly to look at each other.

"Suppose you come with me," said Brant. "I shall want you."

He mounted to the top of the stairs without looking back, but he could hear behind him the soft, slurring footsteps of the Briefs. Mr. Price's door was ajar and the doctor entered, walking across to the bed where the old man lay with eyes closed.

"Mr. Price," said Brant softly.

The eyes opened and the doctor saw recognition in them. The bushy eyebrows lifted in interrogation. Brant nodded assurance and turned to face the Briefs, who had entered after him and stood with backs to the closed door.

He drew from his pocket a little case which revealed a hypodermic syringe to which he fitted a needle; this instrument he filled from a tiny bottle of the size of a cherry, and held it poised between thumb and finger.

"Mr. Price," he said, "is about to execute his last will and testament. . . . Can you read it, Mr Price, or shall I read it to you?"

"You," said the old man.

Doctor Perkins read its brief contents. "Now," he said to Jacob Brief, "if you and your excellent wife will step this way, you will occupy reserved seats. I know you will enjoy seeing Mr. Price attach his name."

They came closer, stood immobile, stolid, very still.

Slowly, painfully, the old man signed in the designated place and no hand was raised to prevent him.

"Do you declare this to be your last will and testament?" asked Brant.

"I do," said Mr. Price.

Brant spread the will upon the bedside table.

"We now require two attesting witnesses," he said in a conversational tone. "Do you request Mr. and Mrs. Brief to sign in that capacity?"

"I do," said Mr. Price.

Brief, who was standing close by the doctor, moved suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Brant.

"Suthin pricked me," said the man.

"Not quite," said Brant. "It's my little needle. I'm holding it adjacent to your hip—just in case. Have you any idea what would happen to you if I should drive it home?"

"No," said Brief, but for once his voice was not phlegmatic. It was a tone higher than usual.

"I doubt," said Brant, "if you would care to know."

"You wouldn't dast," said Brief.

"Oh, yes, I would," the doctor said genially. "In fact I would dote on it. Sign on the upper line at the left."

"No."

"The slightest jab will do it," said Brant. "At the number five prepare for the worst." He commenced to count.

Brief seized the pen and affixed his name.

"And now Mrs. Brief. We must have this all legal and in order. Request your wife to sign, Jacob."

"Sign it," said the man a trifle breathlessly.

"Thank you," said Brant, folding the document with one hand and placing it in his pocket. "Of course I understand you do not mean to permit me to leave the house with this will in my pocket. We will take for granted your good intentions. . . . By the way, Mr. Price, I understand you wish to discharge the help."

"Yes," said the old man, and his ancient eyes glittered.

"Good," said Brant. "So you people are out of a job. But I'm going to disappoint you. I'm not leaving the house at present. No, Jacob, you and I are going to remain within arm's reach of each other. Even when we walk to the window as we are about to do. Good. Now raise the window, Jacob."

Jacob obeyed.

"Put out your head, Jacob. Call to Miss Lily. Tell her to drive to town and return with Mrs. Widget and Lawyer Bumpus. Don't hesitate, because my wrist feels jerky."

"Lily," called the man, "drive to taown and git Lawyer Bumpus and Mis' Widget!"

"And hurry," said Brant.

"And hurry'" repeated Jacob loudly.

"Now," said the doctor, "we will sit side by side on the haircloth sofa until reënforcements arrive. . . . I hope, Mr. Price, this little excitement has not exhausted you."

"I feel stronger'n what I have in months," said the old gentleman. "Dunno but what I may git around agin."

There was little conversation during the ensuing forty minutes, at the end of which time a car stopped before the house and the doorbell sounded hollowly.

"Step to the door, Mrs. Brief, and call to them to enter."

The woman obeyed. Directly Bumpus entered the room with Mrs. Widget at his heels. Lily's frightened face peered through the doorway.

"Bumpus," said the doctor, "Mr. Price wished you to come out to take charge of the will he has just executed. Mr. and Mrs. Brief are leaving his employ, so I have taken the liberty to ask Mrs. Widget to stay with Lily until slenderer and more dependable servants can be found. I think the whole situation is such that no one will wish to allude to anything in public. So medicine retires in favor of law."

"What's the idea?" asked Bumpus, pointing to the hypodermic which Brant removed from its proximity to Jacob's leg.

"Merely an experiment. I was testing the strength of criminal human nerves with a thimbleful of rain water."

A Warrior of the Winds in Mount Rainier National Park, Washington

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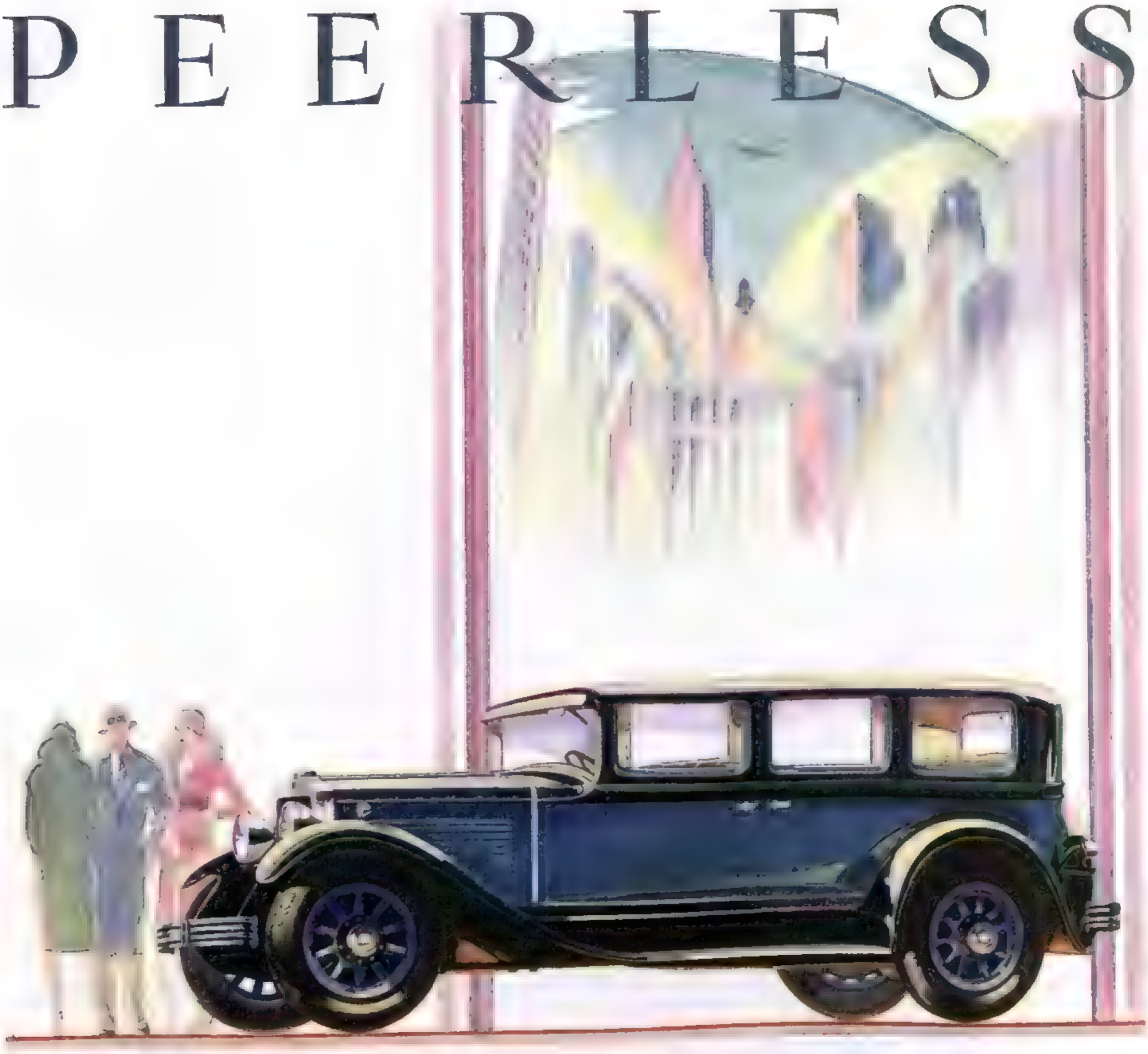

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VIGILANTE

(Continued from Page 35)

his anxiety when, in the course of a short conversation, he asked Crawford three times if Cleveland had "said anything about me."

Jack Cleveland died three hours later—died game and mute. To repeated questions as to the nature of the trouble between him and the man who had killed him, he replied: "That doesn't make any difference to you." A few minutes before he died he whispered: "Poor Jack hasn't got any friends. He's got it and I guess he can stand it!"

The following Monday the death of Cleveland was driven from the public mind by a new tragedy. Three of the outlaw group—Charley Reeves, Bill Moore and Bill Mitchell—wantonly shot up a Bannack Indian camp on the edge of town. The shooting was the result of an effort made by Reeves to compel the return to his cabin of a squaw that he had purchased. The woman had left him and had gone back to her people with a story of brutal treatment. Reeves and Moore, with Mitchell standing by, fired into the closely grouped lodges. Two Indian men and a papoose were killed, as was also a Frenchman. Several white men in the camp were wounded.

A mass meeting was called, and when it was learned that the three had departed from Bannack, a call was issued for volunteers to pursue them. Four men—Lear, Higgins, Rockwell and Davenport—brought the fugitives to bay in a thicket on Rattlesnake Creek. Reënforcements arrived from the town. The fugitives did not give up until they had received a solemn promise that they would be given a jury trial in Bannack. To the infinite surprise of the members of the posse, Henry Plummer, his hands in the air, followed Reeves, Moore and Mitchell from the undergrowth.

You will be told that Plummer had preceded the three out of town in order to aid them in escaping, and that this is evidence that even at this early date he was the leader of the outlaws. Unfortunately, there exists no proof whatever of this protection. Such interest and solicitude are not in accord with the character of the man as we know it. When George Ives, who became one of his right-hand men after the organization of the gang, was tried a year later for the murder of Nicholas Thibalt the chief of the road agents did not raise a finger to aid him. Henry Plummer took excellent care of Henry Plummer.

Granted a Jury Trial

His story—delivered in a straightforward and convincing manner at the trial—was that he had left town because he feared that in the excitement caused by the wanton attack upon the Indian village he would be hanged for killing Jack Cleveland. His meeting with Moore, Reeves and Mitchell, he maintained, was entirely coincidental.

Very evidently this explanation was accepted without question, for when the story of Cleveland's threats was told the court, Plummer was promptly and honorably acquitted. Bill Mitchell was sentenced to be banished—it was demonstrated that he had taken no part in the actual firing—but Dimsdale tells us that he "hid around town for awhile" and then returned and was not molested. Moore and Reeves were obviously the guilty parties and they were called for a joint trial.

The posse capturing them had promised the pair that their guilt or innocence would be determined by a jury. The town was overwhelmingly in favor of the rough-and-ready expedient of a miners' court. This was the last thing the guilty men and their friends desired. They knew only too well how summary was the justice of the miners' courts. A yell of, "What's th' use of all this talkin'? They're guilty. String 'em up!" had frequently proved the sum total of the arguments offered in a case.

Three hours were spent in bickering over the question; a jury trial finally being obtained through the efforts of Nathaniel P. Langford, who swayed the crowd by appealing to them to uphold the promises made to the prisoners by the officers that had been sent out after them. J. F. Hoyt was elected judge; Hank Crawford, sheriff; and George Copley and William C. Rheem as attorneys for the defense and the prosecution. The jury was selected after further argument, and Langford appointed as foreman.

This trial marked the first move of the rough element to dominate the town of Bannack. Public opinion was sharply divided. The better element held out for exemplary punishment; the outlaws strove to make a farce of the proceedings. While witnesses were being summoned and examined the roughs swaggered at will and unreproved in and out of the courtroom. Guns were freely displayed and remarks such as: "I'd like to see any blank-blanked jury that would hang Charley Reeves and Bill Moore!" were freely uttered where the twelve good men and true could not fail to hear.

An Unsuccessful Frame-Up

The final verdict showed eleven to one in favor of acquittal. Only the fearless Langford pronounced the men guilty and voted for the death penalty. A compromise verdict was finally decided upon. Reeves and Moore were pronounced guilty of manslaughter in the first degree and were sentenced to banishment. Death was to be the penalty if they were found within a distance of six hundred miles of the Bannack diggings. They were given three hours to leave town, and departed immediately. Like Mitchell, however, they decided that the trial was "all in fun," and after an absence of a few days, returned to the camp. Eventually the sentence was revoked by action of a miners' court.

"Thus," says Langford, "the first scene in the drama, which had been ushered in by such a bloody prologue, terminated in the broadest farce."

Plummer had been acquitted of guilt in the killing of Cleveland, but he found that the officers elected for the trial of Reeves and Moore were not discharged after those proceedings and that Hank Crawford, in whose cabin Cleveland had died, was sheriff of the Bannack district. He did not believe Crawford when the sheriff assured him that Cleveland had said nothing, and all his fear was transferred from the dead man to the new official. Crawford, too, he decided, must die.

Crawford had one very narrow escape from being the victim of a deliberate frame-up. A stranger picked a quarrel with him in a saloon and challenged him first to a pistol duel and then to a fist fight. The sheriff, willing to oblige, laid aside his belt and guns, and slapped the man across the face with his open hand. The stranger whipped a pistol from beneath his coat, but before he could fire, Crawford grappled with him and disarmed him. Henry Plummer came to the man's assistance and wrenched the gun from Crawford's grip. At this juncture Harry Phleger, who seems to have appointed himself Crawford's guardian, at the point of his own revolvers stopped the fight. Later in the day the proprietor of the saloon confessed that the quarrel had been prearranged and that Plummer and his friends were standing by to kill Crawford.

The following Sunday Plummer tried in every conceivable manner to force Crawford to fight. He cursed him, branded him as a coward, and finally dared the sheriff to walk with him out of the saloon in which they had encountered each other. They stepped side by side through the doorway into the snow-covered street.

"Now, pull your gun!" said Plummer.

"I'll pull no gun, Plummer," answered Crawford steadily. "I've never had to pull

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a gun on a man yet and I'm not starting now."

"Pull it!" the killer insisted. "No man can say I never gave you a chance. Pull it and cock it, and I won't go for mine until you say 'Fire.'"

Crawford refused. He knew that Plummer was chain lightning with a gun and that the second he dropped his hand to the butt of his own weapon the other man would draw and fire with a single motion.

"You're a coward!" snarled Plummer. "Fight me like a man now or I'll shoot you down like a dog! I'll give you two hours and then I'll kill you on sight!"

"If that's your game, Plummer," Crawford said quietly, "you might as well start it now. I'll give you a fair target."

He turned and walked calmly down the street. Plummer knew that he dared not shoot the sheriff in the back, and was compelled to stand and watch him depart. Before the two hours had gone by the two men met each other again in Peabody's saloon. Harry Phleger was with the sheriff and a second clash was prevented only when the faithful Phleger drew his guns and held Plummer and his friends at bay while he and Crawford backed out to the street. On reaching his cabin Crawford broke down, his nerves completely shattered by the strain of the day. Phleger stood guard over him all night.

Leaving for a Healthier Climate

A curious character, this Hank Crawford; cowardly where another man would be brave, and displaying totally unexpected flashes of high courage in situations where apparent cowardice could be called only caution. He had no liking for his job as sheriff of the Bannack district and made repeated efforts to quit, but could find no authority competent to accept his resignation.

The deadlock continued until March fifth. Crawford was a butcher. Cutting steaks and chops for the women who came to buy, he felt safe and laid aside his guns. Nor did he think it necessary to buckle the belt about his waist when a woman living in the next building to his shop called to him as he stood in the doorway and invited him to have a cup of coffee. He was sitting at her table when Frank Ray, a friend and sympathizer, broke into the room.

"It's now or never, Hank!" Ray exclaimed. "Plummer is out looking for you! He swears he'll shoot you on sight, and he's going to do it! Here!"

As he spoke he thrust a rifle into the sheriff's hands. It was the property of J. B.—Buz—Cavan, one of the first settlers on Grasshopper Creek and afterward appointed by Plummer as a bailiff.

Crawford took the weapon, stepped out of the door and walked slowly around the cabin and along the side wall of the Bannack Restaurant to the street. Directly across from him was Plummer, a rifle in his hands, his eyes on the doorway of Crawford's shop.

The sheriff wasted no more time and fired. The heavy ball struck Plummer in the right elbow just below the joint, tore through the flesh of the forearm and lodged in his wrist. And one point upon which all his biographers do agree is that when the ball was removed after death it was "as bright as silver from the constant friction of the joint."

Crawford's shot was the only one fired. Thinking he had killed the man, Crawford ran to his shop and waited for the attack he felt confident would be made by Plummer's friends. These quickly gathered around their prostrate leader, whose first words showed that he had not seen his opponent.

"Some son has shot me," he muttered.

Crawford remained in Bannack only a week after the shooting. The situation was more than he could stand. He closed his butcher shop and departed for his home in Wisconsin.

Crawford left Bannack on the thirteenth of March, 1863. On May twenty-fourth of that year Henry Plummer was elected to fill the office his enemy had vacated—sheriff of the Bannack district.

Utterly inexplicable, but unquestionably true. The record of that election, in the copperplate handwriting of D. H. Dillingham, can be seen today in the historical library at Helena.

If fraud were the case, how can the election of the balance of the ticket be explained? Burchette, Castner and Dillingham were all men of the highest stamp. So was W. B. Dance, who presided at the meeting. Nor do the names of any of the judges and tellers of the election appear among those of the known roughs of the district.

A small minority vote for the shrievalty was polled by one Jefferson Durley, but on the face of all available records Plummer's election appears to have been an expression of confidence in him as the best man for the job. The balloting was orderly; there is no record of protest. Various conclusions might be drawn from the fact that Crawford left town. Plummer remained. He had taken to his heels after the shooting of Cleveland, but he appears to have had no fear of public opinion in the Crawford matter. One is forced to ask if the true story of the events leading up to that encounter has ever been told.

Sheriff Plummer was scarcely installed in office when he departed, riding northward through the mountains and the dark canyons of the Continental Divide to Sun River, where Electa Bryan waited. It was a long, difficult journey—a fact important in its relation to events that were to follow. There were a few—a very few—isolated ranches, and here and there a lone prospector might be encountered on the banks of a mountain stream; but in the main the two hundred and more miles of timbered ranges and broad valleys was as primeval in its solitude as in the days when Lewis and Clark had first entered the Northwest Territory.

A Fashionable Wedding

Henry Plummer, alone, reached the fort on Sun River on June 2, 1863. He tarried there for eighteen days, awaiting the coming of a clergyman—Rev. Mr. Reed. The latter evidently did not arrive, for on June 20, 1863, Plummer and Electa were married by Father Joseph Menetry of the Society of Jesus, at Saint Peter's Mission. And in the annals of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, Francis M. Thompson—afterward a member of the judiciary of that state—has told of the frontier ceremony. He wrote in his diary:

> The pretty bride was neatly gowned in a brown calico dress and was modest and unassuming in appearance. The dapper groom wore a blue business suit, neatly foxed with buckskin wherever needed, a checked cotton shirt, and blue necktie. The best man was the tall and graceful Joseph Swift, Jr., who wore sheep's-gray pants, foxed and patched with buckskin, a pretty red-and-white sash, and a gray flannel shirt, and was under the necessity of wearing moccasins both of which were made for one foot. Being a leader in Blackfoot fashion, he wore no coat.

The newly married couple borrowed a government ambulance—the ambulance used by the Army on the plains resembled a station wagon or buckboard—and departed for Bannack.

Crawford's bullet had left Plummer's right arm practically powerless. His survival, both officially and personally, might well depend upon his skill with his weapons, and he spent many hours in training his left hand. As the weeks went on some strength returned to his wounded arm and he eventually was practically ambidextrous in his use of weapons; undoubtedly as quick and as accurate a shot as there was in the mountains.

Shortly after his return from Sun River, in talking to N. P. Langford, who wrote of the conversation in later years, Plummer spoke quite frankly of the reputation he bore and of his desire to make good in spite of it.

"I got in with a pretty tough bunch in California and Nevada," he said regretfully. "I had to kill five men—every time in self-defense—and it gave me the name of a desperado and a murderer. Things are different now. I'm married and have something to live for."

Many things indicate that the better element thought highly of their sheriff. Petition had been made for authority to establish a regularly organized lodge of the Masonic Order in Bannack. The petition was a sequel of the funeral of William H. Bell. He had been a Mason, and fellow members of the order decided to bury him according to the ritual. So many men responded to the call that it was midnight before the last had been examined as to his qualifications to sit in the Lodge of Sorrow. The natural decision to organize on a permanent basis followed, and Plummer expressed a desire to become a Mason.

"Such were his persuasive powers," says Langford, "that he succeeded in convincing several members of the order that in all his affrays he had been actuated solely by the principle of self-defense and that there was nothing inherently criminal in his nature. There were not wanting several good men among our brotherhood who would have recommended him for membership."

A Disillusioned Wife

Such a statement, coming from a man who claims to have distrusted and suspected Plummer from the beginning, may be taken as indicative of public opinion. Yet, on September 2, 1863, ten weeks after their marriage, Electa Bryan Plummer left her husband and departed for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Neighbors in Bannack were told that Plummer would join her in Cedar Rapids in the spring and that they would return to Montana together. His duties as sheriff, friends were reminded, made frequent long absences from home unavoidable; Electa had not seen her parents for a long time.

That, at any rate, was her story. Electa was not alone when the sheriff was away. Her brother-in-law with his wife had moved to Bannack very shortly after their sister's marriage. The Plummers boarded with the Vails.

Electa's story was a social convention. Behind it was a disillusionment that had followed closely upon matrimony. Up to the last he fooled his in-laws, but Electa saw the more sinister side of his character. Had she stuck to him, there might have been another story to tell. Plummer was as dominant a character as any of the leaders of the vigilante movement. Properly inspired, he might have proved a terror to the road agents.

The "might-have-beens" are endless. The facts are that Electa departed from Bannack on September second, traveling with a wagon train bound for Salt Lake City. At the crossing of Snake River the party encountered another train en route to Bannack. The northbound travelers were headed by Sidney Edgerton, of Ohio, recently appointed by President Lincoln as Chief Justice of Idaho Territory, and included his wife and daughter, Martha, and two nephews—Wilbur Fisk Sanders and Henry S. Tilden. Had Plummer been gifted with clairvoyance, could he have foreseen the influence these men, particularly Sanders, were to have on his life, none of them would have reached Bannack.

Of that party only one survives. Edgerton's daughter Martha was a child of thirteen. She remembers the crossing of the treacherous Snake River, the meeting of the two wagon trains at the ford, and the pause for gossip that attended such rare encounters.

"We did not speak with Mrs. Plummer," she says. "She stayed in the wagon, but she was pointed out to us as the wife of the sheriff of Bannack. Of course at that time we none of us knew Henry Plummer or his reputation. When we met him we liked him, just as did everyone else in Bannack.

(Continued on Page 111)

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(Continued from Page 108)

Even up to the last there were plenty of people in the town who would not believe that he was the leader of the road agents."

Electa Bryan Plummer steps from the picture at that crossing of Snake River and passes forthwith into Montana mythology. Legends have gathered about her, but the truth is that no man knows what happened to her.

The news of the Fairweather strike on Alder Gulch reached Bannack while Henry Plummer was at Sun River. In his absence the law in Bannack was represented by four men—Jack Gallagher, Ned Ray, Buck Stinson and D. H. Dillingham. The first three were as black-hearted an evil trio as ever held up a stage or cut a miner's throat for his sack of gold dust. The fourth, Dillingham, was a quiet, honest, hard-working young chap.

Jack Gallagher saddled his horse and clattered out of town with the vanguard of the rush.

"If she's a boomer," he announced, "somebody's got to be there t' maintain law an' order!"

Some, wise in the matter of gold stampedes, deferred their departure. They had seen towns depopulated on rumor, and then had watched the disappointed ones come straggling back. Among the skeptical were Washburne Stapleton and Jim Dodge. Only when they learned that the Fairweather diggings were unquestionably the richest yet discovered in the Northwest Territory did they make their leisurely plans for departure. Dodge and Dillingham, the one honest deputy, were close friends, and the Plummer-appointed officer warned the miner against making the trip at the time. Dillingham was not fooled for a minute by his fellow deputies.

"You and Wash Stapleton have both done pretty well here," said the deputy. "Everybody knows it and Buck Stinson and Hayes Lyons and Charley Forbes are going to hold you up somewhere along the trail."

Almost as swiftly as the news of the strike on Alder Gulch had spread, men learned that Dillingham had warned Dodge that he was to be held up and had given him the names of those who were planning the robbery. The intelligence was conveyed promptly to the plotters.

"Dodge is scared off," Hayes Lyons announced. "Wash Stapleton's going, but we don't dare touch him now. That's the last game of mine that Dillingham's goin' t' step in on!"

Walking Into Trouble

Although the new town of Virginia City was less than a month old, regulations and mining laws had been adopted and officers elected to hear and arbitrate all disputes over claims or boundaries. Dr. William L. Steele was trying one of these civil cases on June twenty-ninth, the day following that on which Lyons, Stinson and Forbes had arrived in town. The courtroom was a tiny brush wikiup toward the lower end of the settlement, and Dillingham, who was an excellent penman, was pressed into service as clerk of the court. The three road agents arrived at a time when the court had recessed for a few moments. Dillingham was standing by the entrance as his enemies walked steadily up to him.

"We want to see you," Lyons remarked to Dillingham as they passed him.

Dillingham followed them, a couple of paces to the rear. They walked on some dozen strides beyond the shack, when Stinson suddenly halted and turned. The other two wheeled with him, facing the unsuspecting Dillingham.

"Now, take back those lies!" barked Lyons.

Dillingham got no opportunity to reply. Lyons' hand was on the navy revolver in his belt, and as he spoke he drew, and as he drew he fired. Stinson and Forbes were but the fractional part of a second slower. The three reports almost blended.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Forbes shouted as his finger pressed the trigger.

The square deputy fell forward on his face. Jack Gallagher, his gun in his hand, came charging around the corner of the wikiup and confiscated the three smoking weapons.

"We can't have that sort of stuff around here!" he shouted, for the benefit of bystanders. "Who's been shot? Where is he?"

Dillingham had been carried into a tent a few yards away and placed on a roulette table. He died as the men lowered him to the green cloth. Gallagher, within the shelter of the tent, recharged the empty chamber of Stinson's revolver and placed a fresh cap on the nipple. Three shots had been fired, but the presence of only two discharged weapons, with no evidence as to whose hand had held the unused gun, would complicate the case against his three friends. The subterfuge had been decided upon in advance. When Gallagher left the gambling hall he found that the miners, under orders of Judge Steele, had placed Stinson, Lyons and Forbes under arrest.

"Try 'em right now!" shouted the angry men of Alder Gulch.

Doctors of Law

A hot discussion immediately arose as to whether a jury trial or a miners' court would prevail. Friends of the three naturally held out for a trial by jury and strove to shout down or intimidate all who opposed them. They knew that the deputy sheriff would empanel the jury and that Jack Gallagher was that deputy. The better element, however, was equally determined that no such hand-picked body would be allowed to decide the guilt or innocence of the three, and finally a jury of the whole won out. This will of the people was ascertained by a count of the supporters of each of the two plans as they passed between a couple of wagons drawn up across the street.

Curiously enough, three medical men were chosen as judges. E. R. Cutler, a blacksmith, and James Brown were appointed public prosecutors, and Judge Harry Percival Adams Smith—afterward banished from Alder Gulch, but an able lawyer—conducted the defense. The judges seated themselves in an empty wagon and court was open.

It was decided that Forbes should be tried separately from Stinson and Lyons. Men had heard his cry of "Don't shoot!" and this was thought to indicate that he was not so deeply involved as the others. Darkness settled over the gulch before the entire evidence against Stinson and Lyons was submitted.

During the night, Hayes Lyons summoned the guard and demanded that the other two men be set at liberty.

"I killed Dillingham," he admitted. "I was sent over here from Bannack to get him. Some of the best men there wanted him killed."

He mentioned three or four prominent citizens of the other town by name, and added:

"Henry Plummer told me to kill him."

This statement by Lyons has been generally accepted as proof positive that Plummer was fully aware of the plan to kill his one honest deputy and had indorsed, if not instigated, it. This can be neither proved nor disproved. No records show the exact date of the sheriff's return to Bannack after his marriage, but we know that he left Sun River on June twentieth, and it is extremely doubtful whether Henry Plummer, driving over the rough, scarcely definable roads and trails, could possibly have returned to the Grasshopper Creek diggings by that time. There is no thought in these sketches of whitewashing Henry Plummer—as evil and treacherous a rascal as the primitive West ever produced. He was perfectly capable of ordering the execution of Dillingham, or of killing the man himself if he thought it expedient.

The trial of Stinson and Hayes Lyons was continued on June thirtieth. The settlement of a private feud was the only defense that could be offered, and even Judge Smith, his forensic abilities stimulated by the bottle, found difficulty in making that plea convincing. Cutler, who knew nothing of law, closed his argument for the prosecution in a few dozen words. Judge Steele turned to the jury—the hundreds of men that were packed about.

"You have heard the evidence," he said curtly. "What is your verdict?"

There was no pause for deliberation or balloting.

"Guilty!"

"Somebody get a rope!"

The will of the people drowned out completely the shouts of the prisoners' friends. Judge Steele immediately designated John X. Biedler and Richard Todd to erect a gallows and dig the graves. Stinson and Lyons were taken back to the log jail and the miners' court proceeded to the trial of Charley Forbes.

Judge Smith, now maudlinly eloquent, found in Forbes a client more to his fancy. He cited Charley's shout of "Don't shoot!" as the firing on Dillingham had commenced; he produced the revolver, afterward found to belong to Stinson, which the shrewd Gallagher had reloaded. Forbes himself gave able support to his counsel's efforts. He addressed the jury in person, making an impassioned plea for mercy. The blood lust of the crowd was satisfied. Charley disappeared from view shortly after. More intelligent than the majority of his fellow bandits, he may have seen and correctly interpreted the handwriting on the wall. Many believe, however, that his cleverness in gaining acquittal while Stinson and Lyons were under sentence of death brought upon him the enmity of the entire gang. He was shot and killed, they say, by Bill—Gad—Moore in a quarrel at a camp the two made on Big Hole River.

A Vicious Circle

A wagon was brought up to the jail, Lyons and Stinson placed aboard, and the procession started down the steep, rutted street. Silence fell over the crowd that followed the tumbrel and over the watchers on the hills.

The wagon jolted suddenly over a rock and from Hayes Lyons' throat broke a gasping, tearing sob. A woman, morbidly watching from the hillside, echoed the cry:

"Oh, don't hang the poor young boys! Don't hang them!" she screamed hysterically.

Other women, their nerves at a tension, took up the plea.

"Save them!" they cried. "Save the poor boys' lives!"

A friend of the doomed men leaped on a wheel of the wagon and loudly demanded opportunity to read a farewell letter that Lyons had written to his mother. Biedler, Todd and the guards, hemmed in on all sides by the hysterical, sympathetic crowd, could do nothing but halt. Slowly, passionately, effectively, the letter was read It abounded with assurances of a boy's love for his aged mother, with sorrow for a crime into which he had been forced by evil associates, and with glowing pictures of the virtuously repentant life that would be his if only he could be granted another opportunity.

The words "sob sister," with all the viciously maudlin sentimentality they imply, were yet to appear in the English language, but the sob sisters of Virginia City carried the day. Hayes Lyons had never even seen that letter. Other hands had written it—one suspects the clever and unscrupulous H. P. A. Smith—for use in an eleventh-hour appeal to an easily influenced mob.

"Give him a horse and let him go to his mother!" came the cry.

"A vote! Let's have another vote!"

"All in favor of turnin' 'em loose say 'Aye!'"

A chorus of ayes and noes, about equally divided, was the response. Both sides claimed the victory and some frontier Solomon suggested that all in favor of hanging should walk up the hill toward Virginia City, while those opposed to the death penalty should move in the opposite direction. This also proved unsatisfactory. Many men—too lazy to walk uphill, not caring to display sympathy with the outlaws by walking down—voted neither one way nor the other. All the while Hayes Lyons wept noisily in the wagon and the women sobbed with him. These women were worthy wives and mothers. There is no authority whatever for the belief held by some people that they were recruited from the brothels of the town for the sole purpose of arousing sympathy.

Waiting for Tenants

As a final expedient four men were selected and two of them posted on either side of the milling, shouting crowd. All in favor of hanging were to walk between one pair of tellers; those demanding acquittal between the other two. The count thus arrived at should be decisive.

The crowd shifted sullenly, bulged forward, and two thin columns of men began filing slowly between the arbiters. The liberty party won, overwhelmingly, through the simple method of repeaters marching again and again past the men who counted. Jack Gallagher, as the vote was announced, leaped to the wagon beside the bound men. His pistol gleamed in his hand.

"They're cleared!" he roared. "Let them go!"

And "Let them go!" "Let the poor boys go!" shrieked the women. With quick presence of mind a man slashed the lariat that picketed a horse belonging to a Blackfoot squaw. Stinson and Lyons leaped to the animal's back, kicked it lustily in the ribs and galloped away down the gulch. Judge Steele was standing in the doorway of his cabin.

"Good-by, doc!" the liberated murderers shouted to the surprised jurist.

Behind them the crowd rapidly scattered. Dillingham was still unburied, and a few men built a coffin and laid the dead deputy away. One pointed to the unused gallows.

"There's a monument to disappointed justice!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"The tears of my wife and daughter," said a man named Barton slowly, "saved those poor boys from being hung."

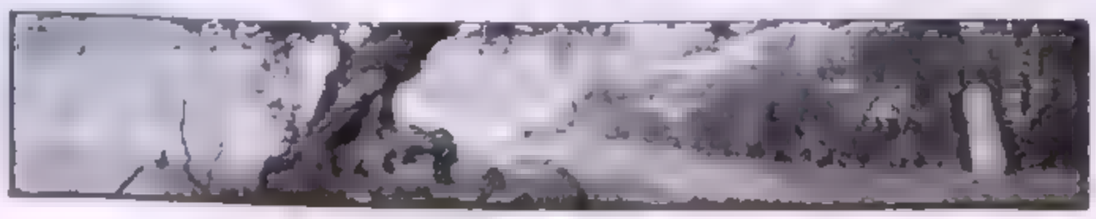
John X. Biedler turned on the speaker savagely.

"I notice," he snapped, "that they don't seem to have any tears for the man those 'poor boys' murdered!"

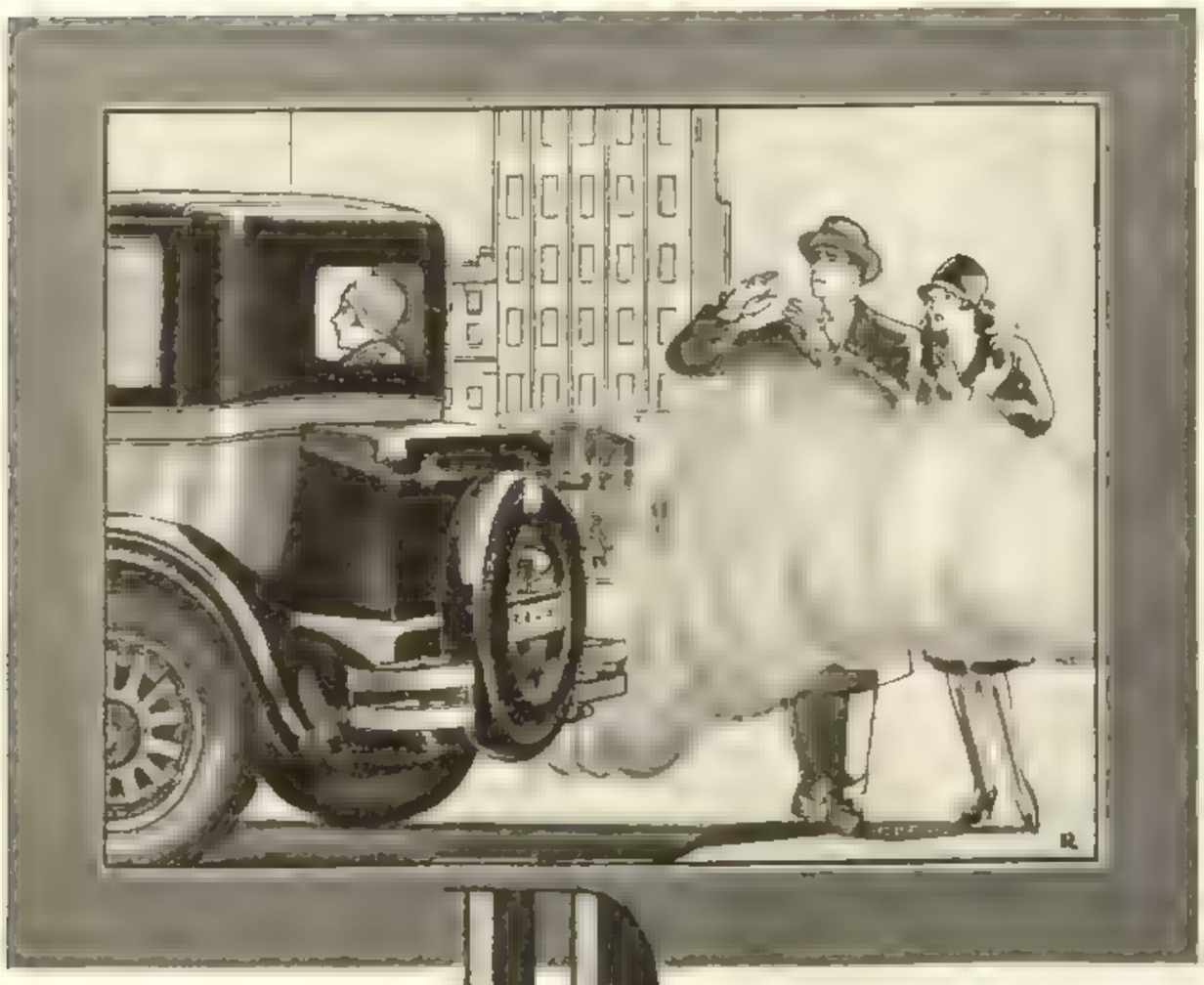
Above, in the canvas and brush saloons of Virginia City, the road agents pounded Jack Gallagher on the back and praised him for his presence of mind, they plied the already maudlin Judge Smith with liquor until that worthy trial lawyer collapsed, they drank confusion to the miners and mocked the "softness" that had freed them.

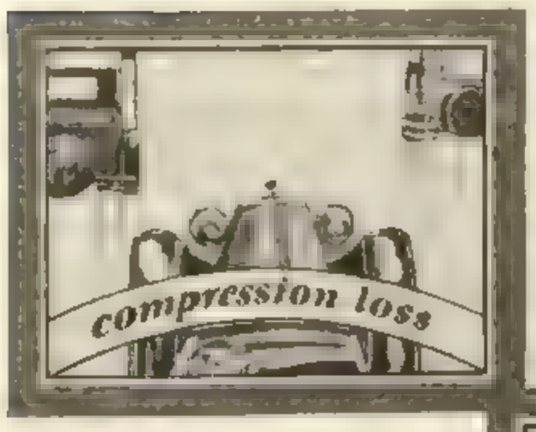
As the morning light stole over the Madison divide it revealed that the cheated gallows was no longer unoccupied. Two dead bear cubs, pathetic in their human similitude, dangled there. Below, a crudely lettered sign was nailed to a post:

TWO GRAVES FOR RENT
APPLY TO
X. BIEDLER



Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Birney. The next will appear next week





DOES *your* CAR DO THIS?

that's Oil-Pumping

(ONE OF THE 3 BAD HABITS)

and you deserve this guaranteed cure . .

ADD 10,000 *guaranteed* MILES *to the life of your motor*

Your own local garageman will give you a guarantee of 10,000 miles against the 3 BAD HABITS when he reconditions your motor by the Simplex Method. He will tell you that the Simplex Piston Ring is the only one-piece ring that is made "over-width"—actually wider than the ring groove it goes into. Its slotted construction permits it to be compressed into the groove, where it expands up and down, sealing the top and bottom of the groove against oil pumping, compression loss and piston slap. (This up and down expansion is patented.) Ask your garageman to explain the Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning and quote you the flat rate on the Simplex cure for the 3 BAD HABITS in your motor.

THE SIMPLEX METHOD of Motor Reconditioning

DOES a cloud of blue smoke follow your car down the street? That's "Oil-Pumping"—one of the 3 BAD HABITS. (The other two are "Compression-Loss" and "Piston-Slap").

An oil-pumping motor is wasteful and expensive to operate. It consumes too much oil; spark plugs are fouled, carbon accumulates rapidly, valves need frequent grinding, power and speed are reduced. Moreover, an oil-pumping motor is a public nuisance. That nauseating cloud of blue smoke pollutes the atmosphere, annoys pedestrians and other motorists. Some communities have adopted municipal ordinances prohibiting operation of oil-pumping motors on the streets.

In an oil-pumping motor, "Compression-Loss"—another of the 3 BAD HABITS—is always present, too. And that means a hard starting motor, lack of snap and get-away, poor pick-up, dilution of the oil in your crank case and—worst of all—headachy motor fumes in your car.

Oil-pumping, compression-loss and piston-slap are caused by worn piston rings, worn pistons and worn, tapered or out-of-round cylinders. It is impossible to prevent wear in a motor; therefore, even the finest of motors will eventually develop one or more of these 3 BAD HABITS.

If your motor is pumping oil, it is beginning to owe you money—and, worse still, it is becoming a nuisance to you and others.

The simple installation of only two patented Simplex Piston Rings in each cylinder is a positive cure for Oil-Pumping and the other two bad habits. The Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning saves time, eliminates unnecessary labor. That's why it costs so much less than the old fashioned methods.

Your local garageman or car dealer can cure your motor of all 3 BAD HABITS by the Simplex Method—and he will guarantee the job for 10,000 miles. But—be sure you ask for the guaranteed Simplex cure.

The Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning is interestingly explained in a 20 page, illustrated booklet, a copy of which we shall be glad to send you free of charge. Write: The Simplex Piston Ring Co. of America, Inc., 1980 East 66th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

SIMPLEX
PISTON RINGS
LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

With hardware and paint my drab soul is attaint,
Though my store's unencumbered by debt.
And the business last year—I restrain a mild sneer—
Was just twenty-five thousand, net.

To the illuminati and smart literati
Who hold commonplaceness a joke,
I've only this word—don't believe all you've heard
About us dull commonplace folk.
So abandon your tears while I utter three cheers
For Zenith, benighted but clean.
Just leave it to us, and we won't care a cuss;
We're there, if you get what I mean.

—Carl McCombs.

To a Fat Woman

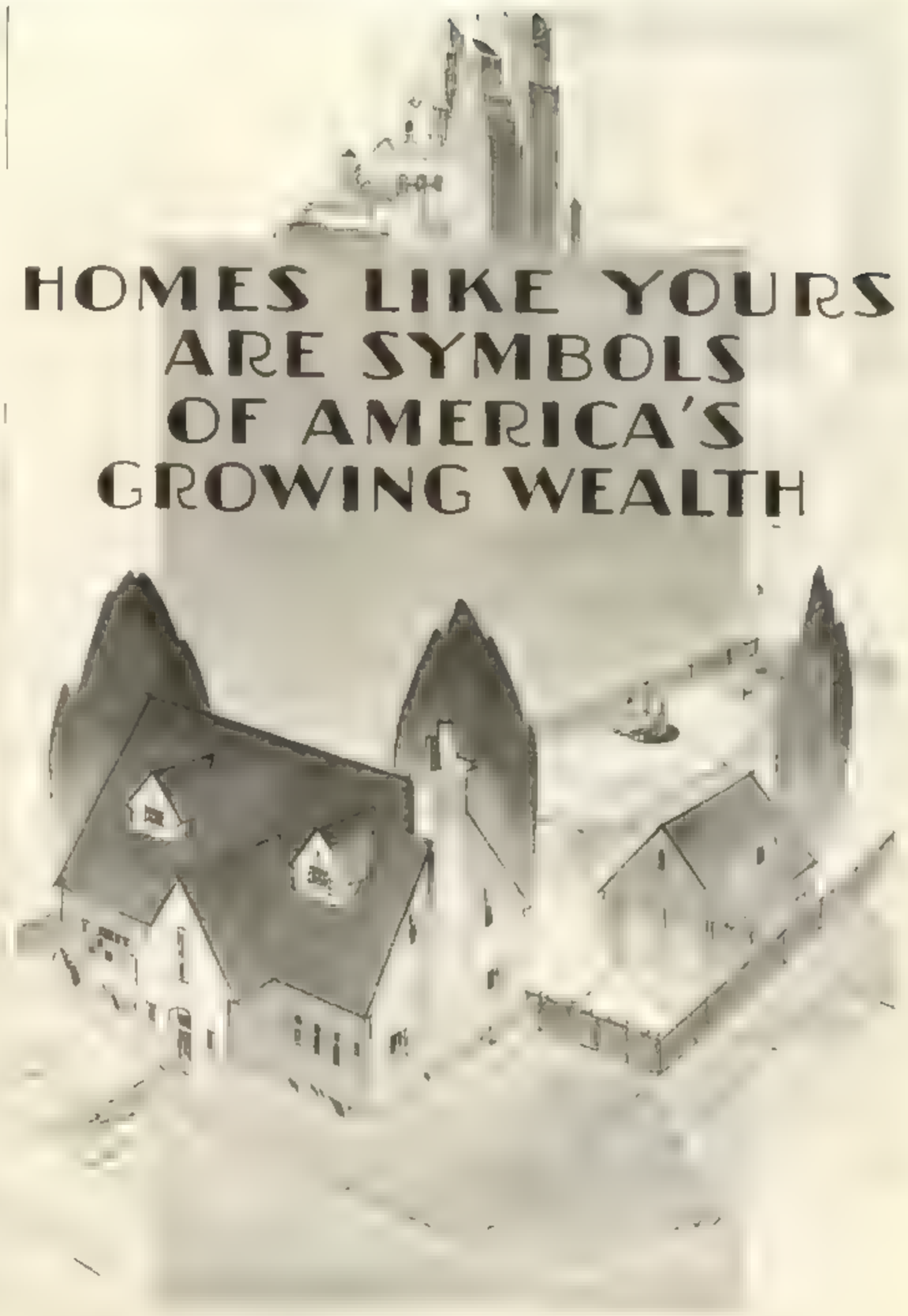
THERE was a lady
Who had leisure—lovely leisure—
To grow fat.
Thick ounces of luxurious idleness
Surged in billows of soft flesh
Against the tight constraint of fashion.
Each ounce an hour of sloth,
A greedy self-indulgence
Charged to Time.
No deeds of brain or brawn
Made cargo for her spirit;
Here the slow freight
Of idle hours loaded
In folds of heavy flesh upon her bones.
Ah, lazy lady of lovely leisure!

Ruth Thomas.

On Every Family Tree

WELL—Great-Aunt Agatha has sent for her lawyer again and the whole family are on pins and needles. For when Aunt Agatha sends for her lawyer it means just one thing—some branch of the family has done something of which Aunt Agatha does not approve, and she is about to change her will in such a way that they will be relieved of the bother of paying an inheritance tax. It is just Aunt Agatha's playful way of expressing her opinion of her relatives, and Aunt Agatha's opinion is worth money any way you look at it. For, you see, Aunt Agatha holds the family purse strings and uses them in much the same way that Douglas Fairbanks uses the bull whip, except more so. Oh, yes, Aunt Agatha slings a mean "sound-mind-and-judgment-do-bequeath," and she slings it so often that none of the family know whether to save their money for their old age or just take a chance on being ace-high when Aunt Agatha's final will is read.

Old Grandma Sykes says: "'Sfunny thing how Agatha's health seems to be the principal topic of conversation whenever two members of the family get together."



While prosperity goes merrily on and the nation's wealth is steadily mounting, what is happening in the American household with its modern standards?

Interest in home modernization is growing apace, resulting in the purchase of new equipment and furnishings; and as the investment increases, the need for property protection becomes more urgent.

Cyclone Fence protects your home, your family, your privacy—all that you cherish most—thereby bringing many peaceful moments into a complex daily life.

All chain link fence is not Cyclone. This name plate identifies the genuine Cyclone Fence.

Talk to a Cyclone representative. He will show you several appropriate styles of Cyclone Fence for your property. Write, phone or wire nearest offices.

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Direct Factory Branches Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Hartford, Conn., Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Fla., Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minola, N. Y., Minneapolis, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, R. I., St. Louis, Syracuse, Toledo, Tulsa.
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New, Different, Delicious

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A century-old delicacy in Holland, Dutch Tea Rusk is now made for American homes. A pleasant surprise for your family. Something different for your guests. Serve with cheese or jams. Or as a cereal with fruit added. Or in any one of a hundred tempting recipes described in our Free cook book. Your grocer has Dutch Tea Rusk or can easily get it for you.

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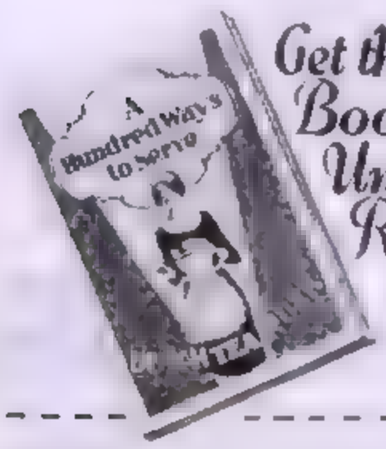

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Name

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THE CATNIP MOUSE

(Continued from Page 13)

"It's my business to know it," said the doctor, not smiling.

After the doctor had gone, Abbas Khan came, shaking his paws, leaping upon her bed, settling himself just out of reach of her hand. Abbas Khan was a silver Persian, a fairy-tale prince in disguise, aloof, impassive, royal. His eyes were powder blue. The tip of his pink tongue touched her hand. He bit her finger gently and she wasn't afraid. Something round and soft dropped from Abbas Khan's mouth and he pushed it gently toward her with his paw.

"Abbas Khan has brought me his rubber ball," said the girl later to Missouri, holding up the ball in the palm of her hand.

"He right proud a' his ball, honey," said Missouri. "He don' show his ball to ev'y-one. Some day mebbe he bring you his mouse. He got a little play mouse, honey. It ain't alive, honey, an' it ain't never been alive."

"C-catnip?" asked the girl. "A catnip mouse?"

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so. Jus' a little play mouse, honey, that he love."

That afternoon she lost her bracelet. It slipped off over her hand and rolled away. She tried to raise herself to look for it, but she couldn't raise herself. Her head went all funny and dizzy, and cold drops appeared on her forehead. No one came and she was too polite to ring her bell. She felt bereft without her bracelet. She missed it, longed for it, had to have it and couldn't have it. Her heart leaped and raced at the sound of footsteps on the stairs, but it was only the handy man bringing more wood. She couldn't ask a handy man to look for her bracelet. Handy men in the country were busy people, what with possible cows and things. She turned her face into the pillow and covered her ears with the blue eiderdown. When she emerged again all was quiet. The handy man had built up her fire and gone. On the blue eiderdown lay her bracelet.

"Do you keep cows and chickens and things?" she asked Miss Wyeth suddenly that evening.

"We keep Abbas Khan," said Miss Wyeth.

"No pigs?" asked the girl hopefully. "No horses?"

"No," said Miss Wyeth. "We aren't a farm. We are quite a small old place, and almost on the edge of town."

"Then what does your handy man do?" asked the girl.

"The handy man? Oh, he brings up your wood."

"But when I am not here ——"

"Let me slip another pillow under your head," said Miss Wyeth.

She lifted her head obediently and received her other pillow. She could see over the blue eiderdown. There was a little row of daguerreotypes on the opposite wall. Her blue dressing gown hung over a chair. Her blue slippers stood beneath it. Her gold-stoppered bottles were ranged on the dressing table. It was her room. It wasn't too fine or too shabby, too beautiful or too ugly, too much furnished or too little. It was just right. It was in between.

"I love my room," she said proudly, looking at it from her pillows. "I love my room so much that I can't quite bear to leave it, but I shall get up in the morning and—and go."

"Where?"

"Please call me Hope."

"Where, Hope?"

"To get married to John Reynolds, I guess. He is good and unselfish. He doesn't come upon me in unexpected places and pull me to him and kiss and kiss me."

"Who does?"

"Brink Van Pelt." There was a silence. "Brink Van Pelt is terrifying."

"How?"

"Even if one screamed, one couldn't get free. He eats one up. Women are in love with him."

"What women?"

"Just women. Married women. Girls. Myrtilla James. He is very rich. He has a yacht and three houses. He was major of machine guns in the war. He is thirty-four. His mouth is hard when he kisses one. He is dark and his eyes are blue, but they aren't cool. Lights come in them."

"Lights?"

"When he kisses one."

"How often does he kiss one?"

"Whenever he can. Dancing. Once at a picnic. Several times in cars. Once before everyone—before Myrtilla James and everyone—at a dinner my mother gave."

"What did your mother do?"

"She laughed. She called out, 'Her father and I have fought over her for years, Brink! Look out! She's like that. She's Fata Morgana. She's a catnip mouse. You'll be falling in love with her next, and you won't get over it.' And he said, 'I'm in love with her now and I shall never get over it.' The next week he sent me my bracelet. My mother said it would be silly to send it back. It's not valuable. It's only beautiful. But when I marry John Reynolds I shall send it back."

"Open your mouth," said Miss Wyeth, "and don't bite it." It was the thermometer of course.

In the morning linemen came and strung up the wires. In the late afternoon John Reynolds came. John Reynolds sat beside her bed and held her hand. His eyes were brown and devoted. His good face was worried.

"But, Hope," objected John Reynolds after her halting story, her explanation which didn't explain, "I do not understand. Running away doesn't land you anywhere."

"It landed me here," said Hope.

"With a broken ankle," said John Reynolds. "With cuts, bruises, shock, trouble."

"Pooh! That isn't trouble," said Hope superbly.

"Trouble enough for these people who have taken you in—not at all rich people, from the looks of things. Just keeping up your fire, for instance."

"Pooh! We have a handy man," said Hope proudly.

"Think of your mother."

"Society," said Hope. "Never in my life has my mother sat beside my bed and knitted."

"Think of your father."

"Big business," said Hope. "Deals. Conferences. Never in my life has my father brought me home a brown-paper package to open. Oh, he has sent me quantities of packages of course. He has taken me round the world. But he only pointed at the luggage with his stick. Other people lifted it. And it was big business all the way—or bridge."

"But, Hope, how bitter you are, how illogical! Your father has given you everything."

"Everything but himself," said Hope.

"I will admit," said John Reynolds kindly, "that your mother is much to blame. But she has put you, socially, in a position which cannot be bettered. She entertains royalty. She has given you everything."

"Everything but herself," said Hope. "Never in her life has she fed me chicken broth out of a spoon. When I wanted to rub her ankles because they were tired from high heels, she only laughed. She said a maid could do it better."

"Personal service in a complicated life is inefficiency," said John Reynolds.

"Personal service in any life is love," said Hope.

In the evening packages came from New York—boxes of roses, boxes of sweets. The handy man brought them up and left them. Her father telephoned from New York that he would be down in the morning, or as soon as he could get away. But John Reynolds had carte blanche. John Reynolds was to get in a nurse, was to pay for everything. In the evening Miss Wyeth knitted beside her bed. The fire glowed. The room bloomed.

"When I am married to John Reynolds," confided Hope suddenly, late in the evening, "he won't rub my ankles if they are tired from high heels. He will get in a maid."

In the morning more packages came from New York—baskets of fruit, guava jellies, jars of barley sugar. The handy man brought them up and unpacked them on the floor. The handy man wore a sweater and one of his fingers was tied up in a bit of rag.

In the afternoon a telegram came from her mother in Florida:

GIVING DINNER DANCE TONIGHT BUT WILL LEAVE IN THE MORNING. YOU ARE NOT TO GO WITH YOUR FATHER. MY SIX MONTHS OF YOU NOT YET UP. YOU ARE NOT TO MARRY THAT STUPID JOHN REYNOLDS. MYRTILLA JAMES SENDS HER LOVE BUT I REALLY SHE WISHES YOU HAD BROKEN YOUR NECK. I DO NOT GO THAT FAR. I AM QUITE SATISFIED WITH AN ANKLE.

In the morning a nurse came. The nurse moved everything in the room. The nurse moved her from one side of the bed to the other and back again. The nurse hung away her blue dressing gown and hid her slippers. So now she couldn't get up. The nurse moved Abbas Khan off the blue eiderdown, but Abbas Khan came back again while the nurse was having her luncheon. Abbas Khan settled himself on the blue eiderdown just within reach of her hand. Hope stroked the silky head and Abbas Khan purred. There were tears in her eyes. She felt lost, deserted, forlorn. Missouri had not been in, nor Miss Wyeth, nor the handy man. They were afraid of the nurse. She was afraid of the nurse.

Something soft touched her hand, was pushed toward her by a silky paw. It was a small object, a good deal battered, bedraggled, discouraged, forlorn. She picked it up and looked at it. Abbas Khan had brought her his catnip mouse.

"Let me put that filthy thing in the fire," said the nurse after her luncheon.

"But Abbas Khan loves it," said Hope. "Look. He has almost eaten it up. It is his greatest treasure. He loves it."

"Cats don't love anything," said the nurse. "And I can't have a cat on a patient's bed."

"But if I want a cat on my bed?" said Hope.

The nurse removed Abbas Khan from the blue eiderdown and shut the door. Abbas Khan wailed outside the door. But the nurse didn't put the catnip mouse in the fire. Hope hid it beneath her pillow. The nurse looked for it, got down on her knees and looked for it under the bed, but the nurse couldn't find it.

"I don't want that nurse," said Hope to John Reynolds, when the nurse was downstairs having her supper. "I want Miss Wyeth and Missouri and Abbas Khan."

"But the nurse will get you well," said John Reynolds.

"I don't want to get well. I want to stay here forever. I was so happy here before I had that nurse."

"Happy!" said John Reynolds, astonished. "In a shabby little house in the country, with an old maid and a colored woman and a cat? With a broken ankle and cuts and bruises and shock and pneumonia?"

"I haven't pneumonia."

"You nearly had. It was nip and tuck."

"You're good, John Reynolds, but you haven't imagination."

"What has my lack of imagination to do with it?"

"Everything. I don't want that nurse I don't want any nurse. I don't want you very much, without imagination."

"I confess, Hope," said John Reynolds tartly, "that I do not understand you of late." (Continued on Page 117)

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THE more experience you have had in buying lumber in times past and by the old chance-taking methods, the more heartily you will welcome the 4-Square Dealer and his stocks of 4-Square Lumber.

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Back of this 4-Square Lumber and the 4-Square Dealer stands Weyerhaeuser's intention to establish a new and higher public confidence in lumber.

Weyerhaeuser is proud of 4-Square Lumber. It is proud to put the 4-Square Label on it, and the Weyerhaeuser Guarantee behind it.

And Weyerhaeuser is proud to have 4-Square Lumber presented to you by such Dealers.

Give them your confidence. Go to them for lumber, and your other building materials as well. They are putting the local building material business on a new high plane of Quality and Service.

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A service to Public Utilities, from large dependable stocks of the finest Idaho Red Cedar Poles for telephone and electric trans-

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Bringing the economies of scientific planning, large-scale sawing and waste elimination to any manufacturer requiring containers individually designed to fit standard products.

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An achievement in heat saving. An essential part of the complete, modern heating equipment. The thick, flexible insulating blanket for walls and roofs of houses.

24-HOUR SERVICE

An achievement in modern lumber handling through a chain of Distributing Plants strategically located to fill America's emergency lumber needs almost over-night.

The White Fireman discovered protective equipment which did not protect

THE recommending of measures which reduce fire hazards, and frequently reduce insurance premiums, too, does not conclude the work of the White Fireman. Inspection service, in the interest of assuring efficiency from existing protective measures, is another of the White Fireman's functions which is proving valuable to property owners.

The owner of a processing plant, satisfied with the completeness of his fire-protection equipment, recently invited the White Fireman to inspect the property.

The inspection showed that the owner's earnest effort to minimize fire danger was being defeated by the failure of employees to maintain the equipment in good working order. Fire extinguishers were inadequately charged. The sprinkler system water tank was only half filled, and a sprinkler valve in one building was closed. Fire-hose purchased for a hose-house reposed in the stock room where it was received. Material of high inflammability, for which isolated storage space had been provided, was stored in the main building through misunderstanding. Two automatic fire doors, at vital points, were blocked—one by stacked cases and the other by a hand truck.

The White Fireman's report to this interested property owner led to the immediate correction of hazards. It also led to the establishment of a rigid inspection system by a fire prevention committee comprised of employees and directed by the White Fireman.

* * *

WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

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(Continued from Page 114)

"I don't want that nurse," said Hope.

In the morning Missouri came, Abbas Khan came, Miss Wyeth and the doctor came, but the nurse did not come, for the nurse was gone.

Miss Wyeth brushed her hair. Missouri slipped on for her her pink knitted jacket over the thin nightgown. She was given an extra pillow. There was a faint color in her cheeks, reflected from her lovely new pink woolly jacket. She was better. The nurse was gone.

"I'll be getting up soon," she said politely to the handy man as he raked out the ashes and built up her fire. "How is your finger?"

"Better," said the handy man.

"How did you hurt your finger?"

"Chopping wood."

"I have on a new pink jacket. Miss Wyeth made it for me."

"I saw the jacket," said the handy man.

"You make beautiful fires. Do you like to make them?"

"Sometimes."

"Now?"

"Yes," said the handy man.

John Reynolds came in before the handy man was quite finished. John Reynolds warmed his hands at the fire and spoke kindly to the handy man, but the handy man was gruff.

"Fancy," said John Reynolds after he had gone, "doing chores and being gruff about it."

"You were worse," said Hope. "You were patronizing. You called him 'my man.'"

"Why shouldn't I call him 'my man'?"

"He isn't your man."

"It's just a term one uses to servants."

"Snobs do. Brink doesn't."

"And who," asked John Reynolds, "is Brink?"

"Brinkerhoff Van Pelt."

John Reynolds stared. "Do you know Brinkerhoff Van Pelt?" he asked quickly. "Will you introduce me?"

"John Reynolds is a snob," said Hope late in the evening to Miss Wyeth. "How long have you had your handy man?"

"For some time," said Miss Wyeth.

"Does he live in the house?"

"We have a small room off the kitchen. He sleeps there."

"Where does he eat?"

"In the kitchen, at a little table by the window. It has a red-checked tablecloth. He has his daily routine. He does errands."

"In a car?"

"Lately it has been easier to walk. He likes to walk."

"What is his name?"

"Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Just Jim," said Miss Wyeth.

"Good morning, Jim," said Hope politely the next morning when the handy man came, bringing wood.

"Good morning, Miss Standish," said the handy man.

"I'm sorry Mr. Reynolds was rude, Jim," said Hope.

"I didn't notice Mr. Reynolds' rudeness, Miss Standish."

"I'm sorry Mr. Reynolds was rude, Jim, because one doesn't like to have a rude husband, and I may be going to marry Mr. Reynolds, Jim."

"Why?"

"Why? Because he is good and unselfish. I am not afraid of Mr. Reynolds, Jim. And he is a rising man—like yeast, Jim, in a loaf of bread."

"Where is Mr. Reynolds, in his loaf of bread, rising to?"

"To prominence. To big business, conferences, deals, trips round the world. To pointing out luggage with his stick and having other people lift it. To being introduced to Brink Van Pelt and belonging to clubs with him and speaking about it casually to people."

"I see," said the handy man.

"What do you see, Jim?"

"That I need more wood," said the handy man.

In the afternoon Miss Wyeth read to her a sixteenth-century poem out of an old book. Miss Wyeth's voice was quiet. The room was quiet. Miss Wyeth read:

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny.

"When I get up tomorrow, who will carry me to the sofa?" asked the girl that evening.

"The handy man or Missouri."

"I think Missouri," said Hope. There was a pause. Miss Wyeth knitted on something blue and woolly. Miss Wyeth knitted for the woman's exchange.

"The handy man is so intelligent and so—so above his station," explained Hope. "He is so—so respectful and reserved. One hesitates to ask him to—to carry one about. Why is he a handy man?"

"He hasn't said."

"What does he do in the evenings?"

"He smokes. He reads the paper."

"Has he read the paper this evening?"

"Very likely."

"Lying here I have rather lost track of the world," said Hope. "Could he—could he come up for five minutes and tell us what he has read in the paper? Would it be all right?"

"Quite all right," said Miss Wyeth, knitting, "if you want him."

Hope held out her hand. Miss Wyeth took it in hers for a moment.

"Please," said Hope.

Miss Wyeth laid aside her knitting and went downstairs. When she came back, the handy man followed her and Abbas Khan followed the handy man. It was quite a neat little procession, but it became disorganized when the handy man, hesitating, stopped in the doorway and Abbas Khan, sure of his welcome, continued through. Abbas Khan settled himself on the blue eider down. The handy man just looked at Hope against her pillows and Hope just looked at the handy man. It was Miss Wyeth who arranged everything. She pushed forward a chair for him and he sat down upon it.

"We want to know what is in the paper this evening," said Miss Wyeth, taking up her knitting. "Lying here we have rather lost track of the world."

The handy man, in his chair, said nothing, did nothing but look at Hope. Hope said nothing, did nothing but look at the handy man.

"How are stocks?" asked Miss Wyeth, knitting.

"Stocks?" asked the handy man.

"Are they up or down?"

"I didn't notice," said the handy man.

"What is England doing?" pursued Miss Wyeth.

"England?"

"An island across from France. Didn't you notice England?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What did you notice?"

"There's—there's to be a new telescope on Mt. Wilson."

"Ah. You are interested in telescopes?"

"No," said the handy man.

"What are you interested in," asked Hope suddenly, curiously, "outside of the daily routine here?"

"The daily routine here," said the handy man, "fills my world."

"Did you say intelligent?" asked Miss Wyeth after the handy man, apparently walking in a dream, had built up the fire and gone.

Hope was lovely against her pillows. Her hair shone like gilt. Her gray eyes were lustrous. They had lights in them. Her little face was quite pale, but her mouth was scarlet. She looked accentuated against her pillows, grown-up, transformed. She looked keyed up, as if she might be going to a ball or starting off on a trip round the world or sailing away in her *wat* up to the moon.

"Did you say intelligent?" repeated Miss Wyeth, an eye on Hope above her knitting.

"I think I must have said good-looking," said Hope dreamily. "There was a hole in his sweater. Probably he had caught it on a nail. . . . 'Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O sweet content!'"

Miss Wyeth rose. She touched Hope's cheek with the back of her hand. She felt Hope's pulse and Hope's pulse was racing.

"'Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd? O punishment!'" said Hope, smiling up at her. "'Hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny.' . . . I am delirious, I think."

"Open your mouth," said Miss Wyeth. It was the thermometer.

In the morning she rested carefully, patiently, for in the afternoon she was to get up. In the afternoon Missouri carried her to the sofa. She wore her blue dressing gown. On one foot was a blue satin slipper. On the other foot was a bundle. She had Miss Wyeth's grandfather's cane. She had her blue eider down and the book of poems. Abbas Khan sat on her lap. She was happy on her sofa before her father came. In the late afternoon her father came. In the late afternoon her mother came. They did not come together, but they came almost at the same time. Hope could not remember ever having seen them together. They had not met for years. Hope had felt very shy and helpless and discouraged when her father came. He had had almost nothing to say to her. He kissed her gravely and looked at her bandaged foot and pinched her cheek.

"What about the Mediterranean," he asked awkwardly, "when you are able to sail? I can arrange to go at any time."

Hope was doubtful about the Mediterranean. She thought that it might be rough. They were discussing the Mediterranean when her mother came. Her mother spoke to the handy man in the hall below and they did not mention the Mediterranean again. Not ever again. Her father went white and stood up abruptly and walked away to the window. Her mother came on up the staircase. She was coming straight into the room, but at the sight of the man by the window she stopped and stood still in the doorway. Her mother was beautiful, cold and implacable. The collar of her fur coat hid her chin, but above it her red mouth showed. Her little French hat hid one of her eyes, but the other was looking at them both—looking more at her father than at her. Her father and her mother looked at each other.

"You can't have her, Charles," said her mother at once. "My six months of her are not yet up."

"The child's wishes amount to something. She ran away from you," said her father.

"Please—please," said Hope, soundlessly, hopelessly, clasping her hands, unclasping them. "You don't really want me, either of you."

The palms of her hands were damp. Cold drops were on her forehead. She was a catnip mouse. She was between them, as she had always been, as she always would be. If she died she would still be between them in her coffin.

Suddenly she sat up straight against her pillows, with Abbas Khan in her arms, clasped tight against her breast. She was ghastly white herself and terribly frightened. Her voice was utterly gone. She couldn't make a sound. She felt as if she were being pushed off a great rock into

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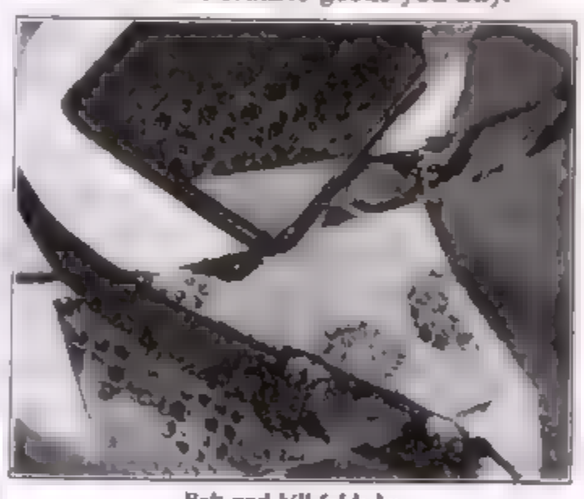

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space. She didn't think she would have the courage to jump, but she did jump.

"You don't want me, either of you," she gasped, finding her voice, hugging Abbas Khan to her for comfort. "You don't love me, either of you. You only hate each other. You only love each other. I have tried to make you notice me, love me—all my life I have tried—but you didn't notice, because you were looking over my head, at each other. You couldn't find happiness together and you couldn't find it apart. In all your complicated lives you couldn't find it. . . . 'O sweet content! O punishment!'—that's in a poem. . . . In all my complicated life I couldn't find it, but I have found it here."

Her voice was labored, choked. Sobs were in her throat. Tears were running down over her face, into the neck of the blue dressing gown. She wiped her poor face on Abbas Khan's fur. She hid her face against Abbas Khan for comfort. Her father and her mother were looking at her now, and not at each other. She found Miss Wyeth's grandfather's cane. She struggled free from the blue eiderdown. She stood up on her good foot, leaning on her cane, with Abbas Khan in the crook of her arm.

"I'm going downstairs," she gasped, "and leave you alone together—the way you ought to be—the way you wish to be. I am going downstairs to Miss Wyeth and Missouri. They have taken me in. They have comforted me and fed me out of a spoon and read me poems and knitted me pink jackets. They love me. Abbas Khan loves me. I am not going downstairs to marry John Reynolds. He loves me a little, but he loves my money more. I am going downstairs to the handy man. He loves me. He has built up my fires and chopped his poor finger and got a hole in his sweater and run errands for me in the snow. I am going downstairs to the handy man."

She struggled free from her sofa, Abbas Khan in the crook of her arm. Her father did not move. Her mother did not move. Perhaps they could not, but they were looking at her. She tried to use Miss Wyeth's grandfather's cane, but she shook so she couldn't use it. She could hardly see the cane, for she was blinded by her tears. She struggled forward a step, tottered, rallied, swayed.

"Jim!" she called. "Jim! I need you! Come quickly and take me away!"

Three steps at a time up the stairs came the handy man. He must have been waiting below. He brushed past her mother in the doorway, pushing her aside. He gathered the girl and the cat and the cane and the eiderdown up into his arms. Her head dropped back against his shoulder. Over his shoulder her hair shone like gilt. He carried her into the hall, down the staircase, slowly, carefully, one step at a time. Halfway down, the cane fell with a crash. At the foot of the staircase, Abbas Khan got away, but the girl didn't get away. Her little face was like wax against his shoulder. Her little face was like death.

The kitchen was warm and deserted and quiet. Through the open grate of the big range red coals glowed. On the table by the window was a red-checked tablecloth. He set her down on the checked tablecloth, propping her up with one hand while he pulled forward a chair with the other. He placed her bandaged foot on the chair. About her he wrapped the eiderdown. He stood beside the table holding the girl, wrapped in her eiderdown, in his arms. He shook her gently, as one shakes a doll to make it open its eyes. She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Hope, my darling," he said at once, "will you listen to me? Will you let me tell you the truth and—and try to believe me?"

She was quiet in his arms, obedient, her eyes on his. She was listening.

"Dear, everyone loves you," he began again, hesitantly, gently. "People—people can't help themselves. It isn't the way you look, though, that is so lovely. It isn't even what you say or what you do. It's just you yourself—your white soul, the—the adorable essence of you. People clash over you, yes—John Reynolds and I, your father and mother. But it isn't because we don't love you. It's because we do."

The girl was quiet in his arms. She rested. She listened. Her gray eyes looked up into his.

"People fight over you because once they have had a taste of you they demand more, are wretched without you, can't get along. The sun doesn't shine. It is always raining. Nothing tastes right—food, fun, places. Everything is dull, commonplace, usual, without you. You are not usual. There is tang to you—fragrance. You are our catnip mouse. We have to have you."

"Does my father have to have me? Does my father love me?" asked the girl, swallowing a sob, wiping her face with the back of her hand.

"Immeasurably," he said gently. "In his way. I opened up those packages from New York. They were the best he could do. Money is his only way of showing."

"Does my mother love me?"

"Immeasurably," he said gently. "In her way. Dressing you, giving you a debut, introducing you so proudly—'This is my daughter. . . . Lovely? Oh, yes. Rather.' The best she could do. People are prisoned by themselves. They cannot get outside themselves. When they love, they can't talk about it."

The girl sighed tremulously. She rested against him. Almost she believed him. His eyes were blue and had lights in them. He was dark. His mouth was hard, but she loved it. His arms about her were hard, but she loved their hardness.

"Do you love me?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Why am I here?"

"How do you love me?"

"How?"

"In what way? When Myrtilla James loves anything, she says she is just crazy about it. Are you just crazy about me?"

"Crazy enough," he admitted. "But you see, don't you, that I can hold you in my arms and not kiss you?"

"Do you want to kiss me?"

"Do I want to? What do you think I am made of?"

"Then why don't you?"

"I'm proving to you that I can go without. You ran away from me. I'm proving to you that you need never run away again. I want to protect you, even from myself."

"Don't protect me. Please kiss me," said the girl, looking up at him.

"No," he said breathlessly, looking down at her. "No. I can't. You'd be afraid afterward."

She raised herself in his arms. Her eyes were lustrous. Her hair shone like gilt. Her mouth was scarlet. She kissed him. He gathered her close. He pulled her to him. She wasn't protected and she wasn't afraid. He kissed her hands, her eyes, her throat. He loved her. She loved him. She lifted her mouth to meet his. She wasn't afraid.

Upstairs her mother sat in the armchair. Her father, on his knees before her, was unbuckling her overshoes and having a desperate time with them. He was awkward about it, diffident, unused. Her mother laughed at his awkwardness, but there were tears in her eyes.

"How shall we tell the child?" asked her mother. "I'm afraid I shall blush."

"We can just say that we are going round the world together," said her father.

"I shall feel like a simpleton," said her mother.

"No one will know it," said her father.

"I shall have to see to her wedding first," said her mother. "She is going to marry that young chap downstairs."

"What young chap downstairs?" asked her father, struggling with a buckle.

"Brink Van Pelt," said her mother.

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AMERICA AND CULTURE

(Continued from Page 25)

expatriate apologists, as well as our expatriate detractors; and when we are tempted to defend ourselves we are at once in peril of adding weight to the tradition that we are an uncultured race. "Bragging again!" the opposition may so easily retort, and laugh in our faces. If cleanliness is nearer to godliness than is culture, and we point to American plumbing and hygiene, the opposition may laugh again and remind us that the topic is not godliness but culture; when we bring forth statistics concerned with universities, with libraries, with publications, with galleries of works of art, with symphony orchestras, the opera and conservatories of music, with our new tremendous impetus in architecture, with scientific institutions, with learned societies, with honorary degrees, with medals and prizes, with popular education, with philanthropic bequests, with scholastic attainment and scientific research and invention, the opposition may continue to laugh, and might pertinently inquire if culture is a thing ever demonstrable by statistics.

On the other hand, we shan't get along very well if we assume the offensive ourselves and say to our detractors, "Where's your own culture? How are you going to prove it without statistics?" The reply of the Briton, the Frenchman, the German and the Italian would be one of imperturbable serenity: "Ours has never been questioned. If you seek to prove your own culture by questioning ours, you ruin your case, since the question itself is a perfect demonstration that you are an ignoramus." When a British painter asks us "Who looks at an American picture?" we convince him of nothing when we retort with the names of Whistler and Sargent; and in reply to the antique gibe of a British writer, "Who reads an American book?" we might find it best to say, "Should you have asked it? We read yours."

Two people who dispute the question, "Which of us is the more peaceful?" are not peaceful people; and I think it could be maintained that two people who would dispute the question, "Which of us is the more cultured?" would not be cultured people. If this is true, it might seem to follow that we needlessly disturb ourselves by being sensitive to the foreign view, sometimes expressed, that American culture is of an inferior quality, or indeed does not exist. The fact remains, however, that we still do exhibit some sensitiveness upon this point.

A Paternal Pat on the Head

We know that our country is respected abroad, or feared perhaps, or in some quarters possibly envied and detested for its power and its riches; we have no sensitiveness here, and if a foreign critic called us weak or poor or commercially unprogressive we should suppose him a little mad and forget him. But when Mr. Norman Douglas informs us, even in the kindliest manner, that "progress is not civilization," we begin to be a little hurt with him and feel that he has not wholly understood us. Mr. Douglas is not condescending, because condescension is not a part of his individual nature; but when most of his British fellow countrymen, in friendly mood, speak of American civilization, there is that note, as of adult graciousness toward adolescent effort; and when amiable Continental Europeans speak upon that topic, the condescension is likely to be more marked, even when they defend us against the attacks of their compatriots. It is somewhat as if they said, "Oh, no, you must have patience; this good little fellow is doing his best to be cultured."

This foreign graciousness does not make us happy and allows us to feel that we have not been much more accurately observed by those who thus benignantly defend us than by our assailants. In fact, we seem to have reached the point at which we no longer care to be defended; we are not delighted to have it thought that we are consciously struggling to be cultured, and in the defense of us we detect something resembling that classical fragment of song perpetuated for us by the late Mr. Dan Daly: "Of course you can never be like us, but be as like us as you possibly can be!" We might, indeed, respond to our foreign defenders that we are not disposed to be like them; on the contrary, we are disposed to be like ourselves. The imitation of culture is not culture, and as a people we are not imitative. But we must be grateful for the good will that prompts defense of us, and also we should be tolerant of both defenders and assailants; especially because most of them have had little opportunity to know us well, and even when such opportunity exists, we are a people extremely difficult for a foreigner to know well. The size of us, alone, would make that sure, of course, and although there are other things more intricate that make it true, we need not here enumerate or discuss them. It is enough to take into account the fact that we are less simple and infinitely less of a pattern than foreigners suppose; and to aid our tolerance we should recall that critics and defenders are often betrayed into generalizations and conclusions by Americans who are not representative of America, but exceptions.

Only Imitations Wanted

A great many of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen, finding congeniality and charm in a life abroad, enthusiastically become more Royalist than the king; and the foreigner in contact with them, perceiving them to be imitative of himself and engaged in the adulatory task of trying to absorb his own kind of culture, will easily believe that in them he sees the best of us doing the best that the best of us can do. Moreover, he will obviously receive from them not the most accurate account of the country from which they are emancipating themselves. Indeed, he will hear not only a great many things gratifying to his *amour propre* but a great deal of nonsense concerning American manners, customs and lack of culture. He finds the nonsense readily plausible, however; and few little social scenes are, for instance, pleasanter, to an observer possessed of some favor on the part of the Comic Muse, than that of an interview between a French gentleman and an American lady who is telling him that "no American knows how to enter a drawing-room." This particular art—or perhaps it should be spoken of as a ceremony—is probably the one most often denied by expatriate ladies to their compatriots who know no more cultured way of getting into any room than by walking into it.

But it is not only the expatriate who adds obliquity to the foreign scrutiny of us; the foreigner traveling in this country—perhaps intending the subsequent publication of a critique—is also likely to receive from various quarters an oversympathetic confirmation of the foreign view that we have much money and little culture. He may encounter sophisticates and their sharp contempt for the "one hundred per cent American," and since he himself is perhaps a one hundred per cent Frenchman or a one hundred per cent Italian—for nearly all Frenchmen and Italians are of that percentage—he will be extremely susceptible to the derogatory information offered him; also, if he meets the painfuler kind of one hundred per cent Americans, he will not be happily impressed—the proud boasts of alien nationals are seldom ingratiating—and he may be misled, too, by our habit of making fun of ourselves, a custom not usually intelligible to people of the Latin races and less constantly congenial to our British cousins than to ourselves.

For it is easy to be misled or to become confused upon so elusive a topic as culture. The word itself is subject to disputatious definitions; it is almost as difficult to define as "gentleman" or "art." It is one of those words for the meaning of which the dictionaries fail to represent a court of final appeal, because these authorities are reduced to definitions in terms likewise subject to argument and opinion. Thus, a dictionary may tell us that culture consists in part of "refinement of mind, morals, or taste; enlightenment"; and that cultured means "educated, refined"; whereupon we are at once on disputatious ground and must seek agreement upon the meanings of "refinement," "taste," "enlightenment" and "educated." And also, it seems possible that a cultured Arab may differ from a cultured Spanish cardinal upon the meaning of "morals." However, although there may always hang upon our use of the words some vagueness of outline, we may be clear, at least, that it means cultivation, and cultivation with results—that is to say, the ground cultivated is rich enough to respond with fruition, and the fruition reaches a rather definite degree of opulence. Practically speaking, a cultured person must have had intelligence to begin with, and his intelligence must have been cultivated until it has attained a fine kind of enlightenment—for we are forced back upon this term, itself so shadowy.

The scientists have borrowed the word "culture"; they use it to mean the growth of little organisms in a medium best fitted to develop them, and in this usage of the word we may find a parallel not perfect but helpful to enlighten us. British culture grew upon British soil; it is not quite the same thing as Gallic culture across the Channel, and if it seeks to become the same thing as that Gallic culture it loses quality and descends to the spurious substance of all mere imitations. American culture must grow upon American soil; it has grown there, of course, and is not represented by an Anglicized American or by a Gallicized American. What might confuse the Briton seeking for evidences of culture in America may be a natural but localized conception of all culture as being of the British kind. The Frenchman traveling in this country believes he pays us his highest compliment when he says, sometimes, "Ah! This bit here is a little like a part of France!" or, "This seems almost French!"

Physical, Not Cultural, Defects

Provincial or even national definitions of the nature of culture must ever prove fallible. There is perceptible in the writings of some scholarly English authors, not all of the distant past, a conviction that no one deserved to be called cultured who could not speak Latin or read Greek; but this excludes the cultured Chinese, no matter how profound their knowledge of their own classics, as of course it would exclude the more ancient Greeks themselves That is to say, any definition of culture that demands a specialized knowledge or a specialized education proves itself absurd, for surely a salient component of any person's culture is his awareness of other kinds of culture than his own. Probably a voluminous history could be written of illusions concerning culture and what constitutes it; fashion is mistaken for it continually—even to speak in the fashion has often been mistaken for a sign of culture. There is undoubtedly a quality of voice recognizable as cultivated, or regulated with some regard to the auricular comfort of listeners and also with respect to the better traditions of pronunciation; but these traditions are many, and often they are disputable.

Pronunciation is comparable to costume in the fashions it has followed and follows; our ears are probably the most provincial of our organs in their love for native sounds and dislike of the alien. As a race, we have been accused abroad of being nasal, and it is true that some of our American climates have produced a great deal of catarrh, but that is a physical token and not a cultural one. The pronunciation of Matthew Arnold was at times almost unintelligible to his American audiences, and no doubt he found our Midland short *a* and burred *r* surprising and perhaps disagreeable to his ear; but even the type to which we sometimes rather loosely allude as the Oxford Don may not with safety to his own culture deny the culture of those whose quality of voice and method of pronunciation differ from his own; not the American would here die hardest, but the Scot.

Components of Culture

A specialist, then, even in art or a branch of learning, is not necessarily cultured, but may be, in the realm of the mind, a provincial; and cosmopolitanism in point of view is a requisite of the kind of enlightenment that constitutes culture. A people progressive in their own civilization will seek to understand and appreciate the civilization of other peoples; they will pay the tribute of pilgrimage to the cultural altars of other peoples; nor would this mean that they have no cultural altars of their own Even in the seventeenth century, cultured English gentlemen, like Evelyn, were not content to rest on the English cathedrals, but went to Rome. Such pilgrimages have been made by Americans in numbers so increasing from generation to generation that our patriots and railroads and hotel keepers have raised the cry, in which there seems to sound a note almost of desperation, "See America first"; and even they do not entreat us to see America only. Our enormously multitudinous pilgrimages do not prove that we are a cultured nation, for it is the mind that sees, and not the eye, and a cultured person may have traveled only mentally; nevertheless, the pilgrimages do suggest that we may to a degree possess the cosmopolitanism of point of view, and also the awareness of the culture of others, that are requisite components of culture.

If these components are requisites—as they seem to be—and if we possess them to the degree that we seem to possess them, it appears to follow that we need not feel injured by the criticisms of our culture, or the patronizing defenses of it, made by persons who thus reveal themselves to be lacking in those same requisites. When an Englishman is disappointed in us because he does not find among us an English kind of culture, the time has come for us to feel entertained, not indignant, as he would himself be entertained and not indignant if the positions were reversed. We need be sensitive on this point no longer, not even to the foreign traveler's time-worn discovery that we are in too great a hurry, too busy in the rush for the Almighty Dollar to have acquired culture. A rolling stone gathers no moss, but culture is not necessarily mossy; it can grow in a living and ever-quickened soil, and grow there in a bright and living profusion.

A living and growing culture, eager to discern and appreciate the kinds of culture other than its own, has the vigor and generosity that will save it from self-worship; for self-worship means stagnation. American culture is still moving, and more than ever appreciative of other culture; it has not crystallized into rigidity or turned back upon itself to become decadent. It lives and is safe even from its defenders.

We'll say... "There's a Reason" Dozens of them...

Grape-Nuts makes a small breakfast a safe one. With whole milk or cream, it supplies more varied nourishment than many a bulky meal.

THAT'S A REASON

For growing bodies, it's nature's own perfect food —made of wholesome wheat and malted barley.

THAT'S A REASON

Flavor no other food can boast—nutlike, delicately tinged with the natural sweetness of rich malt sugar. And the special fresh-from-the-oven crispness of those golden kernels adds zest to the unique Grape-Nuts flavor.

THAT'S A REASON

Here's something that is mighty scarce today—food that gives teeth the exercise they need for health, by encouraging thorough chewing.

THAT'S A REASON

Pour out Grape-Nuts. Pour on cream. And there you are. A nourishing breakfast that's served in a second.

THAT'S A REASON

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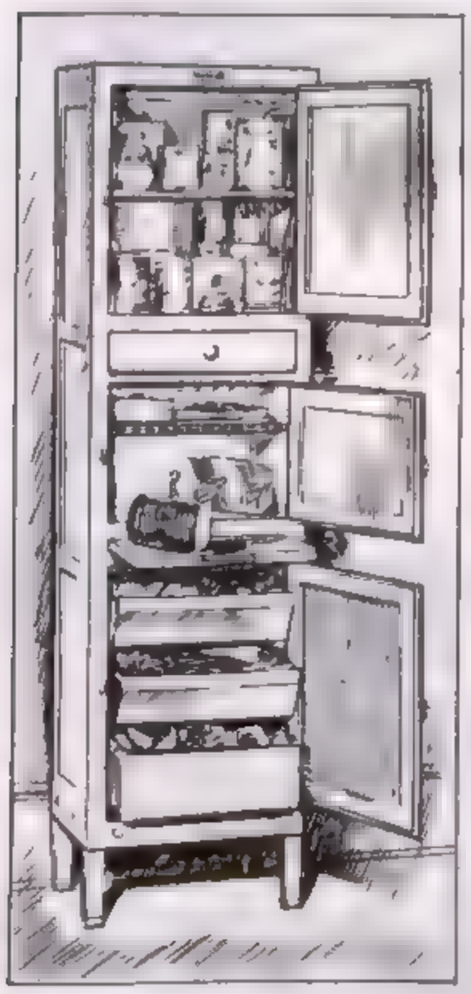
Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

A Question FOR WOMEN TO ANSWER

Thousands of women—owners of the New Hoosier Beauty—will tell you that it saves time, it saves work and brings more convenience to the kitchen than they thought possible. These women know this from actual experience. . . . . .



THE NEW HOOSIERETTE—a kitchen cabinet of new design for the bachelor apartment or for use as an auxiliary to the regular Hoosier. In a space 13x20 inches, the Hoosierette supplies two roomy shelves, a drawer for linens or cutlery, a metal-lined compartment for bread and cake, and a convenient cutting board. In the lower part of the cabinet three sliding metal bins provide ideal space for vegetables and fruits.

Thousands of other women will tell you that the Hoosier has brought new beauty to their kitchens. These women want and appreciate pretty kitchens. They know how much easier the work is in pleasant surroundings—how much quicker the time flies. They say a kitchen that makes a happy mind makes the whole day brighter.

Now what is the question for you to answer? Simply this—exactly what will the Hoosier do for you in your kitchen?

There is a Hoosier dealer in your town—in his store you can see the new Hoosier Beauty in Venetian Green, Old Ivory or some other equally attractive color. Select one and have it sent home—try it—then if you aren't perfectly satisfied, Hoosier guarantees to refund your money.

But answer the question today. And there is really only one way to answer it—select the Hoosier you like best, then install it in your kitchen and use it. Then and only then will you know what thousands of other Hoosier owners know from actual experience.

The price can't be an objection because Hoosiers are low in price and the terms are so easy and simple that any husband or wife can afford the purchase. Hoosier is sold on very convenient terms and priced as low as $39.75 plus freight.

If you don't know the name of the Hoosier dealer in your town, mail the coupon.

Architects, Contractors and New Home Builders

Hoosier makes a complete line of Sectional Built-in Kitchen Equipment for new homes or for remodeling. It is the most popular new equipment for the home or apartment builder. It is made for every type of home or apartment. Send for catalog and complete information.

HOOSIER

© 1929—H M Co

Above, the newest Hoosier Beauty 2946 comes in Venetian Green, Old Ivory and other attractive colors. At the right is a Vegetable Unit; at the left is a Broom Unit.

At Left, Hoosier breakfast sets come in several colors and designs. See these new designs at your Hoosier dealer's. If you don't know his name, write us.

From $39.75 PLUS FREIGHT up All Hoosier cabinets and equipment, no matter how low the price, are of the same high quality of manufacture and design. The chief difference between the lower-priced and the higher-priced cabinets is the number of conveniences they contain.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
329 Sidney Street, New Castle, Indiana

Please send me literature illustrating the New Hoosier Beauty and Hoosier Breakfast Sets.

Name.....*Address*.....

City.....*State*.....

Better Value

than ever in these home essentials

now made of

COP-R-LOY

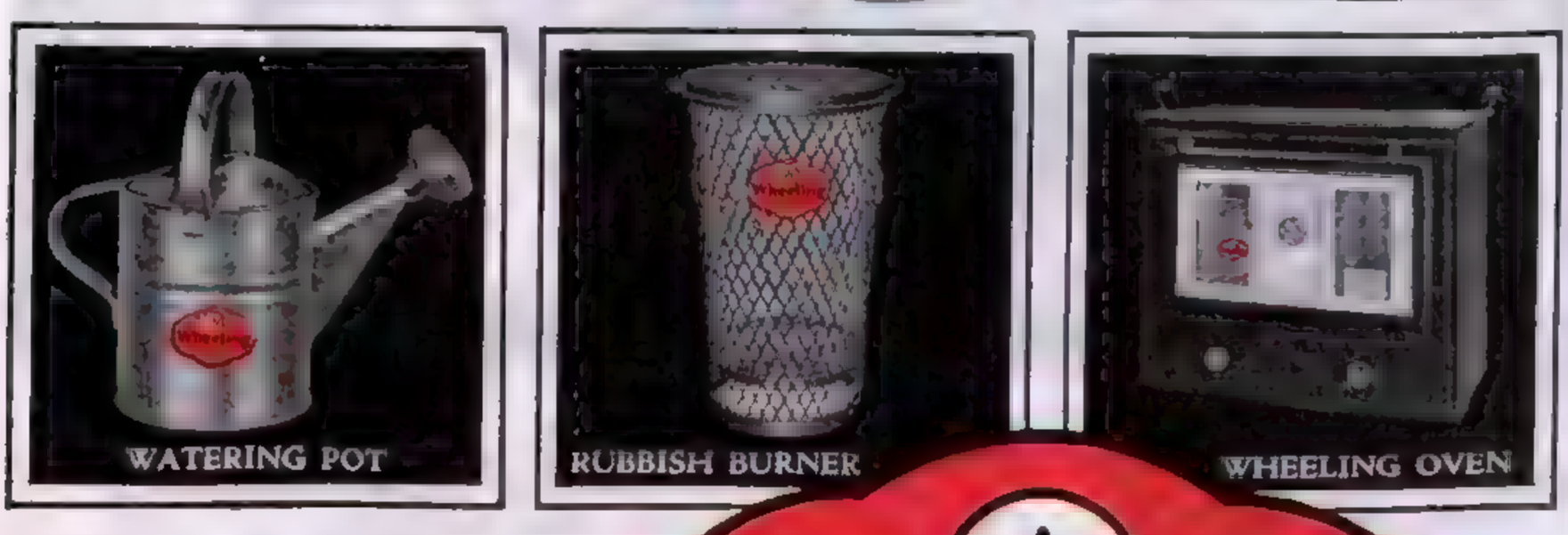
THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL

Guaranteed

Hand Dipped

in Pure Molten Zinc

Thirty-eight years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.



WOMEN, all over the country, have come to expect the most *un*-common quality in Metalware that bears the Wheeling Label. And *now*, because of its resources and facilities, this Company is able to still further improve these household necessities by the use of the remarkable copper alloyed steel, COP-R-LOY, in their making.

Think what this means! Your Pail or Ash Can, Garbage Can or Tub, made of the same modern sheet steel that the world's leading industries use in many forms for their important projects!

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

COP-R-LOY, of which Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware is made, is refined steel, alloyed with pure copper—the steel unsurpassed for longest and most economical wear.

Tell your dealer you want the benefit of these superlative qualities in your Metalware. He will supply you without extra cost. Look for the Wheeling Red Label—it is your protection.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

New York Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago
Kansas City St. Louis Richmond Chattanooga
Minneapolis Des Moines Columbus, Ohio

HIGHER IN QUALITY...NO INCREASE IN PRICES

A MAN TO AVOID

(Continued from Page 5)

single thing I ought to do at any time. Oh, yes, you'll say, make myself agreeable to you and mother, but really what you like best is to be alone together."

"Who will give an idle, ignorant girl responsibilities? Responsibilities come to those who ——"

"Exactly," Millie interrupted him. "And who made me idle? Who took me out of school and told me to go to parties every night and sleep as late as ever I wanted in the morning? I did not particularly want to come out and lead that kind of life; it was mother, who thought it was the right thing for a girl to do. What a silly, empty sort of an experience it is! Do you think a boy would come through it so well—dancing every night and sleeping every morning? Would he be ready, after two or three years of it, to take up great responsibilities? No. But it doesn't matter about girls."

"All your friends have done it, dear," said Mrs. Chester.

"And many of them feel as I do, only they haven't sense enough to know it, or they are too kind-hearted to tell the truth."

"That doesn't trouble you much—kind-heartedness," said her father.

"No," she answered, "I'm as hard as a stone."

"You're a silly, cruel, ignorant girl," said her father.

She turned her head slowly toward him. "That," she returned, "is the second time you have called me ignorant. I am. But how could I help being with the education you have given me?"

"We sent you to the best school in ——"

"You sent me to a school that taught me nothing except to be idle."

"Oh, if you'd wanted to study ——"

"I did want to study. I wanted to go to college—not, heaven knows, that you learn so much there, but at least you learn how to find out what you want to know. But you wouldn't have it. You were afraid, and rightly, that it would unfit me for a life of complete idleness. I'm just what you especially designed me to be, father. I'm idle, useless, good-looking, well-dressed, ignorant, and I should think, by this time, absolutely worthless to anyone. I'm not even bad."

Conversations of this sort never can be said to end, and this went on and on—between Mr. and Mrs. Chester alone, Mrs. Chester crying and her husband frankly swearing; between Millie and her father, he furious and she coldly driving home her points in spite of his abuse; then between Millie and her mother, Mrs. Chester trying to reach this cool, remote judge and Millie receding farther and farther away from her.

It was Mrs. Chester who, with some affection left in her bruised heart, finally succeeded in bringing a little light to the situation.

"Millie," she asked, "if you had been trained—if it were possible—is there anything in the world you would like to do?"

Mr. Chester permitted himself a faint sneer, anticipating that his child would be obliged to confess that there was not, but she annoyed him even here by having a perfectly definite desire.

"Yes," she answered. "Oh, yes. I should love to be an archæologist—to go and dig in Central America or Yucatan."

"What do you know about such things?" he inquired contemptuously, since, for the duration of this discussion, he was her enemy.

"I know a great deal," said Millie, and strange to say, she spoke no more than the truth.

"Where did you learn anything about Central American archæology?" he asked, still hostile.

"I learned it," said Millie with a faint smile, "in the only two ways you have made it possible for me to learn by reading in a ladylike way in my own room, and through a man who was in love with me." It was true.

Two or three years before, one of the most enduring of Millie's fancies had been for a young Harvard graduate student who was writing his Ph.D. thesis on the difference between the construction of Central American and Egyptian pyramids. Like most girls, Millie could get more information in five minutes from a young man who loved her than she could in four years' study at school. She and he wandered many hours in the Central American and Mexican rooms of the Museum of Natural History, and when she went to Boston for football games they would manage to wedge in a little time at the Peabody Museum. The subject thrilled her even without the additional stimulus of the young man's adoration, and she contrived, before the final parting, to acquire a little more than a smattering of knowledge.

About the time that this romance was at its height rubber cutters in the republic of Gatacosta had begun to come in with gossip of ten masonry hills set in a deep valley in the continental range, masonry which, examined, turned out to be stepped pyramids with ruins on the top. Bentham College had immediately sent a man to investigate, with a result that the little college was now sending out a serious expedition.

Mr. Chester was an alumnus of Bentham, although he had become more identified in the public mind with Harvard, where he had taken his law degree. Still Bentham did not allow him to forget his allegiance; particularly as he became one of the prominent corporation lawyers of New York. Lately a determined effort had been made to make him go on the board of trustees. If Millie had really set her heart on joining this expedition, there seemed to be a promise of her father's being able to exert some pressure on her behalf. There was a time, of course, when Mr. Chester would have looked with horror on the suggestion that his only child should go off into the jungle for many months, but four years of discontent had taught him much, and when his wife asked him if he could ask President Norwich of Bentham to help poor Millie in her ambition to go and dig in Gatacosta, he replied promptly:

"No, I'm not such a fool. We'll have the old boy here to dinner and let Millie put in some of her fine work herself."

The president of Bentham College had, as every college president ought to have, a magnificent façade, and some people said he had nothing else, but then, college presidents always have foes of their own household. He had a delicate, egotistical face, bushy white hair, jet-black—suspiciously jet-black—eyebrows, and he wore an eyeglass on a heavy black ribbon.

Sitting down at a small dinner party at his old friends', the Chesters, he found himself next to a slim fairylike creature, dressed in white, looking up at him with a pair of wide-open slate-blue eyes.

"Bless me!" he said. "Don't tell me my friend Chester has got anything as beautiful as you for a daughter."

"Oh, beauty doesn't get you very far, except, perhaps, as far as the presidency of colleges," she returned. Both reckoned this a pretty good beginning.

Millie began to use that voice she used whenever she wanted to charm anyone; it was so soft that an ear had to be literally inclined toward her; it panted, it trembled, it seemed to swoon with admiration. The president felt all his male ego expand and glow under the tone. But the matter, too, was flattering. He had very little time for the lady he had taken in to dinner—the hard, handsome, important wife of an important alumnus—for Millie, in this thrilling voice of hers, was explaining to him that since her childhood she had had a thwarted passion for American archæology. Having first satisfied herself that he was not himself an archæologist—he had been professor of homiletics in a theological seminary before he became president of Bentham, and though Millie did not know what homiletics might be, she was sure it wasn't archæological—she went on interlarding her conversation with the names of the best known of the buried cities, with such phrases as "popularly called Aztec," and with such words as "squeezes" and "orientation"—all learned in the period of her interest in the young Harvard man—until the president actually believed that he was in the presence of real knowledge.

He drew away and stared at her. "You seem to me a very remarkable young woman," he said, "to look as you do and to have such a hobby as this."

"And what good does it do me?" said Millie. "I dare say I know as much as many young men who are given every chance, but just because I haven't got a college degree ——" And then she painted the picture—not much heightened, either—of how as a girl she had wanted to go to college, but had been prevented by her parents and teachers, and suddenly a belated wave of feminism rose in the heart of the president and he thought how he spent his life trying to bring and keep young men in college, while this lovely girl had been kept out.

"You would be interested in our expedition to Central America," he said, and was sorry to find she thought he meant that there was a chance that she might be allowed to go. He hastened to say that he had not meant that—oh, no!

"Do women never go?" asked Millie.

He could not truthfully say that they never did. Three years before, that remarkable woman, Professor Laureletta Briggs, the expert on orchids, had gone with the last expedition Bentham had sent out and had done some remarkable classifications.

"But, my dear child, Professor Briggs is sixty, and monstrously plain."

Millie would not smile at his compliment. "Are youth and good looks always to be a curse?" she said.

"A curse most people would give a good deal to possess."

But he was not to get off with any such evasion as that. Indeed, he was soon to learn that Millie had a persistence and a strength of will that many a college president might envy. At first he could hardly believe it; it was as if a gardenia turned out to be made of steel. He knew, or thought he knew, that it was out of the question for her to accompany the Bentham expedition, but two motives made him deal gently with her hopes: First, he wished to retain Chester's friendship. Chester, though not yet such a rich man himself, as a lawyer had the control of many substantial estates and trust funds from which endowments might flow, to say nothing of his being present when wills were drawn.

Then, too, the president cherished a certain humorous dislike of the head of the expedition—Professor Raikes. Why should not Raikes deal with the situation? Why should not Raikes be the one to refuse? Ah, ah, there would be an interview—Greek meeting Greek. He would like to be there to hear. Many a wound received in faculty meeting from the insolent and irritable head of the archæological department would be avenged if matters ever got as far as an interview. But the president was obliged to admit things probably never would, for of course the Chesters would not dream of allowing their only daughter to go off to Central America with a party of scientists—a lovely, sheltered, young creature, the apple of their eye. If his daughter —— But the idea of his elderly spinster daughter plunging off into the jungle was impossible.

He came and dropped into a chair beside Mrs. Chester after dinner. "That's a very remarkable young person—your daughter. How old is she?"

"Twenty-five," said her mother.

"Good gracious! I took her for seventeen."

"Slender people always seem younger and gentler than they are," replied Mrs. Chester, but the president did not note the warning.

"Do you know what she has been talking to me about all the evening?"

"I can imagine—about her passion for going on this expedition of yours."

"It's quite out of the question, you know."

He explained the organization of such an expedition. It consisted only of Professor Raikes and the assistant, Professor Thorley, and a young graduate student whose name at the moment escaped the president. Mrs. Thorley, an experienced traveler, went with them, but was usually left behind before they went into the deep jungle.

"If your daughter did go her fate would be to be cached with Mrs. Thorley, probably, and left for weeks in some steaming jungle village."

"That would, of course, be very disappointing," said Mrs. Chester. In her mind's eye, however, she did not see her Millie submitting to this treatment.

"To speak frankly," said the president, slightly lowering his voice, "the most serious objection of the whole thing is the character of Professor Raikes."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Chester, suddenly becoming every inch a mother. "You mean he isn't respectable?"

"I mean he has the most disagreeable disposition I have ever encountered—to the degree that it is actually a faculty problem. A brilliant, a very brilliant man; perhaps the foremost man in America today in his line. Why is he with us instead of one of the great universities? Because it is well known that no one can coöperate with him. . . . This in strict confidence, of course. . . . He uses his brilliant mind simply to make other people feel inferior. He has—something I never saw combined before—all the petty irritability of a weak nature and all the intense violence of a strong one. He is known to have shaken a student in the classroom, and there's a story—not true—that he once tried to kill a man many years ago."

Mrs. Chester settled back in her chair again.

"Oh," she said, "I think Millie could manage him all right."

"If she can," said the president, "I will have a monument put up to her on our campus."

When, after the last guest had gone, he himself got up rather reluctantly to go—he had had a very pleasant evening—he was urged by his host to stay.

"Come back into my study," said Chester, "and smoke one last cigar. . . . Oh, you don't smoke. Well, watch me then while I do."

Some people might have felt a little embarrassed at offering a noble-faced college president what amounted, in everything but name, to a bribe. But Chester was not embarrassed, nor, as a matter of fact, was Doctor Norwich; so far from it that he merely raised his price.

It happened very decently like this.

"Look here, sir," said Chester. "I don't suppose this child of mine would be of any enormous assistance on an expedition of this kind, but she is so passionately eager to go that I can't see that she would be of any detriment to it, and as to the expense to the college, of course I'd stand that, and a little more—say twenty-five thousand to the endowment fund."

The president laughed heartily. "Thy money perish with thee, Chester," he said. "It's quite out of my hands. Professor Raikes has the say as to the make-up of his expedition. As a Bentham man, you

(Continued on Page 128)

MAYOR WALKER CHRISTENS AS NEW YORK THRONGS

15 Cars, 19 Pilots Start Gruelling Transcontinental Run

Carry Good Will Greetings to Los Angeles' Mayor

60 Goodrich Tires Bear Brunt of Coast-to-Coast Battle Against Roads

Massed thousands craned curious necks and watched in City Hall Park . . . Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, lifted the traditional bottle...Fifteen cars, gleaming in new, fresh dress of silver paint, stood waiting, engines throttled down.

Crash! The bottle smashed on the radiator of the foremost car. A cheer rose from thousands of throats.

The Silver Fleet was christened!

Little time was spent on ceremony. Mayor Walker shook hands with the fleet commander. Signed New York's "good will" greeting to the Mayor of Los Angeles.

Pilots slid behind their wheels. Engines hummed a higher tune.

Then, one by one, like airplanes taking off, the cars wheeled into line, swung away on the first leg of a journey lasting many months . . .

Dramatically, thus began the most thrilling endurance demonstration any manufacturer has ever undertaken.

Not a demonstration of cars . . . but of the tires they roll on!

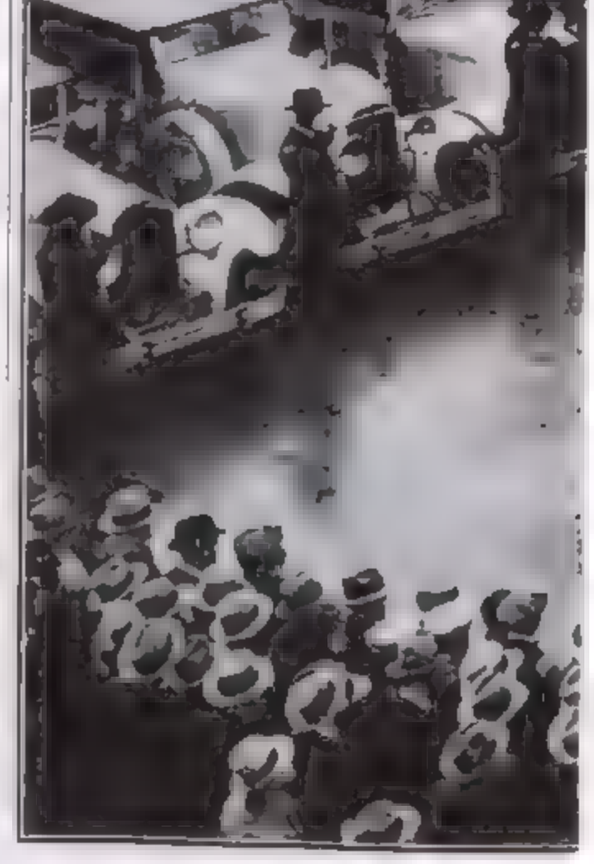
Not a single car . . . but fifteen . . . stock models of the leading makes.

A dramatic performance run . . . to demonstrate stamina . . . wear . . . durability . . . in the face of overwhelming odds.

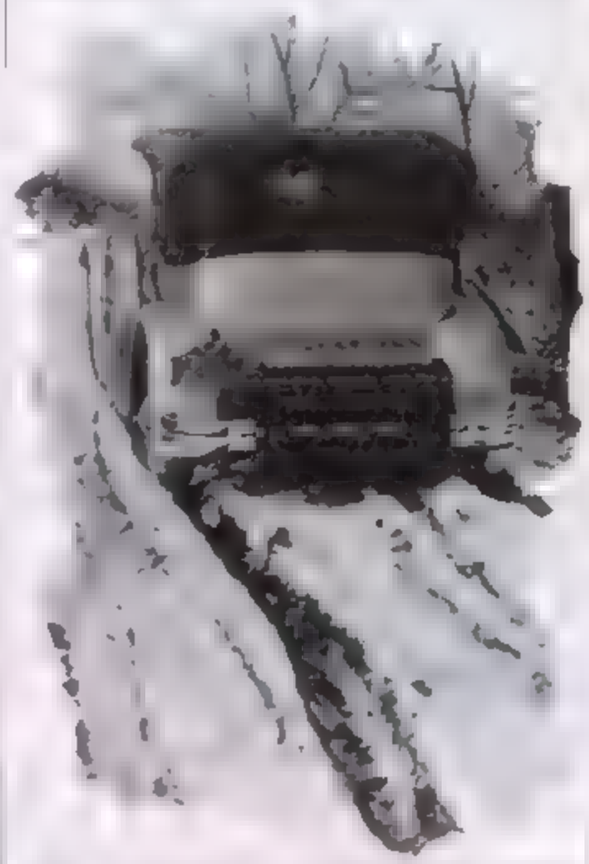
Down the Atlantic Coast to Florida, the fleet will swing. Around the Gulf to New Orleans. Across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona . . . into California.

Then back...in a zig-zag course across the country, that multiplies the continent's width many times.

Months of the most gruelling tire punishment the Fleet pilots can find.



"BETTER GO THIS WAY!"—A native warns Silver Fleet pilots against the road they're on, closed because of its dangerous condition. But a closed road means a tough road . . . and that's what the Fleet is looking for . . . so on they roll. Photo shows some of the weather and some of the road conditions the Fleet has faced already. Only the months can tell how many miles of worse going will be met before its return from the long grind.



***THE TOUGHEST WAY?** Most drivers look for the good roads, but the Silver Fleet welcomes the detours. For this is a demonstration of ability to conquer roads under the most difficult conditions.*

Through every climate, every weather, the country knows. Over roads the nation boasts about . . . and over back trails where only trouble is encountered.

Through slush and snow, rain and mud. Ice-sharpened ruts and glassy-wet asphalt. Cold and snow in the mountains. Heat and sand in the desert. Good roads . . . bad roads . . . no roads...but always plugging on, deliberately seeking the hardest test of man and car and tire...

And why?

Simply that you and your fellow motorists everywhere may have brought home to you . . . conclusively . . . the sort of stamina that is built into every Goodrich Tire!

That you may follow, month after month, the record of Goodrich Tires *under far harder service conditions than you will ever have to face!*

That you may see, in short, proof of the unsurpassed dollar value of the tires bearing the Goodrich name.

Consider again what the Silver Fleet is . . .

Fourteen cars and a service truck, stock models of cars in every price class, from a dapper Ford to a Pullman-like Packard. Cars that represent ninety per cent of the automobile production of the country. Cars such as

THE SILVER FLEET CHEER OFFICIAL SEND-OFF

THE SILVER FLEET IS CHRISTENED!—Mayor Walker does the honors . . . and officially starts the most dramatic cross-country tour ever undertaken. Here you see the Fleet in parade formation, pilots at salute, while the Commander receives official good wishes. A few moments later gleaming cars wheeled into line and the Fleet rolled away on its parade through the city . . . up Fifth Avenue . . . through Central Park . . . down Broadway . . . and through the Holland Tunnel to New Jersey and untold adventures beyond.

you, your neighbor, your employer and your employee drive every day .

On these cars, Goodrich Silvertowns . . . all around. Four ply, six ply, De Luxe. Every type, fitted . . . as tires should be . . . to the load they carry . .

And meeting every condition of road and weather that it is possible for any driver to find in the United States!

How can any manufacturer undertake such a venture?

Goodrich can, because Goodrich Tires have already been tested under just such conditions.

After such tests, but one thing remained to be done a national demonstration of durability, of stamina, of the power to keep going . . .

And so the Silver Fleet! Organized for you to watch. Routed to reach your section of the country. Giving, as it goes, actual demonstrations of the points that mean good wear in tires.

Talk to your Goodrich dealer about the Silver Fleet. Ask him about its schedule . . . when it will arrive in your city. See the same tires that the Silver Fleet rolls on . . . identical casings directly from his stock. Let him point out why Goodrich can undertake such a tour.

Lieut. H. R. Schaeffer
Fleet Commander

Then when the Silver Fleet rolls in . . . be on hand! Pick out the companion car to the one you drive. Talk to its pilot. Watch his demonstration. Ask him about the conditions he has had to face . . . and contrast them with your own.

In the meantime, you can follow the thrilling progress of the Silver Fleet in the pages of this publication.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements. Silvertown De Luxe, for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the nation—the choice of millions of car owners. And the Goodrich Cavalier, a new low-priced, high quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Be sure to ask your local Goodrich dealer to show you these three wonderful tires.

Goodrich Silvertowns

(Continued from Page 125)

know the policy of the trustees—departmental freedom. Personally, if I were going on the trip, there is no one I should so much like to have as a traveling companion as this lovely little daughter of yours, Chester. . . . What an enchanting child! . . . And as for your endowment offer, my dear fellow, all of us college presidents must go about begging, of course; only, I will tell you that I would far rather have you consent to go on our board than give us five times the sum."

Chester did not want to go on the board; it meant several long journeys every year to board meetings, and always at times when he was busiest; it meant giving money steadily instead of at odd moments when he felt rich. But: "Go on the board, doctor!" he cried with gladness in his tone, quite as if he had not been unofficially approached a dozen times. "What man would not go on the board of his own college? I should be very proud, very proud indeed."

They understood each other perfectly. Before the president left, it was arranged that Millie should come up to Bentham and have an interview with Professor Raikes.

"Of course the matter lies entirely with Raikes. I can promise nothing," said the president.

"Oh, I understand. Of course, of course," said Chester.

In his bedroom he told his wife rather boastfully that he had turned the trick.

"I hope it didn't cost you a fortune," said Mrs. Chester, immediately beginning to make her plans for Arizona.

"It didn't cost me a penny," said her husband. "You know this is my thirtieth anniversary and I had promised twenty-five thousand to the endowment fund. I just made that twenty-five thousand do a little work for me first."

Both parents informed Millie of all they had heard about the terrifying quality in Professor Raikes, but Millie was not a girl to be terrified.

"I don't believe much in ogres," she said. What she really meant was that ogres were sometimes the easiest of all to tame. And so, as so often happens, the battle between these two was joined before they had ever met face to face.

One morning two or three weeks later Professor Raikes was dealing with his correspondence before the opening of his first morning lecture. He was walking up and down his long sunny study—for space was no object at Bentham—and dictating to his stenographer, Miss Barnes. None of the other stenographers about the college would work for Professor Raikes, and indeed Miss Barnes sometimes thought the strain too great, not only the long words, the rapidity of his diction, but the constant threat of his irritability. Her hands were always cold with nervousness and she made more mistakes than she did under other circumstances.

He was walking with long, quick strides, his hands in his pockets and his head tilted back so that he could stare at the ceiling. The result of this position was that every now and then he fell over a piece of furniture or at least barked his shins, at which he swore, kicked the object aside and continued in the same pose. He was a man not much under six feet, so thin that he looked boyish at a distance, although he was thirty-seven and his smooth black hair was getting gray. His eyes were set deeply in his head and, being almost true black, were hard to read; hard to see, even. His skin would have been naturally a dead even white, but long years in the tropics had tanned it to a light brown. He was clean shaven, and the pleasantest feature in his face was his mouth, firm, with a funny delicate little flicker about the corners.

"—— as I shall already have sailed, I am obliged to decline your courteous [the sudden sound of wooden legs sliding on the bare floor blankety-blankety-blank. "Who the devil put that chair there?] invitation to speak at your annual dinner. . . . Wherever it is, Miss Barnes. Finish that when I've gone. Take another. Mr. Ephraim F. . . . Well, you have his address. . . . Dear Sir: The belief on the part of parents that their children fail in examinations only owing to the dishonorable machinations of those who are supposed to instruct them —— Come in. Come in. Come in! . . . How I hate to have to yell 'come in' a dozen times. . . . Oh, Jimmy, is it you? Come in. . . . No, I'm not busy."

It was the graduate student whose name had escaped the president, who was to make the third member of the expedition. The minute Raikes saw his face he exclaimed, with that rapidity of perception possessed by the irritable; the cause, perhaps, of their irritability: "What's the matter, Jimmy? You've been doing something you oughtn't to do. What is it?"

"I've been talking to the prettiest girl you ever saw," said Jimmy, coloring, though his tone was casual.

"You're in love!" cried Raikes. "Oh, if I could only get away once without taking lovesick assistants to mope in the jungle and be sent home with fever because they want to be. Shall I ever forget Thorley when he was engaged ——"

"One moment, please. I have only been talking to her about ten minutes, and it's you she's after."

"Me?" cried Raikes with a sort of whoop.

He was silent a moment, evidently running over the list of pretty girls who might conceivably want to see him. His memory seemed to yield nothing.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Her name is Chester."

"I don't know anyone called Chester."

"She's the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"A book agent, I bet. They're getting them pretty nowadays."

"She gave me this letter for you."

Raikes seized it and tore it open; it was a letter of introduction from one of the trustees. He looked up.

"You say she's pretty?"

"Divine."

Professor Raikes was usually supposed to be a woman hater. This was quite untrue—the opposite of the truth. He was subject to very gusty emotions, but one quality in the fair sex had always shocked and annoyed him, and that was what he called their tendency to take everything personally; that is to say, to be upset when sworn at. Several early love affairs of his had ended in stupendous rows, and so, gradually he had come to the conclusion that women, at least as wives, were a difficult, entangling luxury, utterly unsuited to a busy, frank-spoken man like himself. He always said that he feared he was unfit for matrimony, but what he really thought was that the fault lay in the ridiculous unintelligible sensitiveness of women. He of course rather encouraged the legend that he hated them for its obvious advantages; it at once interested them, kept them at arm's length and added a peculiar flattery to his friendship when he did bestow it.

"Well, we'll let her in," said Raikes, and so Jimmy went back to the outer office, where he had left Millie sitting on a high stool with her hands folded in her lap, like a good child waiting for her nurse to come and take her home. He had left her staring up at the great photographs of Chichen-Itza and Copan, and when he came back she was in exactly the same attitude. She looked so good he felt he ought to save her or at least warn her of what might befall her.

"Don't be afraid of him," he said impulsively. "He can't really hurt you."

Millie smiled a little. "I'm not afraid," she said. "I never am—of people, at least."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Only of snakes and high places," she answered, and she got down off her stool, smoothed her dress with an infantile gesture and moved toward the door, which he opened and closed behind her. Bentham was a religious college, and a dim recollection of a verse in the Bible about his darling among the lions hung in the young man's mind.

And so Millie, a very sweet Daniel, walked into the den. Raikes, still with his hands in his pockets, but now rocking slightly to and fro from his heels to his toes, stared at her silently; it was his method—the greetingless entrance; it drove many visitors mad immediately and saved a long interview.

"Are you Professor Raikes?"

That low, pulsating voice affected him as it had affected less susceptible men; it affected him not through the consciousness, but speaking in some mysterious way directly to his emotions, as some singing voices make you cry without your experiencing the least emotion of sadness. He did not betray emotion—at least not this one. He merely said:

"Yes, yes. Of course—of course—of course."

"Don't frighten me to death before I've even told what I want," said Millie.

"Frighten you? How absurd! Who the —— I beg your pardon, Miss Barnes. I know you don't like swearing. . . . The hour for you to go to the president? Then go—go by all means. I have never made any effort to detain you beyond my legitimate time. Go, go, go. . . . Now, Miss Chester, I am entirely at your disposal."

Millie, like Cæsar, was not susceptible to fear. She was not in the least alarmed by Raikes. Moreover, she felt, superstitiously, that luck was with her. She had spoken to Jimmy Salisbury because he was the first person she had seen on the steps of the archæology building, and it was nice to have someone smooth the way. The probability was that, standing there, he was a student of the department, but it was great luck that he should be the special student who was going on the expedition, and who, moreover, was a favorite of Professor Raikes and knew how to manage him. She was glad, too, that he as well as Miss Barnes had gone; she was always more effective in tête-à-tête.

"And what can I do for you?" said Raikes, as if his life were one long series of benevolent deeds; and then he added, fearing he might be imposed upon: "At least in the few minutes I have at your disposal"

"Professor Raikes, I want to go on your expedition to Central America."

Raikes looked at her a second and then frankly laughed. His laugh was pleasant and ought to have been the ruin of all her hopes, for if he had thought there was the least possibility of her going he would have been in a frenzy of bad temper.

"Why do you laugh?"

"It amuses me that you should have such an absurd wish, for I can assure you, you wouldn't enjoy it."

"Why is it absurd?"

"Ah—ah," said Raikes. "The well-known Socratic method." He folded his arms and began a lecture. "The Socratic method, having come down to us through the mentality of a great genius, has gained a prestige which, when it is administered, as it usually is, by slow and prejudiced minds ——"

"Professor Raikes, if we have only a few minutes, do not let us spend it entirely on Socrates." Millie's tone was not quite so gaspingly admiring as it had been.

Raikes smiled. "That was my plan, I must admit," he replied.

"Will you tell me why it is absurd that I wish to go on your expedition?"

"We do not take utterly untrained people on scientific expeditions."

"But why do you assume that I am utterly untrained?"

"Because not being a mathematician, thank fortune, I usually do assume the obvious. Why is it obvious? Because promising graduate students in archæology are so rare that if one of your sex, and may I add, appearance, had shown any ability, I should most certainly have heard of you, and I must tell you that the name of Chester has never come into my consciousness, except as the first name of a president, and a town where a classmate of mine was married once among scenes of rather indecent revelry—but as you may imagine, that was a good many years ago."

"I have not been trained in any college, but I do know something of the subject."

"What?" he answered. "That the ten tribes of Israel built the Central American cities, or the inhabitants of the lost Atlantis? Apparently, to dig for buried treasure is one of the great cravings of the human heart. We cannot take everyone with us who would like to go, Miss Chester, and therefore we are obliged to select those who seem best fitted to be of service to us."

"I want so very much to go," said Millie simply.

"You wouldn't if you had ever been," said Raikes grimly. "Do you know what the outstanding feature of these trips is? Not golden treasures and scientific joy. Fleas, insects of all kinds—mosquitoes, cockroaches, garapatas—but constantly and worst, fleas; heat and fever and fleas."

Millie smiled. "I thought you were going to say snakes," she said.

"Oh, yes, snakes; there are lots of them, of course," said Raikes, not knowing that he was throwing away his most powerful argument, "but they want to get out of your way if they can, but fleas ——"

"Fleas don't bite me," said Millie again, with a really angelic smile.

"You have probably never been where they were."

"I've been all over Italy and Spain, with my parents going nearly mad, poor dears," she answered. "They won't touch me, nor mosquitoes either."

For the first time since their interview got going Raikes showed signs of irritation. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens!" He stopped himself with an effort, and then added: "And that brings us to another reason why it would be impossible to take a girl like you on such an expedition—my temper. It may surprise you to learn, Miss Chester, but such is the fact, that I am not a good-tempered man."

"I don't see why that should affect me in any way," said Millie.

"I don't see why, either," he returned, "but it would; it always does. I regret to say that I cannot be ten minutes in the company of one of your sex, and be natural, without reducing them to tears."

"You seem to be rather proud of it," said Millie.

"I am not in the least proud of it. It is extremely inconvenient. I should be ashamed of it if I did not really think it was ridiculous sensitiveness on their part, rather than anything really offensive in me."

"Well," said Millie, "you would not reduce me to tears."

"We shall never know," said Raikes, standing up. "And now, as I have a class impatiently waiting for me not to come ——"

"Shall I wait here?"

She succeeded in surprising him. "What for?"

"So that we can discuss this a little more fully and, if you will let me say so, a little more rationally"

Raikes' brow began to lower.

"You have at least the virtue of persistence," he said "We have nothing further to discuss"

"I should think," returned Millie, "that before deciding whether you would take me or not you would wish to inquire into my qualifications for going. I am extremely healthy, very calm and good-tempered ——"

"I do not mean to take you on this expedition. I will go further. I should think that any man who did take you was a fool."

She looked at him gravely. "I don't think you've made out a very good case for yourself," she said dispassionately.

He walked to a chair near the door where his battered gray felt hat was lying. "Miss Chester," he said, "I think you presume on your sex; really I do," and he went out, shutting the door behind him.

(Continued on Page 131)

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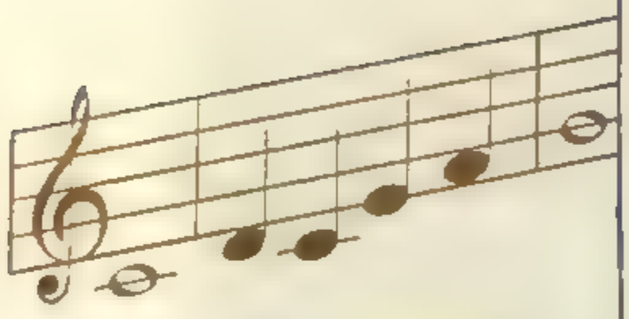

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(Continued from Page 128)

Presently the door opened and Salisbury came stealing in to see what was left of the radiant being whom he had admitted only a short time before. He was astonished to see her looking very much the same.

"Well, what happened?" he asked.

"He said he wouldn't take me." She glanced up at him brightly.

"Well, you didn't expect he would, did you?"

Millie did not answer this question directly. "He's very amusing, isn't he?" she said reflectively. "Very amusing—almost witty."

"His wit is rather cruel, I think."

"All wit is that's any good," said Millie decisively. She rose to her feet, and he asked, as she meant him to ask: "Where are you going now?"

"I'm to lunch with Doctor Norwich," said Millie, "but there's a good deal of time between now and luncheon."

"Would you—would you let me show you about a little?" said Salisbury timidly. "There are some quite pretty walks about here."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Millie. "I know you must be busy."

But no, it appeared that Mr. Salisbury was not busy; nothing, at least, that could not wait, and so presently they were walking through the autumn woods, and Millie was punctuating an intelligent and attentive silence with such phrases as "Oh, of course, not cuneiform in the right sense," "the squeezes in the Peabody Museum," "such orientation as we have in the Egyptian pyramids." Salisbury was sure she knew as much as he did—an opinion which Millie comfortably knew he would impart to Raikes at the first opportunity.

In the meantime the professor was giving one of the early lectures in a course of which he heartily disapproved—an outline of archæology. In faculty meeting the president had been enthusiastic about such a course. "Give the students a general idea of the subject," he had said.

"Give them a general idea they know something about a subject of which they are densely ignorant," said Raikes; at which everyone present voted for the course and he found himself obliged to inaugurate it. As he lectured he found that he was more irritated about Miss Chester's not being bitten by fleas than about her desire to go on his expedition. How absurd for Nature to bestow this priceless immunity on a girl to whom it was of no practical value, while he, Raikes, a scientist, whose work was of positive value to the world ——

At the end of the lecture he received a message that the president wished to speak to him at his "early convenience"—the sort of phrase the president loved. Raikes groaned on general principles. It did not occur to him that the interview would have anything to do with the girl with the gasp in her voice. Being naturally of a pessimistic habit of mind, induced probably by the fact that he had great art in luring enmity in his direction, he ran over all the disagreeable possibilities and came to the conclusion as he crossed the campus toward the president's house that the old man was going to cut down the money for the Gatacosta expedition. In which case—in which case —— Raikes thought bitterly of some revenge on his part—resignation, first of all. He would not do the thing on the cheap; he would not endanger some of the best years of his life to save money for some business course. He would not!

The president met him, beaming. "Well," he said, "I have some good news for you, Raikes—good with a little bad in it."

There are two schools for the executive anticipating opposition in his subordinates. One is to maneuver so that they never have the opportunity of putting themselves on record as opposed, and the other is to allow them to get "no" thoroughly out of their systems. The president used both methods, but always the latter with Raikes. Doctor Norwich was not a very strong or noble character, but he had a great deal of experience in dealing with men of letters and science. He knew just about what Raikes' interview with Millie would have been—that he would have refused and that she would have been persistent; that he would have become too rough and would now very slightly regret, not his refusal but a lack of suavity in his refusal.

"Sit down," he said. "I think I'm on the track of twenty-five thousand dollars additional for your expedition."

Raikes' eyes grew dark and burning with excitement. "That means I can do the whole job at one clip," he said.

The president nodded. "But there's a condition attached to it," he said, "and I'm afraid you may feel, a prohibitive one."

Raikes thought loyally, "What a fool the old boy is to think I would find anything prohibitive that made the whole thing perfect from my point of view."

"It would have to be pretty steep," said Raikes. "What is it?"

"The necessity of including an outsider in your personnel," said the president.

"Oh," said Raikes, seeing the whole thing in a minute. Twenty-five thousand dollars against the annoyance of a girl like that; it was a nice balance. He scowled, staring at the floor. "What do you wish me to do, sir?" he asked. His tone sounded respectful, but his thought was: "If it's another plant of the old man's I won't do it. I'm free to run my own department."

But the old man was too clever to be caught by that trap. "It's entirely for you to say, Raikes. It's your expedition. I must confess I should not care to chaperon and manage that young lady myself."

"Oh, I don't think I shall find much trouble in that," said the professor, almost automatically. "I believe it might be a salutary experience for that young lady; and it is always pleasant, doctor, as you must know, to be a salutary influence. There is nothing in the contract that calls for her enjoying the trip, is there?"

"No, nothing whatsoever," said the president. "In fact, there is no understanding about taking her into the interior at all.

Hawaii

If you should find it better to leave her where Mrs. Thorley is usually left ——"

Raikes laughed gayly. "Oh, of course I shall do that," he said. "I was only thinking it would be a bore to have a girl like that on your hands on the boat and at the port and as far into the jungle as we take her."

The president nodded sympathetically. "I must warn you of one thing," he said—"that her father, Carter Chester, has been elected to the board of trustees, so that when you come back ——"

"He may ask for my resignation. Well, you know, Doctor Norwich, my resignation is always ready. In fact, if I am required to give many more lectures like the one I have just come from, it will be given in anyhow. I must say that, of all courses designed to teach nothing ——"

They plunged into the problem of the curriculum, and Doctor Norwich saw with some surprise that he was thus easily to have his own way about Millie.

When she arrived—a little late—for luncheon, he told her the good news.

"Well, well," he said, "what did you do to our stern aloof professor of archæology? He agrees to take you on the trip."

The speech was not so utterly insincere as it sounds, for seeing her suddenly, so lovely, and flushed both from her walk and the open adoration of Salisbury, she appeared to the president so desirable that he thought any man in his senses would take her anywhere without the bribe of twenty-five thousand dollars. To be candid, Millie thought so too. Her life had been too full of admiration for that explanation to seem unnatural.

"He said very plainly that he wouldn't take me," she answered. "I'm so glad he's changed his mind."

The talk at luncheon turned, of course, on Raikes. Miss Norwich, the third person at table, observed quietly that she hoped Miss Chester would not fall in love with him. The remark came oddly from the lips of a rather withered blond spinster of forty—or so it seemed to Millie, who was already considering the possibility that Raikes was in love with her, and engaged at odd moments when her mind was free in composing romantic episodes with him in the jungle.

The president was annoyed at his daughter, as indeed he often was. The extreme neutrality of her appearance and conduct was often contradicted by the freedom of her mind and speech.

"Really, my dear Livia," he said, "I should think that that was the least danger Miss Chester ran—a man old enough to be her father."

"I should think it quite the greatest," said Miss Norwich, and leaning forward politely, she asked: "Will you have some tea? We have tea with luncheon here, though in New York, I know, you don't."

Millie declined tea, and added: "No, Miss Norwich, I don't think I shall fall in love with Professor Raikes, but I do see he may need a little management."

The president smiled at his little guest. "I'm sure you could do it if anyone could."

"But no one can," answered Miss Norwich. "The only person who can manage anyone is someone who is utterly indifferent. Any woman who isn't in love with Timmy Raikes hates him."

"I never heard of any woman being in love with him," said the president, frowning a little.

"No?" said his daughter. She wondered if her father really did not know that his younger daughter had married a tiresome professor of English and gone to California simply to get away from the agony of her love for Raikes.

Millie was amused by the shrewdness of Miss Norwich's analysis. She thought to herself that very likely she was the instrument selected by heaven to discipline Raikes. Stranger things had been.

"Anyhow," she said, "I promise not to fall in love with him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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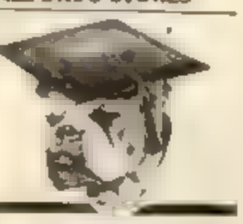

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HE'LL COME HOME

(Continued from Page 30)

petroleum substitute were any good it was a positive scandal that its manufacture should be left to the hands of an ignorant amateur.

But notwithstanding these modest reflections, I weighed and mixed and stirred with patient determination, and presently achieved a grayish waxy powder which clung like damp flour to the sides of the pudding basin I was using.

When the time came to immerse the stuff in water I was obsessed with a presentiment that the whole thing was a gigantic hoax, but no sooner had the powder touched the water than the liveliest reactions occurred. The whole surface was animated by a sudden activity—it seemed to crawl. A sharp sour smell arose that caught at the throat and made the eyes smart. For a few seconds the fluid became dense and creamy with effervescing bubbles, but after a while these bubbles cleared, leaving a fluid that was as sleek and limpid as London gin.

Tentatively I dipped a finger, but before I had raised it level with my eyes it was bone dry. Ether would not have evaporated more swiftly. In all I had made less than half a gallon, and this I decanted into the empty tank of the motorcycle. What was left of the powder in the pudding basin I collected and put into an empty bottle, which I tucked into my waistcoat pocket.

The motorcycle had been perched on its stand with the back wheel clear of the ground. Getting into the saddle, I bent down and flooded the carburetor. Then, with my heart in my mouth, I put a foot on the starter and kicked. Nothing happened. I kicked again, but still nothing happened. I kicked a third time, and with a sharp sneeze the engine began to turn.

In that hollow low-pitched cellar the row was appalling—so appalling that it was some time before I heard the banging on the door that announced the arrival of Noelle, Anne, Dominic and my father. Jumping from the saddle, I threw open the door

The sight of a motorcycle roaring away on a stand is not, perhaps, impressive, but from the expression on their faces as they beheld it one might have supposed they were in the presence of a work of art the like of which had never before been seen. Amazement giving place to enthusiasm, Dominic lifted a mighty yell, and seizing Anne in his arms waltzed her round and round the palpitating machine. Noelle moved to my side and slipped a hand into one of mine. Her silence was more expressive of awe than any words. My father gave expression to his feelings by thumping me on the back as though I had swallowed a bone.

At that moment, above the roar of the motorcycle, I heard a crash, a thud and men's voices shouting.

"Hullo, what's that?" my father cried, but the words were barely spoken when the door was flung back and a dozen men, with handkerchiefs tied over the lower halves of their faces and revolvers in their hands, burst into the cellar. Their leader, a thickset man with rough hairy hands, stuck the muzzle of an automatic into my stomach.

"Back against that wall the whole lot of you—women too!"

We were taken so utterly by surprise that resistance was out of the question.

"What's the meaning of this?" roared my father, and never in my life had I seen him so angry. His fists were shut and at any moment I feared he would attack the intruders.

"If that man speaks—if any man speaks—lay him out!" said the leader in a voice that cracked like a whip.

They say there is a virtue in knowing when one is beaten, but it is a virtue that has no partnership with pride. I knew, of course, that we had nothing to lose by obeying this order, but that knowledge was not shared by the others, and I shall never forget the look in their eyes when I was the first to hold up my hands. Dominic, who would gladly have died fighting for even the most trivial cause, threw back his head in disgust. I heard my father repeat "Bob—Bob," in a tone throbbing with reproach. I lacked the courage to look at Noelle. Anne, her fists pressed tightly to her mouth, stamped a foot repeatedly on the ground.

"Pack all those chemicals," the leader ordered—"every one of them—and if a single bottle is broken, I'll take the skin off the man's back that breaks it." With surprising rapidity the table was stripped of everything and the crate filled. "Upstairs and into the van with it."

While the crate was borne up the cellar stairs the leader and two other men covered us from the doorway.

"Now, you—in single file up to the hall."

With hands above our heads like a troop of African porters, we mounted to the hall.

The front door, torn from its hinges, lay flat on the floor. The aperture beyond was entirely blocked by the back of a lorry. A long scaffold pole projected through the tailboard into the hall. The pole and lorry had evidently been backed into the front door as a battering ram. Straddled on a couple of sacks inside the lorry were two men wearing the kind of masks you buy at a sweetstuff shop. Mounted on a tripod between the knees of each man was a machine gun, one pointing into the house and the other down the drive, where a group of our gypsy friends were standing with hands above their heads. We had barely fifteen seconds to take in the scene, for no sooner was the crate aboard than the leader and an escort jumped in after it.

Someone shouted "All set!"

The machine gunner alongside the driver splashed off a ribbon of shots that scattered the gypsies like chickens as, with a grinding of gears and the roar of an open exhaust, the lorry started down the drive. At the right-angle bend by the gate it took a dry skid, and then squaring up on the crown of the road vanished into the dip beyond.

My father was the first to speak. "Life is a wonderful thing," he said, "but sometimes one buys it too cheap."

"I thought you were a fighter," said Anne. "Oh, oh!" And she began to cry.

"I wonder," said Noelle slowly—"I wonder if we are being fair. I wonder if they will learn anything from those bottles."

"Not much," said I. "Thank you for trusting me, Noelle."

"But look here," growled Dominic, "you've blown the whole works. They've only got to weigh up what's left in the bottles to know exactly how the stuff is made."

"I foresaw that risk before I got to work," I said, "so I emptied some out of each bottle by way of a safeguard."

Never in my life have I seen four faces so transfigured.

"A bluff!" my father roared, and landed me a blow that knocked half the wind out of my body. "A bluff, and like a blind old fool I thought you were funking!"

As for Dominic, he could only squirm about like a man with a colic and repeat, "Oh, hot! Oh, very hot and juicy!"

xxx

WHILE Dominic and I were patching up the front door Anne came out and joined us.

"I suppose you noticed him among those men who held us up in the cellar?" she asked.

"Noticed who?"

"Our pink-eyed friend—Mr. Warrinder—the man who fired the hayrick."

I looked up in astonishment. "No? Are you sure, Anne?"

She nodded. "I knew him at once—the color of his hair and those pointed ears."

The reappearance of Mr. Warrinder was significant. Evidently the mysterious company by whom he was employed were no longer deceived by the paragraph Oscar Kahnet had published in the papers. The number of our enemies was increasing day by day.

We had a council of war that night, in the course of which I had an urgent plea from Oscar Kahnet to come to town immediately. It was the first time I had detected nerves in his voice.

"While you remain in such a lonely place I cannot guarantee the financial security of my company," he said with charming impersonality.

I told him that we had intended coming to town in any case and presumed that his concern was on account of what had happened that afternoon.

"Yes, yes, in some measure; although, since I have already proved that you are no fool, I have little fear of the consequences of that very ill-judged raid."

I agreed that the raiders were liable to be disappointed. Perhaps there was a touch of bravura in my voice as I said it, which he was swift to correct.

"When men are disappointed we have most to fear from them," said he. "A victory of that kind may be bought too dear. The sooner you are in town, the better I shall be pleased. . . . Good night."

Oscar Kahnet had an exasperating habit of saying the last word on the telephone. I invariably found myself cut off with something good unsaid.

I do not think we slept too well that night. The excitement of the past few days had made us jumpy. For my own part, I sat up in bed, smoking pipe after pipe, staring at the ceiling and listening to the crunch-crunch of men's feet on the gravel outside. Even my father looked nervy when early next morning we met downstairs for prayers and breakfast. The least concerned of all was Noelle. She and Anne had risen an hour before the rest of us to light the fires and cook the breakfast. Her face betrayed neither alarm nor excitement, but in her eyes was a grave expression I had not seen before.

That scarcely a word was spoken during the meal was not strange. I have already said that my father was an advocate of silence at table. But the silence that morning was of a different nature. It had about it something ominous.

By courtesy of our protectors, a newspaper had been thrust through the letter box, which my father propped against a pot of damson cheese and read as he ate. From a glimpse I had of the headlines, the chances of the coal strike being averted seemed remote. We were rising from the table when he gave a soft exclamation and, pointing at a certain paragraph, handed the paper to Noelle.

Aloud, Noelle read:

"Madame Mario Gualia, daughter of the late Michael Warrender, warns all and sundry that attempts may be made by her sister, Noelle Warrender, to obtain under Robert Shaftoe, R.N., to put on the market a petrol substitute, the invention of their late father.

"As Madame Gualia and her sister are equal beneficiaries under their father's will, no contract will be binding without Madame Gualia's sanction and signature."

A more effective means of robbing our enterprise of the last vestige of its privacy could scarcely have been devised. In her endeavor to protect her own interests, which had never been at stake, Jura Gualia had increased the dangers which surrounded us beyond reckoning.

With that announcement in the Times, we could safely assume that within a few hours we should be the chief subject of interest to every oil company in the world. Of course, it might be argued that in the majority of cases little notice would be taken of the affair, but coming, as it did, after Oscar Kahnet's publication of the terms of the contract offered to me, this was a slender hope. Huge financial concerns have their own secret services, and it was unreasonable to suppose, with my name appearing in both paragraphs, that they would dismiss the affair lightly from their minds. Besides, there was sure to be a record of Michael Wilbur's pretensions to which they would refer. On the face of it, Jura Gualia had put us in the way of a peck of new trouble.

"If you ask me," said Dominic, "I'd suggest getting in touch with Mischa Groffe as fast as possible. This affair looks like getting out of hand."

That was true enough, but not so easy of accomplishment as it sounded.

"If we go up to town, we go under escort, and that escort is going to stick to us like a leech," I replied.

"They'll stick on the open road, no doubt," said he, "but once we get into heavy traffic they won't find the job so simple. With a good man at the wheel, something might be done. Once inside the Savoy Hotel, they can hardly haul us out by the scruff."

I looked at Noelle and she nodded. That settled it as far as I was concerned.

"I'll get out my car straightway."

"With no disrespect for the aged, why not mine? An extra spot of speed might make all the difference."

On our way to the garage we met Mr. Cole. He had abandoned his disreputable disguise and was wearing city clothes. He asked if we were going to town and was greatly relieved when I answered yes.

"I hoped so. Everything is ready. A car will be at the door in a moment."

"Thanks," said I, "but we are using one of our own."

"As you wish," said he. "It is quite immaterial. We will pick you up at the foot of the drive." So saying, he trotted off to make final arrangements.

My father and Anne came to the garage to see us off. Anne's face was a picture of misery, which seemed to be largely directed at Dominic. In the past few days they had become great friends.

"I hate—hate—hate being left out of it," she said, kissed Noelle, stamped her foot, gave Dominic a sort of punch, and ducking her head dived into the house.

Dominic took the wheel and Noelle and I scrummed into the back seat.

"Good-by, father," I said. "Good-by, you old Briton."

"Go on—get off," he said, gripping my hand. "Get along off."

As we moved away he was frowning like a thunderstorm, but looking over my shoulder, I saw him blowing his nose vigorously.

xxxi

MR. COLE did not mean to let himself be taken by surprise a second time. The arrangements he had made to insure our safe conduct were embarrassing in their thoroughness. Emerging from the farm gates, we found ourselves in a forest of motor cars and motorcycles. The roadway resembled the meeting place for a big trial or endurance test.

Mr. Cole personally supervised this impressive pageant. The order of procedure was two motorcycles, one car, ourselves with a motorcycle on either side of us, then two more cars and a rear guard of two motorcycles.

But for the fact that we had proof of the nature of our adversaries, these elaborate precautions would have been comic.

Mr. Cole, who rode in the car behind us, gave the signal to start and away we went like race horses when the flag drops.

The leading motorcyclists set a brisk pace and we tore across the stretch of down-side road where a few days before I had been fired on, in Brooklands style. I imagine this part of our route was regarded as the most perilous, for I noted a long line of men strung out across the downs with the evident intention of discouraging any recurrence of my previous adventure.

Our speed slowered down when we reached the main road. Until then Noelle and I had scarcely exchanged a word. Under the rug,

(Continued on Page 136)

Simplicity of electrical and ignition systems a feature of the new Ford

EVERY time you step into your car and start your engine, you put an electric light and power plant to work. With but a single turn of the ignition key and the pressure of a foot you set many parts in motion.

The current that supplies the spark for igniting the gas in the cylinders is generated by the generator and stored in the storage battery. The names describe the functions of these parts.

This current, however, is low-tension current and must be transformed into a high-tension current of sufficient voltage to jump between the points of the spark plugs. The ignition coil steps up this current.

The distributor points break or interrupt the flow of low-tension current at regular intervals and the distributor rotor distributes the high-tension current to each spark plug in proper firing order.

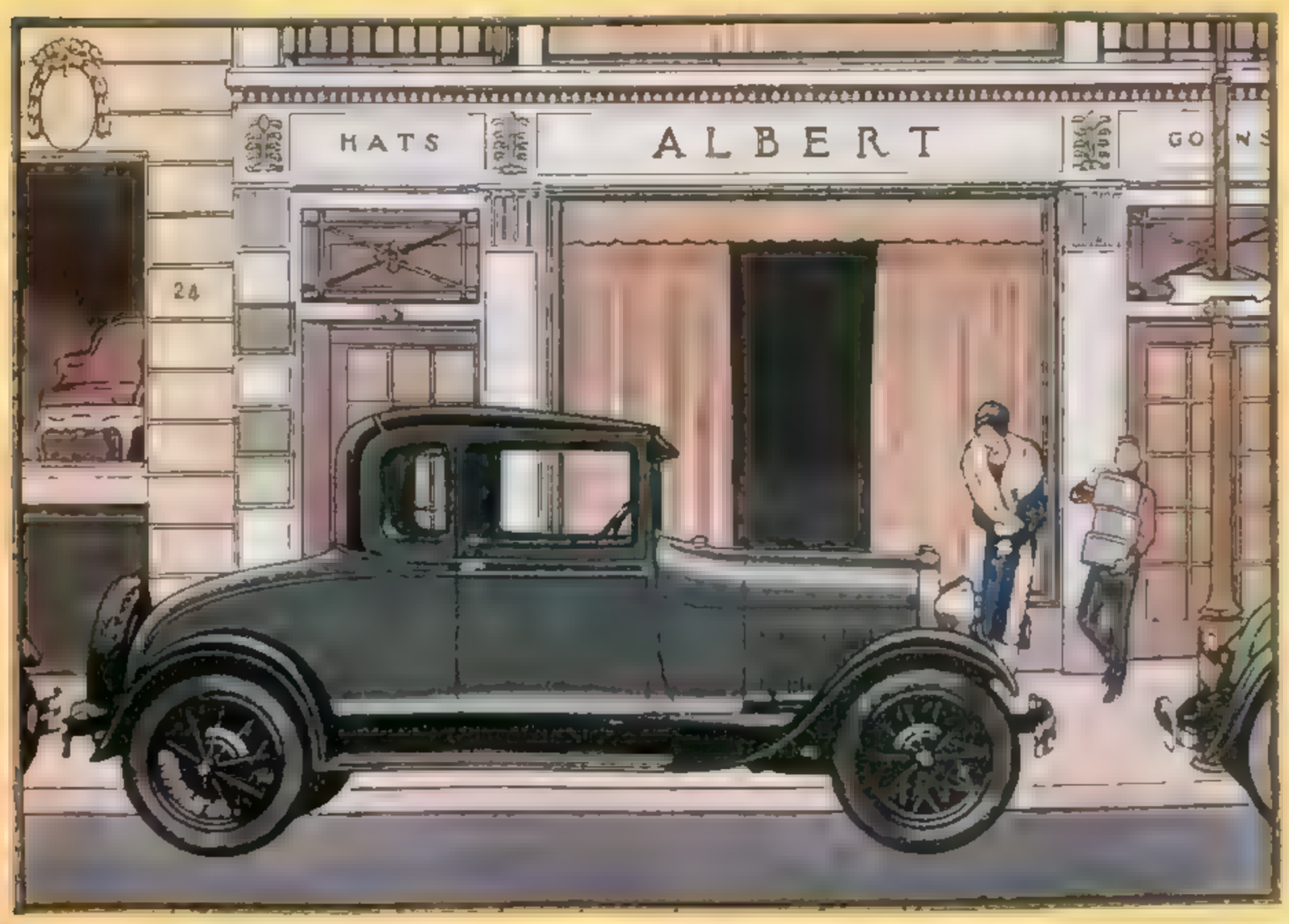
Current for the starting motor, horn, lights, and windshield wiper needs no stepping-up and is therefore furnished direct from the storage battery.

The electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are particularly interesting because they are so simple in design and reliable in action. Many features are exclusive Ford developments.

The distributor is an example of this trouble-saving simplicity of design and its influence on continuously good performance. Special care has been taken to make it water-proof, thus preventing short circuits in heavy rain.

A unique feature is the elimination of cables from the distributor to the spark plugs, these connections being made with short strips of bronze. There is, in fact, but one high-tension cable and that connects the coil on the dash with the distributor.

The service needs of the Ford distributor are surprisingly few. The distributor points should be kept clean by dressing down with an oil stone and the distributor cam given a light film of vaseline every 2000 miles. (Spark plugs should be cleaned when the distributor points are cleaned and replaced with new plugs at the end of each year's driving.)



The trim sturdiness of the new Ford Coupe is shown in this illustration. At home in any company because of its quiet simplicity of line and beautiful colors. Wide windows and narrow pillars give unusual vision

Ford

FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour
Remarkable acceleration Smoothness at all speeds
Fully enclosed silent six-brake system
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Alemite chassis lubrication
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life

The Ford generator requires even less attention. Practically the only thing to be done is to have the charging rate adjusted to meet changes in seasons or special driving conditions. You see, days are shorter in winter than in summer and you burn your lights more. Cold weather starting also requires more current. Cars that are stopped and started many times a day should naturally have a higher generator rate than those used principally for long trips.

The charging rate should be checked when driving by referring to the ammeter on the instrument panel. Ten amperes is the rate recommended for winter—eight amperes for summer—except for the special conditions indicated above.

Closely associated with the generator is the storage battery. Its requirements are few, yet vital. It should be tested at regular intervals and distilled water added if necessary. Connections should also be kept clean and free of corrosion.

The starter of the new Ford is designed to turn the engine over quickly even on cold days. It uses comparatively little current and thereby saves drain on the battery.

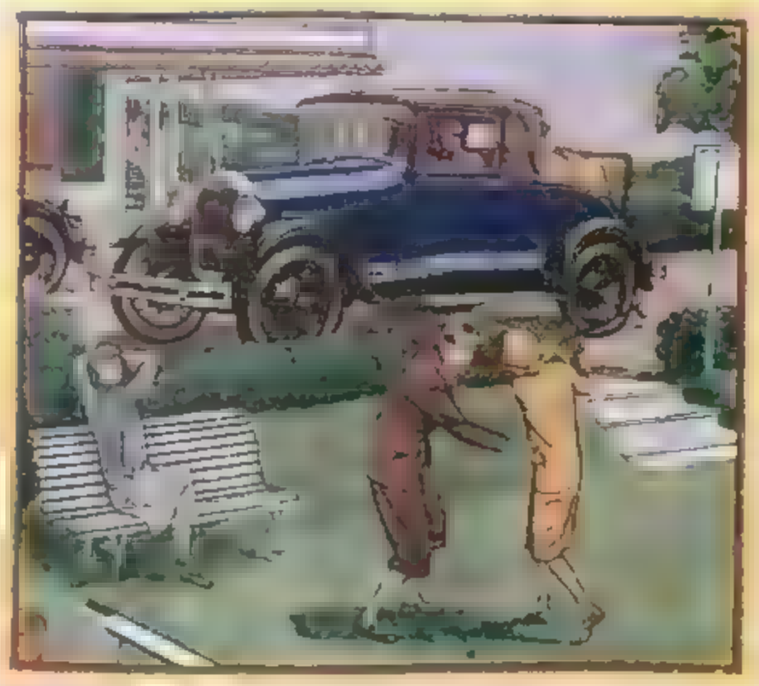
Another welcome feature of the new Ford is the theft-proof ignition lock. This operates entirely as a part of the ignition circuit and gives full protection without interfering with the transmission or steering mechanisms.

The lock is conveniently placed on the instrument panel. The low-tension wire from the switch to the distributor is protected by a steel cable grounded to the distributor casing making it impossible for any one to wire around the locking device and start your car.

The entire electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are so simple in design and so carefully made that they will give you little trouble. Yet that doesn't mean they should be neglected. Certain little attentions are needed from time to time, as outlined.

You can have these things looked after by the Ford dealer when you take the car in for oiling and greasing.

A periodic checking-up will lengthen the life of your car and give you many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring.



The new Ford Sport Coupe combines the alert speed and style of the Roadster with the advantages of a closed car. Low. Smart. Fleet. Finished in a variety of beautiful colors. Wide, roomy rumble seat is standard equipment.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 133)

she slipped a hand into mine and laced her fingers tightly.

I cannot tell why, but the sudden intensity of the action expressed an unspoken doubt.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was wondering," she answered—"wondering if we are right about all this."

"Why should you wonder that?" I replied reassuringly. "Your father gave his life to perfect this discovery. Why should you be uneasy to profit by it?"

She shook her head and made rather a sorrowful face. "I don't know why. But last night I had a dream—at least, not quite a dream, because I was half awake."

"Yes?" I said. "Tell me."

But she seemed at a loss to find words. "Oh, I don't know," she repeated; "it was so puzzling. You know how formless dreams can be sometimes and yet have a sort of clear impression or idea running through them."

"As for instance, Noelle?"

"Well, they can be jolly or miserable, very certain or very doubting, and somehow one always wakes up in the mood of that dream. You know how ripping it is to wake up laughing—one simply ripples all day."

I nodded and said, "But last night's was not a laughing dream."

"No," she answered gravely; "it was the doubting kind—the kind with a wrinkled forehead."

"What sort of doubts?" I asked.

"Well, I wondered if we were on the right track, Bob—if, in spite of ourselves, we were not going to do harm. It may have been what that man Kahnet said put the idea into my head—I mean about not having reached that plane of self-sacrifice. It seems to have been such a good thing for a man like that to have said. I'd give anything if he hadn't said it."

"Oscar Kahnet is a very clever man, Noelle."

"And very wicked, too," said she; "but that didn't sound clever or wicked—it sounded sincere."

"It probably was from his point of view," said I. "Your father's invention attacks the whole foundations of his business."

"I suppose so—and heaps of others like it—and thousands of men's jobs. That's what I hate to think about."

"But, Noelle," said I, "at present we have committed ourselves to nothing but a very glorious adventure."

"Ah," she nodded and smiled, "don't think I'm not loving that part of it. These past three days together are the best in the whole of my life. That's why I don't want them spoiled by anything ugly."

Noelle relapsed into silence for a moment, but presently worked her features out of their gravity and turned to me with a smile.

"You are the best sort of companion, Bob—you don't make a fuss or complain when anyone's moody. Let's forget all I've been saying and enjoy ourselves. . . . Oh, look at that primrose! It's disgracefully early."

At the speed we were traveling, a single primrose is hard to see unless you happen to be the first to see it. But I saw something even better—that Noelle of the countryside had returned. Once more her calm steady eyes were observing and absorbing the beauties of the winter landscape.

"Look! Lambs' tails and pussy willow. Oh, Bob, don't you think we might stop and pick some?"

In the circumstances I thought not, but I was glad she wanted to.

The road we had taken led through Godalming and thence over the hills to Leatherhead. In both these little towns the news venders' shops were gaudy with posters threatening a general strike. Among them I read:

WORKERS THREATEN TO HOLD UP NATION. ONLY A MIRACLE CAN AVERT STOPPAGE. GOVERNMENT READY. LAST-HOUR HOPES.

"What is it all about?" Noelle asked. I have no pretensions as a politician, but to the best of my ability I explained what had brought about the crisis. "Wasn't there a general strike not so long ago, and didn't it fail?" she asked.

I nodded. "In a week—yes. The men of this country learned to be useful and handy during the war. They picked up the dropped tools and worked 'em."

"I see." She paused then: "Oh, dear, the country is coming to an end."

"Not on your life!" I replied stoutly.

"Not England, but the hills and fields and trees," she laughed.

It was true. On either side houses and buildings were crowding in upon us as we sped Londonward. The tenacity of our escort was remarkable, for they continued to maintain formation even in the busier thoroughfares. At Hammersmith Broadway a traffic-control policeman who innocently attempted to divide our ranks had to leap to an island to avoid the cars and cycles which swept along in our wake. He shouted lustily and blew a blast upon his whistle, but, as there was a clear road ahead, we did not stop to argue.

I had not discussed with Dominic the project of shaking off our faithful attendants. Success in that direction depended upon luck and opportunity, and it was safe to assume that Dominic would take advantage of any chance that arose. I cannot pretend that I entertained much hope of success, and I decided that he had made up his mind not to make the attempt when, after slanting out of Trafalgar Square, we found ourselves in the Strand. A stream of traffic was pouring continuously in both directions and the Strand was the last place in the world to afford opportunities for a get-away.

It must have been the knowledge that this would be an opinion common to all that persuaded Dominic to make the attempt. Opposite the Adelphi, where the street is narrowest, he swerved outward in such a fashion that the motorcyclist on our offside had to drop back to avoid a collision with a bus that was coming toward us.

"Ease over a bit, old man!" he shouted.

But apparently Dominic did not hear. For the next hundred and fifty yards he skimmed the mud guards of the west-bound traffic in a way that earned some enthusiastic obloquy.

We were directly in front of the Savoy Hotel when he performed the sensational feat. Without warning, he switched across under the bonnet of a taxicab, dived between the back of a brewer's dray and the front of an omnibus and was inside the Savoy Hotel quadrangle before you could say knife.

Luck must have presided generously over the enterprise, for no man ever invited a more imperial pile-up. Only the man at the wheel knows what he can do with a car, but as a passenger I would have laid fifty to one against getting through a triple line of moving traffic and coming out on anything but a stretcher.

Apart from its spectacular elements, the maneuver was a triumph of ingenuity, since it left the whole of our escort on the far side of the road without a dog's chance of getting into touch with us.

What they did I have no idea, as we didn't stop to find out. The car had barely stopped before the three of us were through the Savoy doors and into the foyer of the hotel. The suddenness of our arrival would have excited some comment had not Dominic and myself been fairly well known to the staff.

Dominic, who had assumed command, thrust us into an elevator, saying "Top floor" to the boy in charge, but before we had reached that altitude he changed the order to "Mr. Mischa Groffe's apartment."

"Have you an appointment with the gentleman, sir?" the boy inquired.

"Yes—for the past two days," Dominic replied.

"By rights, sir, I should have instructions from the reception bureau." And in some dubiety he stopped the lift between two floors.

"Now look here," said Dominic, "do any of us look like the sort of people who haven't got an appointment with anybody?"

The boy scratched his head. "I'd better go and make sure," said he.

"Whatever else you do, it won't be that," said Dominic. "Now come along, my lad, and if you get into trouble you have only to say that the Earl of Hammersmith and the Duke of Gunnersbury were responsible."

At the mention of these resounding titles the boy's confidence revived, but I believe it was Noelle's "It's quite all right" that finally persuaded him to take a chance.

He stopped on the second floor and indicated double doors at the end of the passage: "That's Mr. Groffe's."

Duly rewarded for his services, he dropped out of sight to meet his fate.

Our knock upon the double doors was answered by a man in a black suit who bore the unmistakable stamp of a confidential servant. He looked us up and down in a way that indicated that we were neither expected nor approved.

"Mr. Mischa Groffe," said I.

"Mr. Groffe is engaged and can see no one," said he.

He was in the act of closing the door when I put my foot in it.

"Tell him Robert Shaftoe wishes to see him at once," said I.

With the mention of my name his manner underwent a complete change. "I beg your pardon, sir. Come in, please. I have orders to admit you at any hour of the day or night." Stepping aside to allow us to pass, he closed the door and shot the bolt. "Now if you would please follow me."

So saying, he opened a door to a larger room beyond, where a number of men were gathered about a table. Standing by the window, looking out over the river, was a woman, her back toward us.

"Commander Shaftoe and a lady and gentleman," the servant announced.

The woman by the window turned with a sharp intake of breath.

It was Jura Gualia.

XXXII

SO MUCH that was unexpected had happened during the past few days that I had lost the habit of being surprised. Jura's advertisement in the Times was sufficient explanation and excuse for Groffe to have got into touch with her.

Two of the men at the table rose—the one Mario Gualia and the other a stranger who, with protestations of enthusiasm, introduced himself to us as Mischa Groffe.

There could be no doubt that Mischa Groffe was a personality. There was about him a spurious suggestion of youth, belied by an intricacy of minute lines at the corners of his mouth and eyes. His hair, bronze in color, was as luxuriant as a weed and was worn in the now extinct fashion which the French used to call *coupe en brosse*. His face was clean shaven, but his eyes, smudged into their sockets by a finger dipped in brown, were screened by bushy brows of a lighter red than his hair. A great breadth of forehead overwhelmed features which were small and insignificant. As Noelle had said, there was something suggestive of a mosquito in this thin wiry body. His hands were large, with stubby and very restless fingers. Even when he extended a hand for me to shake, the fingers were in continual motion, as though urging me to lose no time over the formality. As a general rule a man bears the unmistakable stamp of his nationality in his appearance, but with Groffe this was not so. Beyond saying he was un-English in type, I was at a loss to hazard what country he hailed from. Nor, when he spoke, did his voice betray his origin. A slight Southern American drawl drifted across a guttural *r* and became confused with Oxford English as it is spoken without *g*'s in the hunting counties.

"A great pleasure and a great surprise, indeed," said he, with a Continental bow to Noelle. "Although you were no higher than that when we last met, I have not forgotten you, Miss Wilbur." He straightened and looked at Dominic. "And this gentleman?"

I introduced them and added a word to the effect that our presence was due entirely to Dominic's dexterity.

"At a later time all such friendship shall be rewarded," said Groffe.

I saw at once that the remark was no success with Dominic. He scarcely looked at the hand that was offered to him. Brushing it with his own, he turned aside with "Throw me a rose and I'll be satisfied."

Mischa Groffe sniffed reprovingly and forced a smile. "It is more than good fortune you should have chosen this moment to arrive," said he, "since apart from Mrs. Gualia and her amiable husband, these gentlemen"—he indicated the five men at the table—"form the nucleus of that syndicate about which I wrote to you. We were gathered together to consider ways and means of rescuing you from your—shall I say enforced seclusion at Xavier Farm?"

He held out a hand and the five gentlemen rose, one by one, and approached.

Having looked forward to a more or less all-British company to support our enterprise, their combined appearance had a depressing effect upon me which a recital of their names did little to ameliorate.

"Mr. Kurd Icante—Mr. Biederhoff—Mr. Frambauer—Mr. Alix Ioneth and Mr. Roberto Tringolore."

In age, this amiable quintet were distributed between forty-five and the sixties. With one exception, they were much of a height and cast. The exception was Roberto Tringolore, who was so small that he looked as if he were sitting down when he was standing up. They shared in common massive heads disproportionate to the size of their bodies.

Accustomed as I was to the neat, rather small heads of the average service men, the spectacle of these five great domes struck me at once as grotesque and ominous.

"With Monsieur Mario Gualia you are already acquainted," said Groffe.

"When I have done with him he will be even better acquainted," said Mario Gualia, and snapped his fingers insolently in the air.

Turning to Groffe, I said: "I can see no point in this man remaining here. Apart from being Madame Gualia's husband, he has nothing whatever to do with this affair."

"Hear him!" said Mario. "Hear the brigand! He will demand next that my wife should retire."

"On the contrary, your wife owns a half share in the invention," I replied; "she has a right to stay."

A still small voice emerging from Roberto Tringolore observed: "Alla of this is most improp."

For the first time since our arrival Jura spoke. "Since my husband is asked to retire," said she, "I think Mr. Shaftoe should retire too. He also has nothing to do with the affair, which is between my sister, myself and these gentlemen."

On the face of it the argument was unassailable.

"If he goes we go together," said Noelle.

"Then let's all remain," Mischa Groffe suggested.

But Noelle shook her head and pointed at Mario. "All but him," she said, and added, "You had better agree, for without us you can do nothing."

With a despairing gesture, Mischa Groffe joined the five big heads at the table and a whispered consultation ensued. After a moment he rose.

"With regret, Monsieur Gualia, I fear I must ask you to wait in the anteroom."

The protestations of Mario Gualia were cut short by his wife:

"Oh, go, Mario. I'll look after our interests."

I think it was in the hope of a fight that Dominic took Mario's arm and led him forth.

"Nicer in here now," he said, as he strolled back from the closed door.

This sentiment found a general reflection. Everyone breathed more freely in Mario's absence.

(Continued on Page 138)

"61" QUICK DRYING ENAMEL

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

COLOR MAGIC! Modern or ordinary furniture — it transforms a room if finished with "61" Quick Drying Enamel. DRIES in 4 hours! Durable and waterproof on woodwork and floors also. It's an OIL enamel, so easy to use. No laps, streaks or brush marks. Rare, delicate tints; strong, intense colors; and ANY shade you wish, by easy mixing! Sold by paint and hardware dealers. Color Chart free, on request.

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(Continued from Page 136

"Put yourselves at the table, please, and let us come to business," Groffe invited.

XXXIII

I MUST take off my hat to Mischa Groffe for the way he outlined his proposals and sketched out a scheme for exploiting Michael Wilbur's invention. With the increase of motor traction and the use of internal-combustion engines all over the world, the range of our activities, he pointed out, would be enormous.

"But this," he explained, "need cause us no anxiety or apprehension, for the organization which I planned just before your father's death, Miss Wilbur, is susceptible to unlimited expansion."

He displayed before us a number of letters from Michael Wilbur, containing advice and suggestions as to the production of MW-XX.3.

"You will see from these, I had your father's complete confidence. His estimates as to the cost of production are, of course, susceptible to criticism, but the cost would be fractional compared with the lowest price at which natural gush oils could be sold." Then followed a rattle of statistics.

"In transportation alone the advantages of MW-XX.3 are incalculable," said he. "The smallest cabin on a passenger liner would be capable of carrying, in dry form, a potential equivalent to the largest oil tanker afloat. The exploitation of this discovery will revolutionize the economics of the civilized world. With MW-XX.3 patented simultaneously in all countries, we shall become a financial force that the combined productions of Nature and efforts of man will be powerless to resist. I foresee, within the narrow margin of a single year, that the great oil fields of America, Europe, Asia and Africa will have become practically desert places."

I looked at Noelle and saw that her hands were gripping tightly the arm rests of her chair. Her lower lip, caught between her teeth, was bitten white. There was something threatening about the calm regularity of her breathing. Her eyes were fixed on Mischa Groffe's face and never deserted it for an instant. I expected a protest to come from her, but there was none. She sat like a figure of Justice listening with conscience rather than with ears.

The difference between the two sisters was never more marked than at that moment. Infected by Groffe's excitement, Jura was leaning forward in her chair, chin on hand and an elbow on her crossed knees. With her free hand she put into and withdrew from her mouth a cigarette with the regularity of a piston. Her puffing reminded me of the exhaust from one of those little stationary engines to be seen in a wood yard. The timing was identical. I never saw a woman's eyes glitter as hers glittered during that recital. A hard steely light danced in them.

I turned to look at the five big-headed gentlemen, but despite the excitement of the moment—and heaven knows it was exciting enough—not one of them had altered his expression by so much as a gleam of interest. For sheer impassivity they might have taught a lesson to the Sphinx.

It was my first experience of a group of business men engaged in the preliminaries of a great campaign, and it taught me to appreciate that it is as much a tradition with them to conceal their human emotions under a mask of imperturbability as it is in the services. But whereas the average service man goes into danger with an air of gayety and light-heartedness, these financiers preserved a silence as complete as the grave.

"Let us now investigate," said Groffe, "what proportion of the profits of our syndicate should be yours."

For the first time the silent quintet showed symptoms of being alive. The gentleman whose name was Kurd Icante nodded, while Mr. Frambauer, in a rich Teutonic accent, observed, "Ja—ja! We haf hat alretty too mooch of hypotheses. Gif us now some figures."

Mischa Groffe protested that it was impossible to presage what amount of capital would be required for the exploitation of the substance.

"In as much as we can look for the liveliest opposition from practically every quarter, the sum will be considerable, but nevertheless I hope it will be possible to subscribe the full amount from our own resources."

"You mean," I said, "that the general public will not be invited to subscribe?"

"I hope not – I imagine not," was the reply. "Although later on it may be found necessary to offer an issue of deferred stock in the open market."

"I don't understand these things," said Noelle. "Does it mean that apart from ourselves no one gets anything out of it?"

Mischa Groffe favored her with a happy smile. "In effect—yes," he said. "In dealing with what is a practical certainty it is obviously to our advantage to reduce the number of participants to as narrow a margin as possible."

"Go on," said Noelle.

"The proposal that I am going to make to you is the one I made which proved acceptable to your father. In return for the formula of MW-XX.3 an honorarium of two hundred thousand pounds will be paid to you and a guaranty of 20 per cent of the entire share issue of the company. In this letter from Michael Wilbur"—and he handed a letter to Noelle—"you will find an informal acceptance of these terms. The variation in my offer to you and to him is that whereas I then suggested an honorarium of fifty thousand, I have now raised it to two hundred thousand. My reason for doing so is dictated by the great increase in the use of motor traction since the war."

Noelle read the letter in silence and handed it to Jura. Mischa Groffe turned to me.

"I think you will agree," said he, "that my proposals are generous."

"Are they?" I replied. "Since you admit this enterprise is a certainty, I cannot see that it matters what you pay."

Mischa Groffe smiled. "Practically a certainty," he corrected me; "but while we are engaged in the necessary preliminaries of flotation, I and my friends here will be assailed from every quarter."

"That I can believe," I assented.

"I do not mean assailed as you have been assailed by violence but by the more subtle and effective method of attacking our credit. Once it becomes known that we are concerned in this enterprise, the existing oil companies will unite in a common endeavor to smash us to bits. But that I and the gentlemen present in this room are in the happy position of being able to operate from an available reserve in gold, we should not have a chance to stand up against the opposition that will be directed against us. In those circumstances I think you will agree that the terms are fair. Now"—and he laid his hands flat upon the table—"in this, as in all such affairs, time is a determining factor. Let us not waste it. Let us complete an agreement here and now while the elements for doing so are present and in order."

He sank back in his chair and turned his eyes on Noelle, but though it was for her answer he waited, it was Jura who spoke:

"Of course we will settle. We should be mad to refuse. At first I didn't think it would be possible in face of the opposition, but with these gentlemen behind us, I see I was wrong and Noelle was right." She turned to Noelle. "You hear that? I admit I was wrong. Oh, for goodness' sake, say something!"

But in spite of this entreaty, Noelle neither moved nor spoke.

"There is perhaps some point upon which you are not satisfied," said Groffe softly. "You have but to tell us and it shall be adjusted."

In the silence that followed, everybody's attention was centered on Noelle. She seemed to be lost to all that was happening or being said. Then suddenly she straightened in her chair and looked at Groffe.

"Why do you want to do all this?" she asked. "What good is it going to do you?"

"Good?" he repeated.

"Yes, what good? If you have all the gold you spoke of, why do you want more?" Then, without giving him time to answer: "Why have you picked out these particular men to join you? Who are they?"

"These gentlemen, Miss Wilbur, although you would hardly be expected to know it, are some of the biggest financiers in the world."

"Rich men?"

"Of course—certainly."

"Aren't they satisfied?" she demanded.

Jura Gualia rose and, moving to Noelle's side, shook her arm roughly. "You are behaving like a lunatic."

Noelle brushed her hand from her sleeve. "Aren't they satisfied?" she repeated. Her eyes swept round the table. "They are strangers to me. Why should I be asked to share father's brains with any one of them? Father used to say the world was to be made richer by his invention, and yet already you are making plans to keep the world out of it. . . . Why?"

The gentleman whose name was Biederhoff cleared his throat and answered: "In giffing to the world cheap power we giff someting beyont price."

"It isn't yours to give," said Noelle. "You"—she pointed at Mischa Groffe—"have talked on and on about the forces we are to become, the profits we shall make. At whose expense are we going to make them? Who's going to pay for our gains? Who's going to lose by them?" A fresh thought came to her. "My father was English, my mother an American. Is there an Englishman or an American among you? No, not one. If this was going to help strengthen those two countries—make things easier and better for us all round—it would be different. But it is not—it is only ourselves we shall serve, our own greediness. Everything else can go hang."

The frenzy which possessed her died away. With a sort of lost gesture, she threw out a hand to me.

"Bob, I'm not being a fool. But it is such an awful responsibility."

God knows I wasn't going to influence her one way or another. I took her hand and comforted it. The touch of it in mine made all other things seem unreal.

Over my shoulder Mischa Groffe whispered: "She will listen to you. Ask her how she could do better than trust the men her father trusted."

Noelle herself answered him: "Father! He was a child where men were concerned. He lived in his laboratory, with dreams for companions."

"And would you prevent his greatest dream from coming true?" was the insidious reply. "I cannot readily believe that a true daughter of Michael Wilbur would condone his murder by letting it go unavenged."

"Haven't you said enough for the present?" I began, but was interrupted by the ringing of a telephone bell.

Snapping his fingers, Mischa Groffe moved to a side table upon which the instrument stood

"I should have given orders that I was not to be disturbed." Then, picking up the receiver, he demanded sharply, "Yes what who?" The reply astonished him and he tapped his teeth thoughtfully and looked at Noelle; then, responding to a sudden impulse, said, "Show the gentleman up."

A minute later the servant tapped on the door and entered:

"Mr. Oscar Kahnet is here, sir."

"Show him in," said Mischa Groffe; and turning to Noelle, added, "The presence of the man responsible for your father's death may help you to make up your mind."

XXXIV

LIKE an enormous Daniel, secure in the consciousness of his own ability, Oscar Kahnet entered the lions' den.

"That remark was something less than generous, Groffe," said he, with a soft, sibilant drawl, "but since it proves I am not too late to avert a calamity, I do not resent it." His eyes wandered over the company with cynical contempt. "What a refreshing spectacle!" he fluted. "Almost as complete a change from a British atmosphere as a circular tour through Central Europe and the Levant."

On my previous meetings with Oscar Kahnet we had been alone, but while realizing that he was no ordinary man, the force of his personality had never been so apparent as at that moment. Apart from his stature, he seemed intellectually to overwhelm everyone present.

"When I was told that you were prepared to see me I feared it was to announce that the formula had been assigned to you. It is pleasant to find I was mistaken."

The five gentlemen at the table had risen and were directing upon Oscar Kahnet glances at once hostile and supercilious. Turning to Noelle, I saw that her eyes were glittering with a cold light of hatred of which I had not believed her capable.

Jura Gualia rose from her seat, came forward and spoke: "Why has this man been allowed to intrude? We have made up our minds what we intend to do and his presence only delays the final settlement."

Oscar Kahnet held up his hand protestingly. "And so," said he, "the friends of yesterday become the enemies of today."

"I could never be the friend of my father's murderer," she retorted, and shot a glance at Noelle to see how this lofty sentiment went with her.

"I applaud that, Madame Gualia," he replied, "although when you and your husband were discussing with me how much I was prepared to pay for the destruction of the formula, no such squeamishness was evident."

"Jura!" exclaimed Noelle. Then almost to herself: "You make me sick."

From his place at the table, Mr. Biederhoff rumbled threateningly: "'Sbetter Mr. Kahnet goes away quick. 'Sno goot to haf him mit us."

But Oscar Kahnet showed no disposition to retire. He seemed to have established himself permanently. With a smile, he turned to Jura.

"You speak lightly of a final settlement," said he, "without, I venture to prophesy, understanding the significance of that remark. If you, or any of you, were to proceed with the flotation of this company, a final settlement would have but one interpretation."

Mischa Groffe nodded cynically and drew in his breath between shut teeth.

"Threats," he said, "are the cheapest of weapons. To put them into execution is another matter. In the case of Michael Wilbur you had one man to deal with, but now ——"

His gesture ranged the table suggestively.

"In the case of Michael Wilbur, Groffe, only myself and one or two others were aware of the menace to employment his invention constituted. You will enjoy no such obscurity. Poor Wilbur had two heads to fight; you will find yourself opposed by a million hands—the rough, brutal hands of men and women whose livelihood has been robbed from them. I fancy this young lady"—he pointed at Noelle—"must have had some prevision of these consequences when she hesitated to accept your proposals."

Looking for all the world like a bantam cock, Roberto Tringolore strutted across the room and planked himself before Oscar Kahnet.

"Slinga him outa here," he said.

But Mischa Groffe intervened: "All in good time, Tringolore. At the moment I am amused to see what a poor loser will do."

"It will be time to amuse yourself with that when I acknowledge defeat. That time has not yet arrived."

Taking three steps back to the door, he drew from his pocket a small automatic pistol, which, after a moment of hesitation, he leveled at my head.

"The security of a huge section of humanity depends upon the extinction of one man," said he—"the man I am pointing at

(Continued on Page 140

March is ICE Refrigerator Month

Act Now— to protect food and health

YOU can never know how wonderfully automatic and efficient ICE is as a refrigerant until you use it in a *good* refrigerator.

A good ICE refrigerator provides the proper balance of cold air, dry air, moist air, and *fresh* air to keep foods in prime condition and to do away with the interchange of food odors and flavors which sometimes makes even the coldest of foods distasteful and quite unappetizing.

A Good Ice Refrigerator Pays for Itself

Trying to get along without an ice refrigerator or with an inadequate, inefficient, or old-fashioned ice box is "penny-wise, pound-foolish." Good ice refrigeration means more than economy. A good ice box not only pays for itself quickly in preventing spoilage and waste of costly foods, but it saves the nutritious juices and appetizing flavors of food which make eating a healthful pleasure.

What Constitutes a Good Refrigerator?

Good looks alone, with refrigerators as with people, are only "skin deep." It's the hidden qualities that count. A refrigerator should be completely and thickly insulated with corkboard or its equivalent—never less than one inch in wood cabinet refrigerators or one and one-half inches in metal cabinets. It should be correctly constructed to permit air circulation which automatically cleans and freshens the air constantly. It should be large enough to accommodate the food for a family the size of yours without crowding the circulation of cold air. Ice capacity should be in proportion to the size of the food chamber and large enough to permit those generous table uses of ice which are daily becoming more popular.

March—the Month of Opportunity

The ice industry wants you to get the most value possible from your use of ice. Ice companies, ice refrigerator manufacturers, ice refrigerator dealers—all who are in any way interested in having the public know the advantages of good ice refrigeration, are cooperating to make March, 1929—*National Ice Refrigerator Month*—a most opportune occasion for preparing against the warm days that will soon be here.

Window displays, store demonstrations, illustrated letters, folders and newspaper announcements will acquaint each community with the names of local dealers who are making it especially advantageous to *act now* to protect food and health during the months and years to come.

Free Help to Good Refrigeration

Whether you are interested in getting a new ice refrigerator or in checking up your old ice box to see whether you are making the most of your ice, send for the folder mentioned in coupon and ask your own ice company for assistance and advice.

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in this rather unconventional fashion. I have but to touch the trigger and the danger is over. Now if that man were you, Groffe, or you or you" -and he tilted his head toward the table—"I should shoot unhesitatingly, and even though he is not one of you, I doubt if I am doing my duty in failing to shoot."

There was a strained silence in the room, broken by a nervous laugh from Mischa Groffe.

"Much good would it do you—unless you put your bullets through the formula at the same time."

"I should be doing that," said Kahnet, "for the formula no longer exists. He destroyed it yesterday afternoon."

"Is this true?" Groffe demanded huskily.

"Yes," said I. "I did destroy a formula."

"A precious life, gentlemen," said Oscar Kahnet. "The only record of MW-XX.3 is in Robert Shaftoe's head."

Not for nothing had he telephoned the day before to beg me to confide in no one, and I could not choose but admire the skillfulness with which he had formed his judgment and the manner in which the coup was executed. The effect he had produced was sensational and it seemed a shame to shatter it by telling him that the original formula was safely hidden. His sincerity was so great that despite the fact that he was holding me up at the pistol point, I felt at that moment more in sympathy with Oscar Kahnet than with any other man in the room.

"A precious life," he repeated. "Is there anyone here with the courage to protect it?"

"Yes, you beast!" said Noelle, and placed her body in front of mine.

"My dear," said Kahnet slowly, "you aren't tall enough by eighteen inches."

"Put that pistol down!" Mischa Groffe exclaimed excitedly. "Do you want to be hanged for murder?"

Oscar Kahnet nodded at Noelle. "We have one willing martyr in this room," said he. "Are you not prepared to believe there may be two?"

"Look out, Kahnet!" I cried.

Heaven knows what persuaded me to warn him, for there is little doubt that my danger was considerable. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen Dominic's hand fasten on the arm rests of a chair. In a single sidelong movement he slung it across the room.

Oscar Kahnet side-stepped in time to avoid the bulk of it, but one of the legs struck the pistol from his hand. With a whoop of triumph the five financiers leaped to their feet and dived forward, but I was first to reach the pistol, and grabbing it from the floor, I put myself between Kahnet and his assailants and heaved them back.

Their astonishment was comic and I heard Dominic exclaim in despair: "Whose side is anyone on, I'd like to know?"

Noelle stared at me in sheer dismay. As for Oscar Kahnet, he was laughing with that thin high note that reminded me of wind bells.

"You are an extraordinary young man, Shaftoe," said he. "If you'd learn to make up your mind you'd be quite exceptional."

"Take your pistol. I haven't a license," said I, and thrust it into his hand.

"Aren't you afraid," said he, dropping it into his pocket, "that even now I may decide to shoot you? Duty takes precedence to obligation, Shaftoe."

"I am not afraid," I replied. "You have too much sense to waste two lives. It is true I carry the formula in my head, but I have hidden the original where even a regiment of soldiers would never find it."

A sigh of relief escaped from Mischa Groffe, and his colleagues—and oddly enough, even Kahnet himself—seemed happier for the news.

"Oh, wise young man," said he, "but for that precaution you would certainly be dead inside a week."

"And you would have killed him," said Noelle softly.

Oscar Kahnet shook his head. "Any one of a million would feel himself a benefactor by doing so."

Mischa Groffe plucked at my sleeve. "Don't allow yourself to be intimidated," he whispered. "If we were in Mexico, Peru, Venezuela—anywhere where oil is produced—the danger would be real, but in this country—no."

"Are you so sure—when this country is trembling on the brink of a general strike?"

Mischa Groffe gave a contemptuous gesture and muttered something about that bogy not affecting the situation.

"It may not affect it at once," Oscar Kahnet agreed. "But with a cheap fuel like MW-XX.3 thrown in bulk upon the market, the coal industry is doomed." He paused to allow his words to sink in. "Let the masters know of this threat to the mines and they will cut wages to the edge of starvation. Let the miners know that their future is in jeopardy and we shall have red revolution that nothing short of wholesale massacre will put an end to."

Noelle looked at me. "Is he lying, Bob, or is it true? Is this what father's invention would lead to—even here?"

I did not reply. It wanted a bigger brain than mine to follow the ramifications of MW-XX.3 over so wide a field.

"Can you doubt it is true, my dear?" said Oscar Kahnet. "If you do doubt it, sign an agreement with these gentlemen here and now and let the details of that agreement be published in the same newspapers which announce that the strike has begun"

"We are not quite such fools as that," Groffe retorted hotly.

"Not quite so honest, you mean," Kahnet amended. "But I can promise you, Groffe, that if you fail to do so I shall see that it is done."

There was a stir among our foreign friends, and looking at Mischa Groffe, I saw that he was trembling with uncontrollable fury.

"You do not own the press of this country!" he shouted.

"Any man with a good story owns a space in the press."

"Even a good story can be contradicted."

"In telling the story, I shall forecast a contradiction."

"You had best be careful, Kahnet. You forced your way into this room, you brought with you a pistol, you threatened the life of one of our company. If anything happened to you it would not be difficult to explain."

A growl of assent came from the others, but over Oscar Kahnet's face spread an expression of exultation, almost fanatical.

"Listen to your friends, Miss Wilbur!" he cried. "Educate yourself—you will never have a better chance. Hark how readily they talk of murder so their pockets may be lined with gold. Witness what service your father rendered to mankind. He made a powder to poison men's minds and souls, to stain their hands with blood, to shame their consciences into plunging millions into unemployment, starvation and ruin. This is the time to make your choice—the choice between Mammon and humanity."

"Oh, Bob, Bob, take me away from here! I want to think—take me away!" Noelle's voice was choked by a wretched uncertainty. I put my arm round her and moved a step forward.

"Come back!" cried Groffe, and the others gathered round us. I heard Dominic's voice ordering them to stand away.

I had my fingers on the handle, but there was pressure against the door from the farther side. Oscar Kahnet moved beside me and thrust his great shoulder against the panel. It resisted our efforts. I wondered why there was no opposition from Groffe and his colleagues, until I saw Dominic standing between themselves and us, a chair held menacingly above his head. I remember thinking that he was making rather free with the hotel furniture. Jura was protesting hysterically from the window bay:

"Don't let them go! Keep them back!" Then a shrill "Mario! Mario!"

"Drop it!" shouted Dominic.

We made a combined heave, Kahnet and I, and the door burst open outward. I saw the startled face of Groffe's servant and the shiny barrel of Mario Gualia's revolver. Mario Gualia should have stood farther back—he never did seem able to keep out of trouble, that man. The clip I caught him on the jaw lifted him off his feet and laid him flat. Heaven knows who it was who threw the knife. Probably the man that Dominic rewarded with the chair. Afterward Dominic said he didn't notice. He only saw him crumple. The knife hit a *flambé* vase in the anteroom and crashed it properly. No shots were fired. Oscar Kahnet picked himself up from the floor, where he had fallen when the door gave way.

We descended by the stairs—it was less conspicuous. As we came into the Strand the newsboys were crying, "No hope of settlement!" "Strike a certainty!" People were looking at us curiously, which was not surprising.

"Let's go and buy ourselves some hats," Dominic suggested.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Pursued: "Oh, Tee-Hee! He Has Caught Me!"

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(Enlarged)

FIFTY DOLLARS FOR NORAH

(Continued from Page 15)

As she opened her mouth to speak, he added, "Just as you do."

She was taken aback. "It's true," she said. "I do expect a lot. I mean to get it."

The restaurant was filling up. Norah rushed off to take the orders of a whole tableful. He seized a chance to whisper that he would see her the next afternoon, and paid his check and went out, realizing that he had spent more than a dollar for a single meal.

He walked across to Fifth Avenue and up to Madison Square. In those days Madison Square Garden was the goal of all young boxers. You had to be good to get a chance in a preliminary bout there, and to be put on in a final bout you pretty nearly had to be fighting the champion in your class. But if you could please a Garden crowd you were made.

The boy crossed the square to the Garden and stood under the portico of that Spanish palace and studied the posters announcing the prize fights for Friday night, and wondered how it would feel to fight before a crowd that filled the great building to the rafters. He saw that the building filled a square. He walked all around it, with a kind of personal pride in its size. It was so big that it had a theater tucked away in one corner. It was an enormous building. And some day he would crawl through the ropes under a blaze of light in the middle of it, to fight the champion.

Suddenly, realizing what he was thinking, he called himself a fool and a dreamer. The Frisco Kid knew the game and the Frisco Kid knew him. The Frisco Kid had taught him everything he knew, and the Frisco Kid had said he hadn't a chance to be a champion. He would be lucky to get by as a preliminary boy.

He walked up Lexington Avenue. He had to get that fifty dollars for Norah. It was a crime that a girl so full of warmth and vitality and humor, with so rich a voice, should waste a day waiting on people in a restaurant. Besides, his pride was involved. He had to show her what he could do.

He saw that Twenty-fourth Street was jammed with a triple line of cars, all going east. The traffic cop was bellowing orders. The sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians. He looked ahead and saw the sign of the Pioneer Athletic Club, and knew at once that he was in a fight crowd.

He followed the crowd to the doors of the horse market where the fights were held, but he did not dare spend three or four dollars for a ticket. Instead, he stood outside and listened to the talk, so infinitely wise, of young fight fans. Several times he heard a roar from the crowd within and told himself that some day he would be in there making that crowd roar. But it was going to be more difficult than he had known. He learned from the talk he overheard that you couldn't fight at all in New York until you had a license from the boxing commission; and you couldn't fight more than six rounds until you were twenty-one years old; and you had to convince some matchmaker that you were worth putting on.

He was so discouraged by the prospect that he couldn't bear to give up his elegantly furnished room and hunt another and a cheaper place. He clung to that Ninth Avenue corner. It was home.

He took his newspaper bundle the next day and walked up to Millman's gymnasium and paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of training. He got into his boxing shoes and trunks and punched the bag and watched the boxing in the training rings until a young lightweight invited him to box.

The boy saw, after the first round, that the crowd was gathering around the ring where he was working. The young lightweight was ten or twelve pounds heavier than he was, and strong. But he was no boxer. The boy kept him off with his left and ducked nearly everything he threw. The man rushed him. But the boy liked that. The Frisco Kid had taught him the art of meeting a rush. The small-town toughs he had fought had all rushed him. The boy was always cool when they rushed him. He would give ground, shooting his left in and out to the same spot and picking an opening for his right as he ducked punches. It had always proved discouraging to an amateur to hit the air where the boy's head had been. And when, a little winded by his efforts, he stepped back to consider the situation and realized that one eye was about shut, he usually decided that he must rush harder and throw more punches. The boy would give ground again, shooting his left at the other eye. Sometimes it took three rounds and sometimes it took seven or eight. But the result was inevitable.

The young lightweight was a professional and there was nothing at stake. After the first rush, he decided to stand off and box the boy. When that failed, he took to clinching and tussling, and there being no referee to make him break, his weight was a great advantage.

In the dressing room, afterward, another youngster, a featherweight, came up and introduced himself. His name was Bodanski. The boy replied that his name was Wellington.

"Listen, Wellington," Bodanski said; "will you be here tomorrow?" He was too nervous and eager to wait for a reply. "Will you work with me? I've got a fight next week up in Connecticut. You're fast, aren't you? That's what I need. I need to work with somebody that can box. This fellow I'm fighting is a slugger. I wish I had a left like yours. I'll have to box him. Will you show me how you shoot your left?"

"Of course I will," the boy said happily. He must have shown up well to attract this fighter's attention. He must be better than the Frisco Kid had thought he was.

He worked with Bodanski the next afternoon and was greatly encouraged to find he could outbox him. He was completely let down when Bodanski confided that he had no chance to win his bout.

"You see, kid," he explained as they left Millman's and walked down the street, "this guy is a corner. He's knocked out six men in a row. I'm just a set-up for him. But maybe I can outspeed him for a few rounds. That's why I took the fight. I thought, it's worth taking one on the button if I could outspeed him for a couple or three rounds and make a showing. If I had your straight left I could do it."

The boy worked hard with Bodanski every afternoon, trying to teach him to shoot his left straight instead of hooking. Bodanski was an earnest and utterly inept pupil. He tried hard. He could punch straight in shadow boxing, but the moment he got into the ring he reverted to hooking.

The boy liked Bodanski and took infinite pains. It was a relief to take so much pains. It helped him to forget for an hour or two how fast his money was going.

Each night he sat on the edge of his bed and told himself that he could go on this way for just one more day. He could get breakfast for ten cents and a bowl of stew at noon for fifteen cents, but by night, after two or three hours of hard exercise, he could no longer restrain his appetite. Once, craving a thick steak, he bought half a pound of hamburger and a loaf of bread, intending to make two dinners of it. He spread the raw beef on pieces of the bread. It was no use. He ate it all at one meal.

III

HE HAD two dollars left on Friday morning. He was boxing that afternoon with Bodanski for the last time. Bodanski was going up to Connecticut on Saturday for his fight with Ace Wingate.

The boy walked over to Sixth Avenue and down to Hallinan's restaurant. He intended to go in and tell Norah he was ready to take that job in a warehouse. He could work two days and get enough money so he could work for three days more. He would get through the first week somehow. But he did not go in and tell Norah he would take the job. He walked on past Hallinan's without stopping. He was still too proud to give in.

In the afternoon Bodanski hooked his left as usual. The boy ducked. Bodanski lost his balance and fell, and could not get up. He had wrenched his knee in trying to recover himself. The boy helped him out to the dressing room and got him on a rubbing table.

"I guess it's just one of those things," Bodanski said.

It was. It would take weeks of rest to restore the knee. The boy got Bodanski into a taxicab. He had a dollar and a half left, and he did not know whether Bodanski had any money or not. He got in beside Bodanski.

"Listen, kid," Bodanski said, as the cab started off; "do you want a fight? Would you like to go up to Connecticut in my place?"

"Could it be done?" the boy asked.

"Sure," Bodanski said. "Anyway, it's worth trying. I'm supposed to show at half-past seven. You show in my place. The guy that's running the bouts won't have a substitute. He'll take you. He'll have to. And he won't care. All they want up there is another set-up for this Wingate. The customers'll be satisfied so long as they see a knock-out. That's all they care about—the customers. You'll get five dollars a round for every round you last."

"This is mighty white of you, Bodanski," the boy said.

"White!" Bodanski laughed. "You'll get an awful pastin', kid. You'll get one on the button. You'll know you been in a fight when you wake up."

"That's all right," the boy said.

"You might last four or five rounds. You might get twenty or twenty-five bucks."

"Did you say it was ten rounds, or fifteen?" the boy asked.

"Ten," Bodanski said. "But that ain't goin' to interest you, Wellington. You won't come up for the tenth round. You'll be lucky to come up for the fourth."

"We'll see," the boy said. If it was humanly possible, he was going to come up for the tenth round. He was going to get fifty dollars.

Bodanski had enough money to pay the taxi fare. He took the boy into an old-fashioned New York apartment with a big kitchen and introduced him to his father and mother and two sisters. The Bodanskis were proud of their son, and grateful to the boy for helping him out. They insisted that he stay to supper with them. The boy ate a great bowl of vegetable soup and a plate of boiled beef with some kind of sour cream sauce and potatoes and cabbage. He ate the first satisfying meal he had had in a week.

He walked the four miles home and paid a dollar in advance for his room and had fifty cents left. The fight was more than a hundred miles away. The railway fare was probably four dollars. But he had no intention of traveling by rail.

It was hard to go to sleep. He had to go to sleep. He had to have nine hours of sleep. He made himself go to sleep.

When he awoke he rolled his boxing things tightly in a newspaper; had coffee and rolls at the lunch room downstairs, and started out to walk north. He had to walk several miles before he caught a ride on a truck. It was noon before he crossed the Connecticut line. He reached the factory town where the fights were being held at four o'clock in the afternoon. He was

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142

chilled after the long ride in a succession of truck cabs, and his stomach ached with hunger. Fortunately, now was the time to eat—as long as possible before he fought.

He went to a lunch cart and spent his remaining forty cents on egg sandwiches and coffee, and got warmed through. He managed to spend an hour in the lunch cart. He hunted up the armory where the fights were to be held and walked down to the railway station and sat there beside the stove until nearly half-past seven.

He bluffed his way past the doorkeeper and into the dressing room. Nobody paid any attention to him. He chose a far corner and changed into his boxing shoes and trunks. Still no one paid any attention. He saw the Ace come in with three or four handlers and a dozen friends. He observed the Ace as he stripped. He was a small gorilla; a long-armed, hairy-chested, short-necked thug. He looked as if he must be at least ten pounds over the weight.

The boy sat quietly by, listening, and bracing himself for the moment when the promoter discovered that he was not Bodanski. The moment was a long time coming. But Bodanski had guessed right. The promoter made profane comments on the boy's slender height. The Ace and his handlers were still more profane. But they had no substitute at hand. They wanted a set-up for the Ace. Here, obviously, was the set-up.

The doctor came through to give his official examination of each fighter. The boy was afraid his heart was pounding. But the doctor listened a moment through his stethoscope and passed on.

The boy went back to his corner and sat down and tried to relax all his muscles. He couldn't relax. He was tense with high resolve. The Ace and his friends went into a whispered conclave in the corridor. The boy leaned back against the wall and half shut his eyes and tried to relax as if he were going to sleep. But it was no use. He opened his eyes again and saw a short thick-set man with a particularly homely, honest face.

"Are you the boy that's fightin' the Ace?" he asked.

The boy nodded.

"Who's in your corner?" the man asked.

The boy shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Whoever's around, I suppose."

"I'm a good man in a corner. I been in a lot a corners in my time."

There was no doubting the man's intentions. He radiated a kind of homely good will. He was solid.

"All right," the boy said, "you're on."

"My name's Barney," the thick-set one said.

"Mine's Wellington," the boy said.

The man picked up one of the boy's hands and examined the bandage. He shook his head. He unwrapped the bandage with thick, expert fingers and replaced it. Then he did the same for the other hand.

He motioned to a rubbing table. The boy lay down on his stomach. The man began to rub the boy's legs. He knew how to rub. The boy relaxed his body under the deft manipulation of the muscles. By the time they called him he was in a warm glow.

Barney ran him down an aisle and up a flight of steps and into the ring. The crowd paid no attention to him. They were waiting for the Ace. The boy sat down on the stool in his corner.

"Get up, kid," Barney said. "Get up and rub your feet in the rosin."

The boy got up and turned round and put his hands on the ropes and rubbed his feet in the powdered rosin. He heard yells and catcalls, and knew that the Ace was climbing into the ring. His legs trembled uncontrollably.

The referee came into the ring with the gloves. The boy sat down on the stool again, and Barney put on the gloves, lacing them tightly and tying some sailor's knot in the ends of the laces. Then he broke the gloves over the boy's knuckles, pushing all the padding back over the small bones on the backs of his hands.

"Take it easy, kid," Barney was saying. "Take it easy and let's see what he's got. Use that left a yours and take it easy."

"Look here," the boy said irritably; "where have I seen you before?"

"You ain't seen me before, kid," Barney said. "But I seen you. I seen you at Millman's."

The next moment the referee called them to the center of the ring to receive instructions. The boy did not hear what the referee said. He was watching the Ace's hands. The referee stepped quickly back. The Ace led with his left—a stiff hook. The boy ducked automatically and shot his own left. He caught the Ace just below the right eye. The Ace grinned and rushed him.

The boy did not have time to think. He acted automatically—as the Frisco Kid had taught him to act. He gave ground, shooting his left and ducking. The Ace rushed him across the ring. His back was almost on the ropes. The Ace leaped forward hitting with both hands. The boy side-stepped. He was out in the middle of the ring again. He heard somebody beside the ring yell, "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" and then he was boxing again with so fierce a concentration that he heard nothing at all. The sound of the bell startled him. He had forgotten there was a bell.

He sat on the stool and Barney rubbed his legs and fanned him with a towel. He leaned back against the ropes and gulped great gulps of air into his lungs.

"You're goin' nice, kid," Barney was saying. "You're going great. Take it easy like. Take it easy and let him chase you."

The bell rang. He was in there again. The Ace grabbed him and held, twisting his arms. He was strong. He was much too strong. The referee yelled "Break!" The Ace let go and hooked viciously at the boy's body. The boy did not see the blow coming and guard against it. But somehow his elbow was there. Somehow that fist landed on his elbow and did not bury itself in his stomach. The boy danced back.

Beside the ring some partisan of the Ace yelled, "In the bread basket! One more in the bread basket and he'll fold up!" The Ace rushed him across the ring. Again the boy side-stepped.

"C'mon and fight," the Ace grumbled. "C'mon and fight."

The boy flicked out his left, flicked his left to the Ace's right eye.

"Cream puffs," the Ace said. "Cream puffs."

The boy flicked his left again to the same spot. The Ace rushed him. The boy gave ground, shooting that left, lightly, precisely. He smacked his glove on that right eye four times. And then the bell rang.

The boy leaned back against the ropes. "Take it easy," Barney was saying. "Take it easy."

It went on and on, round after round, after the same pattern. Twice the boy was conscious of a sudden jar. It felt as if, driving a car, he had hit a telephone pole. Otherwise he did not know he was hit. He was aware of nothing except the intense concentration with which he boxed and the sharp relieving pain with which he gulped for air between the rounds and the soothing voice of Barney saying the same thing over and over, "Take it easy, kid: take it easy."

In the seventh round he noticed that the Ace's right eye was puffed shut. He took the other eye as his target, without thinking, without really knowing that he was doing it. In the eighth round his light left turned the Ace slightly. And without thinking, the boy shot his right through to the heart with everything he had. The Ace grunted and charged. The boy's left went out. Again the boy shot his right through to the heart.

In the ninth round the boy noticed that the Ace's left eye was puffed almost shut. Again and again he turned the Ace with his left and hit him over the heart with his right. And always the Ace grunted and charged again. It was as if hitting him over the heart with everything you had meant nothing.

He was sitting on the stool again and Barney was flapping the towel and talking. "Now, kid," Barney was saying; "now go out and take him. Now you got him soft—take him. Measure him up and take him."

The boy was so astonished he wasted a precious lungful of air in blurting out "What?"

"Look at his legs," Barney said. "Look at his legs, kid. His legs is out."

The bell rang, and as he went out for the tenth and last round the boy saw that the Ace's legs were truly gone. The Ace gathered himself for one last rush. The boy shot his left at that slit of an eye. The Ace stumbled. The boy put his whole body into a right to the heart. The Ace staggered and came forward, pawing blindly. The boy struck and struck again. The Ace wearily lifted his hands and shuffled forward. The boy hit him, one-two, one-two. And then a big arm swept the boy back. For a fraction of a second he didn't know what was happening. And then he heard Barney's yell and saw the Ace's seconds climbing into the ring.

The referee had stopped the fight to save the Ace from further punishment. The referee grabbed the boy's wrist and lifted it high above his head. And then Barney was there and he was climbing out of the ring.

"What happened?" he gasped.

Barney rushed him down the aisle toward the dressing room.

"You knocked him out, kid," Barney said. "That's all. You just knocked him out."

The boy lay on the table while Barney rubbed. He was beginning to be conscious of the sore spots. He had a bad cut on his cheek bone. He couldn't remember how he had got it. But when he felt his cheek his hand came away covered with blood.

"So," the boy said, half to himself, "I get the fifty dollars."

Barney chuckled.

The boy raised himself up on the table. "What are you laughing at?" he asked. "Don't I get the fifty dollars?"

Barney pushed him down on the table.

"Fifty dollars is the loser's end, kid. You get the five hundred that goes to the winner. Half a grand, kid. Half a grand."

The boy lay with his head in his arms. His eyes filled with tears. He rubbed his eyes against his forearms and shut his teeth, and after a minute the feeling passed. He had to get it through his head. He had to realize it. "Five hundred dollars."

"What time is it, Barney?" he asked.

"'Bout a quarter to ten."

The boy jumped off the table. "I've got to get dressed," he said. "I've got to get to a telephone. I've got to call Hallinan's restaurant."

Barney's homely, earnest face expressed a grave concern.

"It's a girl, a course. It would be."

The boy was already pulling on his trousers.

"It's a friend of mine," he said.

He got Norah on the telephone. He heard her voice and grinned happily.

"I've got the fifty dollars, Norah!" he cried. "I've got five hundred dollars. Tell Hallinan's you're through."

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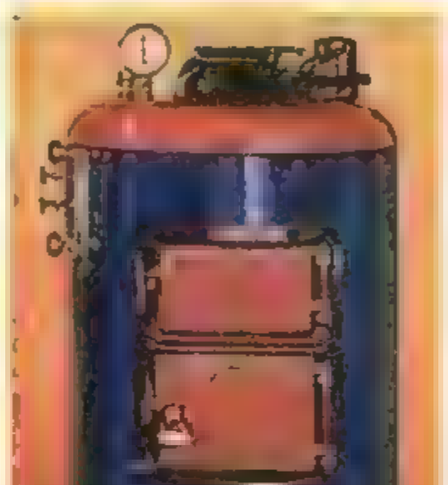

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THE CELEBRATED BOWOWKUS DIET

(Continued from Page 9)

cook who would do it, at last Anderson had to rig up a little stove in a shed beside the garage and get the chauffeur to boil and squeeze the cabbage, and it cost him dear knows what. Every time you'd go by the Prices' you'd get whiffs of cabbage, mingled stale and fresh. But Betty had her juice. And naturally, when she was invited about, she'd bring a bottle of it and a can of her prepared grain and a slice or two of ham, and she got herself a box very much like Robert Pulley's, only larger, to carry it in. She declared that she was losing flesh, but she didn't look a bit thinner to me, and her nerves were certainly jumpy and her temper very sharp. Wilbur told me that he wished Anderson Price would slap her for the hateful way she snapped at him, and though I do not hold with the heartless brutality which causes a strong male man to strike a gentle female woman, no matter what the provocation, on this occasion I almost—yes, I almost agreed with Wilbur; nor do I count it treason to my sex.

If any of you have sisters-in-law of your own, or have ever been in a position to observe the folkways of sisters-in-law, you have surely seen that there is invariably a certain rivalry between them. One sister-in-law gets a lace tablecloth, let us say, and very soon after the other sister-in-law will get a handsome set of lace doilies or even a finer lace tablecloth. One sister-in-law buys a set of Venetian glass candelabra, and the other buys a Waterford chandelier. If one sister-in-law decides to travel in Italy, the other will be going to Greece and Turkey very shortly. If one gives a five-course luncheon for eight, the other gives a seven-course luncheon for ten. And so on and so forth. There seems to be something in the relationship which calls for a constant assertion or manifestation of superiority. I do not attempt to explain it, but I know it exists. Why, when I bought my mink coat, Wilbur's sister—but that is another story.

So it was only to be expected that when Marie Matthis, who is Anderson Price's only sister and is married to Joe Matthis, the jeweler, saw Betty making herself so prominent in the public eye with her diet—it was only to be expected, I repeat, that Marie should feel the urge to get a diet of her own, and one even stranger and quainter and more difficult to prepare. I am glad to say that she did get one which was less smelly.

What happened was that she went around to this young, good-looking Doctor Hersey and complained about shooting pains in her temples, and a shortness of breath when going upstairs, and a terrible recurrent dream of falling over the mill dam, from which she always wakened screaming. She told me herself that those were her symptoms, and it seems that Doctor Hersey not only took her blood pressure and tested her heart but psychoanalyzed her as well—which was, as you might say, a step ahead of what he had done for Betty. And then he prescribed a diet for her, and when she told it to me—well, really—I have always liked Marie Matthis, and she was with me on the entertainment committee of the Original Coolidge Ladies Club of Newton City, and we worked together most harmoniously, but I was hard put to it not to laugh in her face and tell her she was a ninny.

She was to eat mostly brown eggs—I mean eggs with brown shells; she didn't have to eat the shells, you understand—beaten up raw with a half teaspoonful of olive oil for each egg, and brown bread, baked potatoes in their jackets, russet pears, and meat or fish which had been well cooked to be very brown on the outside. There was something about the color brown which taken internally, would, she said, counteract her dream of falling over the mill dam—it all came out in her psyche. And the food itself, aside from its color, would prevent her from having shooting pains and shortness of breath. Well, maybe so! Maybe it would also prevent fallen arches, halitosis and pyorrhea! I am not a doctor and do not pretend to any medical knowledge, and I did not want to hurt Marie Matthis' feelings, so finally I said that it was nice she was to eat brown eggs, as they were not so expensive as white ones. Then I saw she was annoyed and thought I was tactlessly intimating that she could not afford white eggs. Our conversation ended in more or less of a misunderstanding, which I was sorry for and certainly did not intend. I said nothing whatever to Wilbur about it, but I asked the Matthises to a dinner party shortly afterward, so that Marie would see I wanted to have no ill feeling between us.

And you may believe me or not, but when they arrived, here was Marie carrying one of those lunch boxes very much like Robert Pulley's and Betty Price's, only larger and more de luxe than Betty's, and marked with her monogram. She explained that she did not want to put me to the bother of having the special articles of diet she required, and when she opened the lunch box at table she showed us that it was fitted with a special compartment which kept her baked potatoes and browned meat hot for her! Betty Price's simpler box was quite cast in the shade by such elaboration and luxury, and it was plain that Betty did not relish having Marie get ahead of her in this way. Wilbur said to me afterward that he supposed Betty would carry a silver chafing dish around with her now, and cook her cabbage juice at table, so as to give, as he drolly expressed it, one in the eye to Marie.

It had been a rather dull season in Newton City; there was a good bit of let-down after the political campaign was over, and there were no very exciting shows at the only good theater we have, and no very sensational movies. Also, there were no important brides to entertain, and no very smart debutantes either. There seemed to be none of these triangular scandals going on such as occasionally lend a bit of zest to our social life, and one or two prominent families were in mourning. Usually our little city fairly hums with gayety, the stouter matrons get up a dancing class to learn the new steps, and the younger crowd can be depended on to give parties which at least provide their elders with plenty to talk about. Our dramatic club usually offers a production of some one of the drearier and more symbolic Scandinavian or Russian tragedies, but it was inactive because last year there was so much dissension about who should play the lead in Magda that the wiser heads of the club decided it would make for peace if the members simply got together and read plays for their own improvement for a while. It may have made for peace, but it certainly didn't make for social activity.

Of course, we had our regular series of lectures by visiting English novelists, but after three years of them I felt that Wilbur was justified in saying he could not bear it if he had to look at another pair of prominent teeth off which rolled words like "t'r'bla," and "rem'm'ba," and "p'rt'cul'r'la." Besides, they had told us all the anecdotes there are or ever will be about the old writers like Mr. Shaw and Mr. Bennett and Sir Walter Scott. No, I cannot truthfully say that this series added in the least to our season's luster.

It was just because there was so little to do that people had more time to think about their health. And what with two women like Betty Price and Marie Matthis talking so constantly about their diets, and what their diets did for them, a great many other women began to believe there was something attractive about the diet fad too. And though I would not tell Wilbur I think so, yet I feel sure there was a certain thrill in consulting young Doctor Hersey, because he certainly is a handsome young man. It occurred to me more than once that he might just possibly be able to suggest something for my neuritis, but even so, I could not desert Doctor Williams, and moreover, Wilbur is inclined to be ever so little jealous. I like him to be jealous, because it shows me he believes I am still attractive to other men; but I do not like him to be jealous, because he is so extremely unreasonable and peevish about it, making our home life a downright hell on earth, if I may use so strong a term. I have weighed the matter seriously, and I have decided that the compliment of his jealousy is not worth living in a home which is a hell for ten days to two weeks until I have coaxed him and cajoled him into being himself again. I always use tact with Wilbur, but, oh, how I hate coaxing him!

But as I was saying, the season was so dull that almost every woman in town—I mean of the best circles—began to take up her health in a serious way, by consulting Doctor Hersey and letting him prescribe a diet for her. And wherever you went you heard nothing but the relative merits of this or that vegetable, animal or mineral as a curative agent for a most extraordinary assortment of minor ailments. There were intense arguments of the spinach-turnip-string-bean group with the carrot-tomato group; there was a highly developed steamed-prune cult, and a small but determined grapefruit-juice minority. All varieties of prepared milks and cheeses had their advocates, and when it came to the special breads, words simply fail me, for they ranged from pallid and puffy crackers through biscuits and loaves of varying complexion and texture right down to a menacing dark loaf, imported from Germany, so hard and so heavy that it had to be chipped off!

Vitamins, calories, starches, acids, roughage, legumes, bacterics, quantitative sugars, lactics, proteins, carbons, caffeines, decoctions *du santé* and not *du santé*, iodides, pancreatics, protozomes and rhizomes, endocrines and thyroids—these were the terms which rose and fell in all the conversations where the leading women of Newton City were gathered together; they were battle cries and rallying watchwords. Large heavy scientific books were bought and read, and things were found out about ductless glands and other organs which I will not enumerate, of which no one had ever had so much as the faintest suspicion. Our leading department store stocked a special line of lunch boxes which combined all the practicality of a tin dinner pail with the chic of a traveling toilet case. The ones in rose and blue *écrasé* leather, with gold-mounted corners and inner mirror and complete vanity, were really lovely.

Yet I do not believe any of us realized how far the thing had gone, until Mrs. Gahagan gave the luncheon for her niece from Detroit. Mrs. Gahagan is old and goes into society very little. She lives in the handsome old Gahagan homestead out on the boulevard in an almost complete retirement, for she is very frail, and besides, she has never rallied from the shock of Mr. Gahagan's death five years ago. Nevertheless, she is one of Newton City's real grand dames and we are all very fond of her. When her niece, Miss Aurelia Spence, came to visit her, of course the first thing Mrs. Gahagan did was to send out invitations for a luncheon to the most prominent women in Newton City, as this would mean that all of us would then entertain for Miss Aurelia Spence and the girl would have a good time.

And I would have you know that when Mrs. Gahagan does entertain, she neglects nothing. Her luncheon was for twenty, and the entire house was open and filled with flowers. The table itself was a picture—all the old Gahagan silver, and all her lovely Crown Derby china and her Georgian glassware, and a huge centerpiece of orchids, and a corsage of orchids for

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 147)

every guest, and an old Italian lace cloth that ought to be in a museum over pale, golden satin. And she had the menu all written out in her butler's fine French hand on cards with her monogram standing at intervals around the table in little silver holders. And what a menu!

First, caviar Morgan; then chicken consommé Bellevue-Stratford, followed by creamed shrimp and lobster en bordure of Spanish rice. Now came partridge with grapes, potatoes soufflée, individual currant jellies with a sliced sweet-pickled kumquat in the heart of each. Hothouse asparagus hollandaise was the entrée, and for dessert a magnificent, decorative three-tiered combination of pistachio ice cream and pineapple ice; and served with it were tiny pecan macaroons and those dry half-sweet *baraquillas* which come from Spain and are so perfect with ice cream. Then came black Hamburg grapes, and nectarines from South Africa. There were dishes of marrons and glacé fruits on the table, alternating with silver shells filled with cashews and almonds. Tiny round hot rolls were served all the way through the meal, and coffee afterward, in the solid gold cups which Mr. Gahagan's great-grandfather had had made in Paris more than a hundred years ago by the court jeweler.

Now, in Newton City there is considerable wealth, and we all live quite well, but we are not often entertained in the orchid-hothouse-asparagus-solid-gold-cup scale, for to tell the truth there are only the Gahagans and the Ryders and the Romanay Joneses who can do it. So there is no use in pretending that such a luncheon as this was not an event in our lives. I personally would have enjoyed myself extremely, except for —— But I am running ahead of my story.

Mrs. Gahagan, looking very elegant and duchesslike in black velvet and her diamonds, received us and introduced us to her niece, who turned out to be a pretty, bright-looking young thing, dressed in a simple enough gray chiffon. I say simple, but it was the simplicity which shrieks of Paris and a master designer. Everyone was very prompt, and we soon were on our way to the dining room. And as we took our places, all the women on diets did just as they always do—they began to open their lunch boxes and take their own special preparations out of them. I was so accustomed to this that I thought nothing of it until I saw the stricken look on poor dear Mrs. Gahagan's face! That a guest should decline to eat the food offered to her in a lady's house was something which had never before occurred in her scheme of things. Yet, there sat Marie Matthis with her browned viands, and Betty Price with her cabbage juice, and Irma Jenkins with her spinach, and Edwina Adamson with her carrots and tomatoes, and Pauline Lent with her cheese and prunes—steamed—and Virginia Haller chipping bits off her dismal loaf, and ever so many others making play with their own special brands of health-producing foods. The hostess, her niece, Amy Romanay Jones and myself were the only normal eaters out of the twenty.

Oh, it was ghastly—simply ghastly! I shall never forget it as long as I live. Mrs. Gahagan sat there trying to smile and to talk, but her face was ashen and her hands shook and her lips trembled. Miss Spence, being younger and a stranger, could not keep from staring, and she had to try hard to repress her laughter, for she could see the comicality of it. And Amy Romanay Jones took a good look around the table and then sent a very significant glance in my direction, bending her brows slightly and putting her lips firmly together, as one who is resolved! I narrowed my eyes and gave her an imperceptible nod of the head to indicate that I was heartily in sympathy with whatever she might undertake.

Some of the other guests looked a little uncomfortable, for, indeed, only a most insensitive nature could have been oblivious to the agony Mrs. Gahagan was enduring, but no one had the courage or the good breeding to offer to forgo her diet for the nonce and eat of her hostess' viands. I really believe that if one had done it, the others might have followed suit; but that idiot, Betty Price, spoke up and said:

"I do hope you don't mind, Mrs. Gahagan, that I brought my own special regimen. It is so vital to my health that I follow it strictly, no matter how greatly I am tempted to do otherwise, but Doctor Hersey has warned me that even one lapse might bring fatal results."

And poor dear Mrs. Gahagan said faintly: "Of course, I quite understand," for she is a lady, through and through, no matter how she feels.

After Betty said what she did, of course none of the other dieters would give up their diets for anything. So the long and elaborate luncheon dragged along, and it was pathetic to see the butler and his assistants going the rounds of the table offering dish after dish, only to have it refused by everyone except the four of us I mentioned above, who couldn't make a dent in the amount of food which had been prepared.

Everyone went home very soon after the luncheon was over except Amy Romanay Jones and myself. We stayed and talked, and Amy said that her girls, Genevieve and Eleanor, would like to take Miss Spence with them to the dance at the country club that night, if she had no other engagement, and would call for her and bring her back, and would see that she had a good time.

"And they'll bring an extra man for you, my dear," said Amy—"a very nice lad who is a distant connection of mine. Albert Parsons is his name. The other men who are going are Richard Watts and Vincent Ewing."

Mrs. Gahagan looked a bit more cheerful at this, for she knew very well Aurelia Spence would not fail to enjoy herself in any party which included the two Romanay Jones girls and Albert and Richard and Vincent. So that was promptly arranged, and shortly afterward Mrs. Romanay Jones and I departed together.

"I wanted to leave Mrs. Gahagan with at least one happy thought," said Amy; "so that she will not dwell too much on the fiasco of her luncheon. It was shameful—simply shameful—that the women of Newton City should have so affronted one who is their elder and was offering them her most distinguished hospitality. I was never more indignant in my life. You knew how I felt, Lucetta, didn't you?"

"I certainly did," I replied. "And I was heartily in sympathy with you. My heart bled for Mrs. Gahagan. Yes, actually bled! We should have warned her, I suppose, but I have got so used to those abominable lunch boxes that it never occurred to me that everyone else in town was not."

"Something," said Amy portentously, "has got to be done."

"But what?"

"I do not know yet, but I shall think it over."

When she left me at my door I pressed her hand and said sincerely, "If anyone can deal with this situation, you are that one. And if I can be of the slightest assistance, count on me."

To which she answered simply, "Thank you, Lucetta. I appreciate that and shall not forget it." But I knew that she was touched and grateful beyond her words.

I could not imagine what she would do, and, indeed, for once I feared she was in contact with a situation which was beyond even her control. Yet I did not lose confidence, and when, a few days later, I received an invitation "for Monday next" to a luncheon at her home, with "Please stay after the others have gone" written across the bottom of it, I immediately surmised that there was, as Wilbur sometimes so amusingly says, "a hen on." I took it upon myself to find out in an unobtrusive way who the other guests would be, and I discovered that they were exactly the same women who had been at Mrs. Gahagan's, with the exception of Mrs. Gahagan herself, and her niece, who, by this time, was

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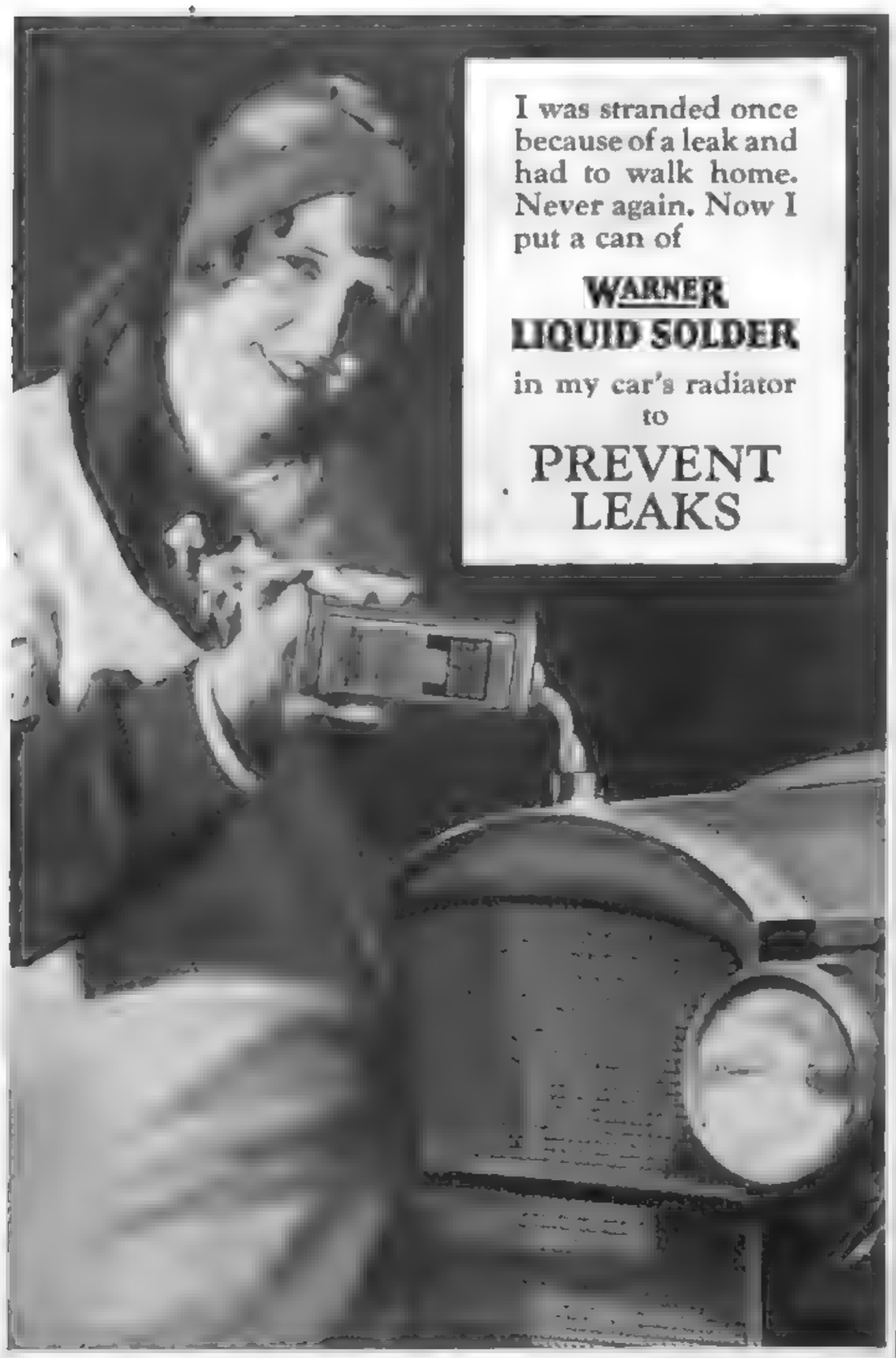
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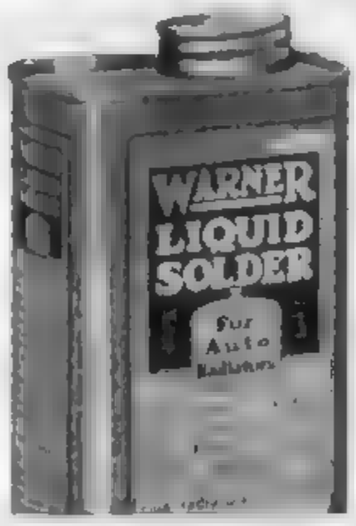

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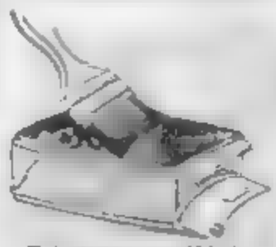

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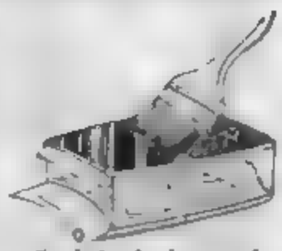

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having a very gay visit indeed, and had become quite a favorite with all the younger set.

I also learned, from Betty Price, who tells everything she knows—and often much, much more—that her invitation had contained the request that she should not bring her lunch box, because Mrs. Romanay Jones proposed to introduce them to the latest idea among diets as sponsored so successfully by Professor Bowowkus of Vienna, who is, she had written, "as you probably know, the very last word in such matters."

"I never heard of him," said Betty, "but of course if Amy Romanay Jones says so, it must be true, for she is so brilliant and so intellectual that she can always be trusted on any of these deep subjects."

"You are perfectly right," I replied. "Amy Romanay Jones is a born leader and a very clever woman."

"Everybody knows it," said Betty, "and I don't mind telling you she is the only woman in the world I would give up my diet for, even for one meal."

"Well, you can eat some of it when you get home after her luncheon, you know," I said, "and you can take very little of what she offers you, if you don't like it."

You may imagine that I went to the luncheon in a state of high excitement, and when I saw the bright color in Amy Romanay Jones' cheeks I knew that she was excited also; though she was her usual serene, dignified self in greeting her guests.

She said to me in a low voice, "Remember what I asked you to do," and I said, "Of course."

I looked about me to see if anyone had brought a lunch box, but no, there was not one, so it was evident she had made the same request of the others that she had of Betty. And as soon as we were all there we went out to the dining room and took our places at table.

I noticed at once that there were no decorations save flowers—I mean, no salted nuts, no bonbons or fruit anywhere in sight. The flowers were very lovely—quantities of sweet peas in a long swirling line of color, from one end of the table to the other—and the silver service plates were on. There was a cunning little bandbox wrapped in shaded papers and tied with silver ribbons at each place, and on a side table a number of parcels of very generous size, tied up in the same way.

After we sat down, Amy rose and began to speak. She said, quite frankly, that she had watched the growing fad for different diets among the leading women of Newton City with the keenest interest, and yet a little suspicion, because she was not sure that we had availed ourselves of the very best and most distinguished authority on the subject. Finally, she had set herself to study and investigate, and she was more than pleased to tell us what she found out.

I cannot report her speech as she made it, because it was full of scientific words I had never heard and cannot spell, but the gist of it was that there was in Vienna a certain eminent doctor who for years had been toiling away at an exhaustive research on the nutritive needs of the human body, both in sickness and in health. And at last he had brought to perfection two elements, or syntheses—I am not sure which—one a powder to be put into pure water, the other a food which was both nourishing and medicinal. These two what-d'ye-call-'ems, taken together, formed the one perfect diet.

It was quite a long speech, but she spoke so convincingly and with such fire and purpose that her hearers were simply carried off their feet. And when she reached her climax the silence was so absorbed and so intense you could have heard even half a pin drop.

"It is for this I have called you together here today," she said ringingly. "You are to be the first, the vanguard of the thousands who will later subsist upon the celebrated Bowowkus diet. You will be known as the pioneers in this great world movement." And with that she waved her hand, and the butler solemnly marched out from the pantry with a great silver salver heaped with tan-colored oblongs about the size of a dinner roll. Each of us took one, Mrs. Romanay Jones the first. Then a clear liquid was poured into our glasses, and in an atmosphere which was positively electric we began to eat.

Of course Betty Price was the first one to speak. After her initial bite and sip she broke out, "But, my dear Mrs. Romanay Jones, this is marvelous—simply marvelous! I feel positively uplifted!"

Whereupon all the others joined the chorus, and the butler had to serve more of the food and pour more of the drink, and everyone simply let herself go and bubbled with appreciation and pleasure.

"It's just too wonderful!" Marie Matthis cried. "I need never touch raw eggs again, I suppose."

"You certainly need not," said Mrs. Romanay Jones. And there was such overwhelming confidence in her voice that wholesale confessions immediately began.

"It is a godsend! I am so sick of spinach!"

"And steamed prunes!"

"And that abominable flinty bread!"

"And cheese!"

"And carrots!"

"And raw tomatoes!"

A great pæan of praise to our hostess rose and swelled. I myself said nothing, but quietly slipped my first piece of the food into my lap, and thence to my handbag, and crumbled the second one upon my plate. Somehow that food—it had a strangely familiar look, and yet I could not quite identify it. I took a sip of the liquid, and beyond a slight salty flavor I could tell nothing.

Presently Amy Romanay Jones addressed us again. It seems that she had, with considerable difficulty, obtained a large supply of the food, and was giving to each of her guests a package sufficient for two weeks—she indicated the large parcels on the side table—while in the little bandboxes before us was enough of the powder to serve for a month! The pure water, she reminded us, we could ourselves obtain.

"And if, at the end of the fortnight," she assured us, "you want more of the food, I shall be only too happy to tell you where it may be obtained."

A burst of applause followed this generous offer, and soon after that, the luncheon having been necessarily quite short, we returned to the drawing-room.

As we rose from the table Mrs. Romanay Jones said in a clear, distinct voice to Betty Price, "Isn't it too bad about Doctor Hersey? I suppose you have heard."

"Heard what?" asked Betty, and we all paused to listen.

"Why, didn't you know? His sister—the one who lives with him—has been very worried about him for some time, and recently she had him examined by competent alienists and they have found that he has been quite mad for two years, and today he is being taken to a sanitarium. Dreadful, isn't it, and he so young?"

Well, it is impossible to tell how quickly that luncheon party broke up. The guests simply rushed from the house intent on finding out all the details about Doctor Hersey, because it occurred to each one instantly that her precious diet was nothing but an insane whim. They wanted to know about him, and they wanted to get home and be alone and think! They disappeared like the Arabs in the beautiful Longfellow poem, and almost as silently, for though here they were, all provided with another diet, they were shocked and overturned in their minds by Mrs. Romanay Jones' news.

I, too, was shocked and aghast, and I was dying to tell Wilbur, but I had said I would remain, and I did. When the last of the others had gone Amy Romanay Jones turned to me with a beautiful, cordial gesture.

"Shall we go out to luncheon?" she said.

And she led the way into the cozy little breakfast room, where was spread a table

(Continued on Page 153)

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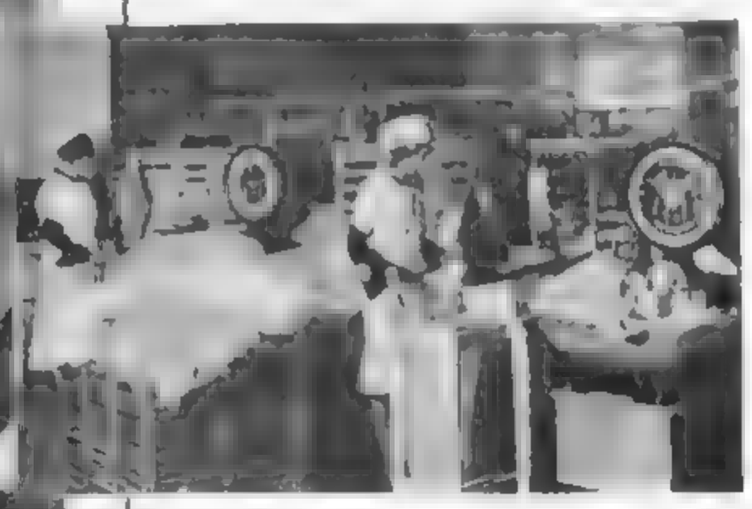
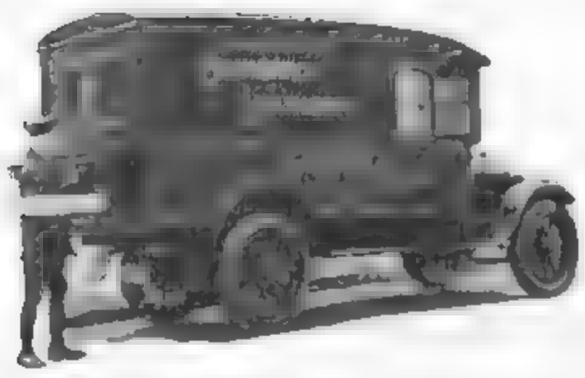


How the Brunswick Laundry employs Toledo Scales to insure accuracy, to speed up service. Here the proportion of flat work to wearing apparel is found exactly by weight.



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In the Brunswick Laundry of Jersey City, over a million pieces are weighed on Toledo Scales every week.

Here Toledo Engineers installed this modern weighing system. Discovered ways to simplify operations. Eliminated all chance of mistake. Reduced profit losses . . . customer controversy . . . through this accurate method of price computation.

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In industry after industry, Toledo Engineers have shown manufacturers how to cut down production costs . . . how to simplify manufacture . . . how to standardize weighing operations.

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An appeal to REASON

In 1,227 cities and towns throughout the United States 6,069 sheet metal contractors have told us that the average life of gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of rustable metals is 6.7 years. . . The failure of these metals through rusting is inevitable . . . Consider the cost of using metals that will require patching and in a few years will need replacement ✦ The yearly loss to American home owners through the rusting of temporary metals reaches the astonishing total of $575,000,000—over three times the yearly loss resulting from fire in homes throughout the country.

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300,000 home owners have changed to copper sheet metal work during the past three years. . . .Why. . . ? Because pure copper Cannot Rust. . . Once installed, gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper are there to stay. No expense for repairs or other upkeep ✦ This spring more than half a million home owners will be faced with the necessity of doing something about their gutters, rain-pipes or roof flashings. . . Some will patch up with makeshift metals because of their supposedly lower cost. Others will install gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper and bid goodbye to further trouble and expense. . . Which will You do?

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

The
AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 150)

for two, and the butler brought us at once plates of the most delicious cream-of-mushroom soup.

I was, by this time, faint with hunger, so not until I had eaten my hot soup did I ask, "Is it true about Doctor Hersey?"

Amy Romanay Jones looked troubled and sad. "Unfortunately, yes, it is true."

"But, Amy," I said, "did you ——"

"After a long talk with Doctor Williams," she said, "I felt sure something was very wrong, and I went to see Miss Hersey, to find that my suspicions were confirmed and that she was moving toward the end I have already told you. It was impossible to let it be known until the fact was accomplished. You can see that."

Yes, I could see that. "But our friends?" I asked. "Betty and Marie and Irma—now they will go on with the diet you have given them. Nothing has been changed. I fear you have not made them see the error of their way."

"They will not go on with it long," said Amy Romanay Jones. "I have taken care that it will soon be whispered around what it actually is."

"What is it?" I cried. "I tasted the liquid and it merely tasted like sea water, and I did not eat the food because ——"

"The liquid tasted like sea water because the mysterious powder is table salt," said Amy Romanay Jones. "And the food—well, my dear, the food was a nice English dog biscuit which I sent for to New York."

I saw then her plan in all its excellence. After all the fuss these women had made at luncheon over the new diet, they would never have the nerve, when they found out what it actually was, to make themselves conspicuous with any more food oddities. Their friends would merely whisper "dog biscuit" and they would subside.

"But, Amy," I said to Mrs. Romanay Jones, "they will never forgive you. This will engender hard feelings which will tear the city asunder worse than the dramatic-club fracas did, or the fight over the fence around the new park."

"Oh, no, it won't," said Amy Romanay Jones calmly. "I have protected myself and saved their faces too. Look at the calendar, Lucetta."

I looked at the charming little calendar which was part of the wall clock. It was April First.

"Amy," I cried, in a transport of admiration, "you think of everything!"

And even Wilbur, when I told him, admitted that she did.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

(Continued from Page 45)

continued their zigzagging through the thick weather of the preceding day, and despite the hazards of navigation there was only one slight collision. Successful handling of convoys under such conditions required consummate seamanship.

As the convoys increased both in the number of vessels used and the frequency of their sailing, it became necessary to use Newport News, Virginia, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, as well as New York, for embarkation ports. The ships were assembled near the ports of departure and assigned a cruiser escort. For the troop convoys only the largest and fastest cruisers were detailed as guards. For cargo-ship escorts the smaller warships could serve. Some of the fastest transports were unaccompanied in mid-ocean, since their great speed made them poor targets for U-boats. Always, however, there was apprehension that an enemy battle cruiser would break through the Grand Fleet blockade in the North Sea and attack troop convoys in mid-ocean. It was to meet such a menace that a division of three oil-burning battleships under Rear Admiral T. S. Rodgers, U. S. N., was stationed at Bantry Bay, Ireland, ready at any time to put to sea in pursuit of a raider. After the convoys were met by destroyers from Queenstown or Brest, the cruiser escort, as has been explained, turned back, while the light forces conducted the transports to harbor. As Brest or Quiberon Bay was approached, local vessels picked up the convoys to pilot them to an anchorage through channels swept clear of mines. To guard against the possibility of disaster from newly laid mines, always I detailed two or three sweepers to precede the piloting vessel.

The Wilson-Hindenburg Race

This was an important and interesting duty. At first I was able personally to go to sea to meet the convoys. Later, as the duties of my district increased in number and variety, I had to forgo that privilege, and much of the work of sweeping for mines and piloting convoys into Quiberon Bay devolved on Lieutenant Commander Archibald G. McGlasson, the senior officer afloat in the district.

In the spring of 1918 the demand for tonnage became so great that Admiral Wilson made every endeavor to facilitate debarkation of troops and discharge of cargo at Brest, and thus permit the increased carrying capacity insured by a quick turnaround of the ships. Theretofore from two to three days had been spent in getting the soldiers ashore after a transport had anchored. Toward the end of the war, this operation was so systematized that troop ships debarked 10,000 or more men in ten hours.

Since the ships carried fuel for the round trip, refueling was unnecessary and their stay in port could be brief. This speeding-up process, combined with methods of increasing the carrying capacity of the transports, contributed tremendously to the winning of what Lloyd George once called "the race between Wilson and Hindenburg," as a result of which the United States landed enough soldiers in France to check and turn back the German offensive in the summer of 1918.

The Dangerous Return

Because of the thorough protection afforded eastbound troopships, the submarine offensive soon turned to cargo vessels and empty transports returning to the United States. It was, for the U-boats, a safer and a surer policy. Destroyers and other submarine fighters were limited in number and could not assure such tonnage the same protection as was given the transports. Five of the transports operated by our Cruiser and Transport Force were torpedoed while returning to the United States after landing soldiers abroad. Of these, three were sunk and two returned to port for repairs. There were losses also among chartered vessels on the way to and from Europe.

The first transport lost was the Antilles, manned by a merchant crew and carrying a naval armed guard. This vessel was one of a convoy of three troopships which left Brest for the United States October 15, 1917, after safely landing thousands of soldiers. The convoy was escorted by three small converted yachts, one of which was forced to return to port because of rough weather. Early on the morning of October seventeenth, a torpedo struck the Antilles, exploding in her engine room, and within six and a half minutes the ship had disappeared beneath the waves. All but three of the men in the fire and engine room were killed. Charles L. Osborne, naval radio electrician, remained at his key, sending out an S O S call until he went down with the vessel. The crew attempted to abandon ship in boats and life rafts. Two boats were capsized by the seas. Many saved themselves by jumping overboard in life belts and swimming to the

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rafts. Sixty-seven of the ship's complement of 234 men were lost in the disaster. Osborne was later awarded a posthumous medal of honor and for him a new destroyer was named.

Directly after the loss of the Antilles, Rear Admiral Fletcher was ordered to the United States and I was placed in command of the naval forces in France pending the arrival of Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, then at Gibraltar. I made immediate arrangements to send the Antilles survivors home aboard the transport Finland, in the next convoy. Four small coal-burning destroyers had just arrived at Brest, and the convoy departed, safeguarded not only by three yachts but by this group of submarine fighters as well. Despite the extra protection, the Finland was torpedoed on October twenty-eighth—the day of her departure. After order had been restored, it was discovered that only one cargo hold was flooded and the engine and fire rooms were undamaged. The Finland returned to Brest, anchoring safely the following morning. After hearing accounts of the disaster, the court of inquiry recommended that thereafter all transports be manned by naval crews—a change which was soon adopted.

Sinking Their Own Ship

Seven months elapsed before another transport was torpedoed. The next victim was the former German steamer, President Lincoln, an 18,000-ton vessel, which was struck almost simultaneously by three torpedoes on May 31, 1918, two days after leaving Brest. Its commander, Capt. P. W. Foote, U. S. N., realized that the vessel was doomed and gave the order to abandon ship a few minutes after the explosion. This was accomplished in an orderly and seamanlike manner. The first to be saved were the sick, who were placed in life belts and made comfortable in the boats. Three officers and twenty-three men perished and one officer was taken prisoner. The ship sank in twenty-five minutes after being torpedoed, while the convoy scattered in accordance with orders. Two destroyers hurried to rescue survivors. After launching its torpedoes the submarine cruised among the boats seeking the captain, but was told that he had gone down with his ship. Fortunately, this was not so. From one boat, Lieutenant Isaacs, U. S. N., was taken and held prisoner. His further experiences make a story in themselves. Twice, while in Germany, he attempted to escape, the second time successfully.

The fourth American transport to be attacked was the Covington, formerly the German 18,000-ton steamer Cincinnati. One of a convoy of eight transports escorted by seven destroyers, it was struck by a torpedo in the forward engine room on July 1, 1918, after leaving Brest on its homeward course. Destroyers drove off the submarine with a depth-bomb barrage, but the ship was in a precarious condition. Anticipating another attack, against which his vessel would be helpless, the captain reluctantly decided to abandon ship and the crew was transferred to the destroyer Smith. The disaster cost the lives of six men. An attempt was made to tow the Covington to Brest, but long before the 150 miles were traversed the empty vessel sank.

Thirty-seven men died and eleven were wounded when the returning transport Mt. Vernon was torpedoed on September fifth, 250 miles from the coast of France, with 1450 persons on board. The transport was the ex-German passenger ship Kronprinzessin Cecile, of about 20,000 tons. In July, 1914, it had sailed from the United States for Germany with a large sum of gold. War between Great Britain and Germany was declared while the vessel was at sea. Fearing capture by British cruisers, the captain turned back, taking an out-of-the-way and foggy route to Bar Harbor, Maine, where the ship was promptly interned. After the United States entered the war, the vessel was renamed and fitted out in the Boston Navy Yard as a transport.

Another Use for Ventilators

As soon as word of the attack on the Mt. Vernon reached Brest I was ordered to act as president of a court of inquiry to determine the facts of the case and to fix responsibility, a procedure always followed in a naval accident involving loss of life. Testimony before the board showed that the Mt. Vernon, in company with a sister ship, the Agamemnon, and escorted by six destroyers, was steaming at eighteen knots and zigzagging in accordance with orders when the attack occurred. The weather was fine and the sea smooth, and there was every promise of a quick and successful voyage. Suddenly a submarine was sighted on the starboard bow of the Mt. Vernon, between the two transports and five or six hundred yards distant. As the ship's guns were turned on the U-boat, a torpedo was seen coming directly toward the Mt. Vernon. It struck the transport amidships on a bulkhead between the two boiler rooms, tearing a hole about fifteen feet in diameter in the side. Two boiler rooms were flooded almost instantly and 7000 tons of water entered, causing an increase in draft of about ten feet. The explosion killed thirty-five men in the boiler room immediately, and caused the later death of two others. This large fatality list was due to the fact that the torpedo struck as the boiler-room crews were exchanging watch. Capt. D. E. Dismukes, in command of the Mt. Vernon, laid a depth-bomb barrage at once to keep the submarine submerged and avoid the possibility of a second torpedo.

Testimony in the case gave so excellent an account of the discipline maintained and the measures taken to save the ship that the court of inquiry's opinion commended officers and crew for their seamanlike action. In the narrative of a survivor was contained the account of one of the narrowest escapes from death of which I have ever heard. At the time of the explosion, it disclosed, a youthful coal passer, H. S. Smith, was in a coal bunker. Water rushed in and gradually deepened, preventing his escape. Smith crawled up the coal until the deck above prevented his going any higher. Still the water rose, and in his desperate endeavors to escape, the youth suddenly thrust his hand into a bunker ventilator. This outlet was eight by fifteen inches and, as Smith was a slight youth, he was able to thrust his head and shoulders into the ventilator and keep crawling ahead of the water. Fortunately, the pressure of air and water forced his body up until he had mounted five or six feet, where he was stopped by a bend in the pipe. Lustily Smith yelled for help. His cries were heard by the chief engineer, who cut into the pipe and finally dragged the boy to safety. Smith's recital of this adventure before the court of inquiry showed that he had not once lost his courage or presence of mind.

When, in April of 1919, I sailed home on the Mt. Vernon, I heard from Captain Dismukes and other officers the details of the organization and steps taken to save

(Continued on Page 157)

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DETAILS OF THE STERLING & WELCH BEDROOM

As an appropriate setting for this suite, the Sterling & Welch Studios suggest an ivory background with soft green and rose colors predominating. The floor is entirely covered with a seamless carpet in a soft shade of gray-green. The ceiling and walls are painted light ivory; the panel molding is ivory with a slight cream glaze. The glass curtains are of a figured net, linen colored. The lambrequins and hangings are waterproof cretonne with a rose tone floral pattern. The upholstered chair is covered with a striped green silk; the bench and small chair seat are covered with small figured linen frieze in softened tones of coral and green. The center ceiling lights and side brackets are silver with glass candle cuts and drops, the silk shades are rose colored. The bedspread is green taffeta with piping and edging of rose.

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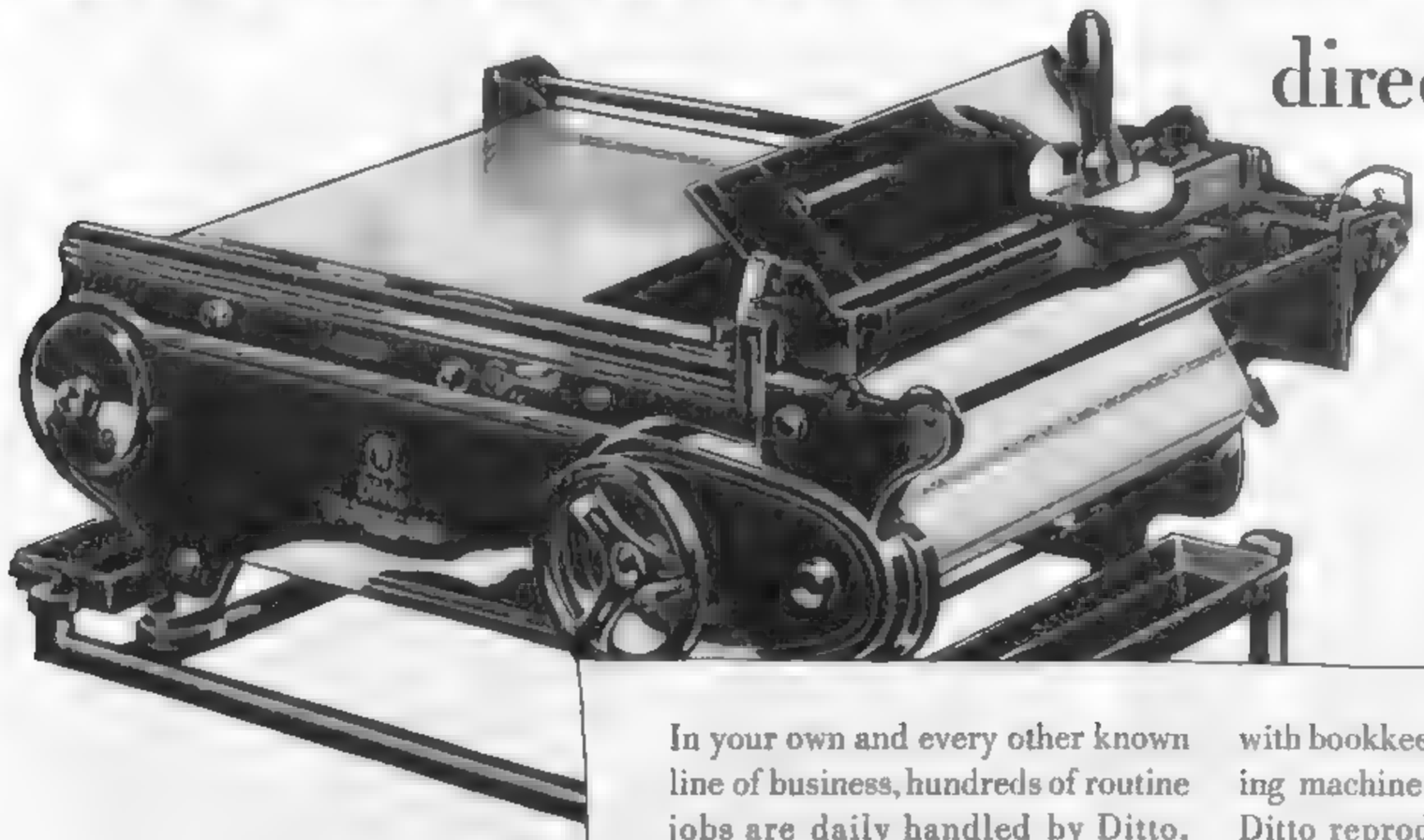

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(Continued from Page 154)

the ship. The captain had envisaged what would happen in case his vessel was torpedoed. He knew that one torpedo would not sink it as long as the bulkheads held, so he drilled his crew constantly to go to their stations quickly and to shore up and strengthen bulkheads around the place of explosion. The gun and depth-charge crews were trained with the idea of keeping the attacking U-boat submerged. After the torpedo struck, this rigid training and indoctrination of the crew enabled them to keep their vessel afloat and to return to Brest under its own steam. After the war, Captain Dismukes was promoted one grade by Act of Congress for his seamanlike skill and courage.

Demands for additional transports to carry our troops abroad finally induced the United States to have the Allied powers assign to this purpose fifteen passenger steamers which formerly had been Russian ships. Upon each such ship was placed a naval detachment and in convoy it sailed under the direction of a naval commander. By May of 1918, the convoys had become so large and so numerous that it was impossible to give them much protection on the return voyage. Many of the ships, therefore, separated in midocean and proceeded independently to the American embarkation ports.

On the morning of June 18, 1918, an ex-Russian ship, the Dwinsk, was torpedoed by a submarine about 600 miles east of Cape Henry, Virginia. The vessel began to sink immediately and the captain ordered the crew to abandon ship. After all the boats were in the water, the submarine appeared on the surface and hastened the sinking by gunfire. The submarine commander then called the seven boats to come alongside, attempting to obtain information from officers of the transport. Finally, without taking any prisoners, the U-boat steamed away and the seven boatloads of survivors made sail and started their long voyage to the westward. Lieutenant (Junior Grade) R. P. Whitemarsh, U. S. N., in command of the naval detachment, was in boat No. 6, with the ship's first officer and eighteen of the crew. The story of how this young officer, by courage and devotion to duty, saved the lives of those intrusted to his charge is one of the most inspiring of the war.

Avoided as a Scourge

A few hours after the Dwinsk had disappeared, a large American transport was sighted steaming full speed toward the boats. Rescue seemed certain. Upon nearing the boats, however, the transport sighted a torpedo and realized that the submarine was using them to decoy. The transport avoided the torpedo, opened fire on the submarine and escaped. Then, by radio, it described the ruse to all other transports. As a result, when the boats were sighted later by steamers, they were given a wide berth. Finally they separated and Lieutenant Whitemarsh's boat was alone, with only twenty-four gallons of water and a box of moldy sea biscuit to sustain its crew, and a rotten sail to aid its progress. On several occasions, steamers were sighted, but these, with the transport's warning in mind, continued to avoid all open boats. Continually the men bailed out their leaking craft, and daily they grew weaker. On the fourth day an empty boat of the Dwinsk was sighted after its crew had been rescued. In it were found and appropriated a can of biscuit and a new sail. That night boat No. 6 ran into a heavy gale. The crew were drenched by the sea, the helmsman was swept overboard and the boat filled to the gunwale. All hands began to bail, using hats, buckets and shoes. A few hours later another sea almost swamped the boat. When the helmsman was again knocked down, Lieutenant Whitemarsh took the tiller. To aid steering he stood up in the boat while three men hung on to his legs to keep him from being washed overboard. In the middle of the night the wind began to shift rapidly. Then followed a total calm. The boat was in the center of a cyclone. Soon the wind swept with gale force from the opposite direction, and the boat was tossed about in a furious sea while the crew was drenched continually. The gale abated and for three days the boat drifted in the Gulf Stream, getting farther and farther away from land. Some of the crew abandoned hope and began to sing hymns. Lieutenant Whitemarsh, aided by an American member of his crew, sought to induce a more cheerful state of mind by singing Homeward Bound and popular ditties.

By this time the daily food ration was two-thirds of a biscuit and a quarter of a pint of water apiece. The only weapon in the boat, a hatchet, was given to the engineer officer, with orders to guard the supplies. It became evident, however, that fear of a raid on the food and water was unfounded. The men obeyed Lieutenant Whitemarsh's orders eagerly and promptly. His conduct, moreover, engendered a spirit of helpfulness and common responsibility among the crew. Clothing was shared and the weaker were helped by the stronger. When the eyes of those stationed as lookouts became infected, comrades sacrificed their shirts for bandages and spared no effort to make the men comfortable.

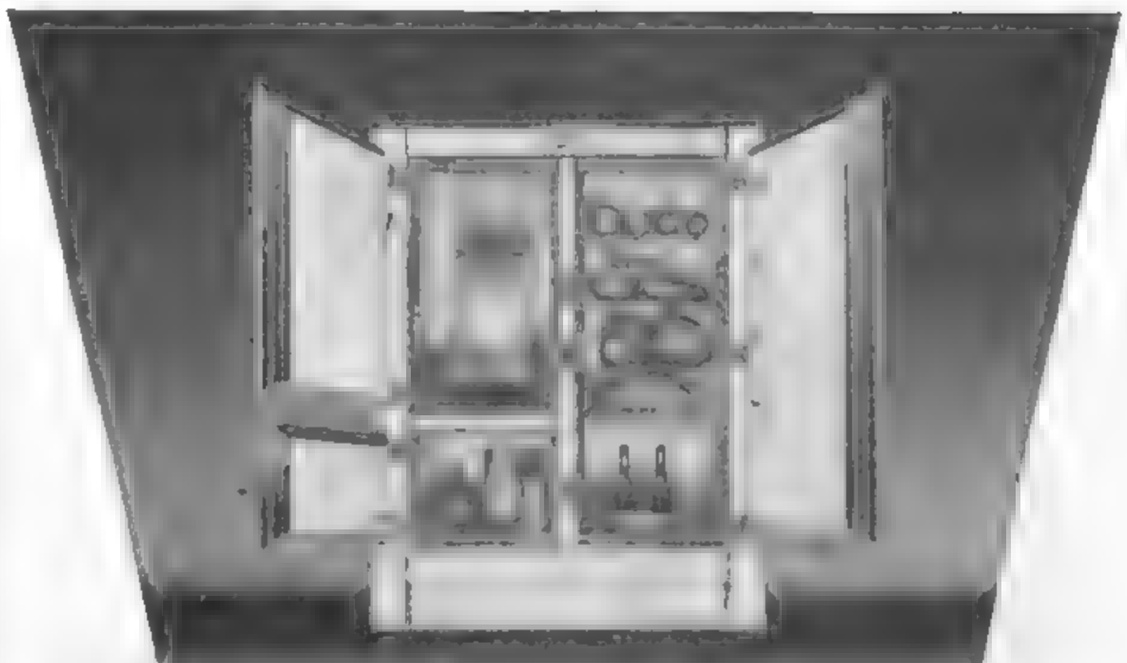
In Testimony of Courage

After eight days, however, the men became despondent from the heat of the sun during the day and the chill of cold rains at night. One attempted to drink salt water—which, of course, would have been fatal—and another tried to jump overboard. Despite every obstacle, Whitemarsh maintained strict discipline. Fortunately, heavy rain finally gave all their fill of water and permitted four extra gallons to be saved. Then came another gale.

Finally, on the morning of the tenth day, the U. S. S. Rondo was sighted. Ignoring all earlier warnings, it turned to the rescue. The small boat crew was so weak by this time that the men had to be lifted up the sea ladder. The weakest was an American sailor who had given his rations to companions who had seemed in more desperate straits. Just before the Rondo reached its destination—Norfolk, Virginia—the crew of the boat presented to Lieutenant Whitemarsh a testimonial which read as follows:

> We, the undersigned, survivors of the torpedoed steamship Dwinsk, wish to show our undying appreciation of the conduct of Lieutenant (Junior Grade) R. P. Whitemarsh, U. S. Navy, who, under the most trying and perilous conditions, set an example of courage and bravery beyond all praise, and we feel that his conduct and devotion to duty when face to face with destruction in a raging storm in an open boat, when most of us believed the end had come, carried us through until the storm had passed, and later, after many days in this boat, when all hope of rescue seemed small, he was always cheerful and hopeful, and encouraged us to further efforts.

Cargo vessels and their crews also suffered serious losses in their arduous task of keeping the armies and civilian forces abroad equipped with the necessary supplies. Like the transports, they faced the constant menace of the submarine, but with less protection. The troopships not only had first call on submarine and destroyer escorts, they were safeguarded, in part, by their speed. Of the 450 ships in the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, eighteen were lost, eight destroyed by torpedoes or German mines, four in collisions and six by other accidents attributable to the hazardous conditions under which they operated. The vessels themselves were drawn from every possible source in response to the urgent demand for tonnage. Some which came from the Great Lakes were cut in half to permit their passage through canal locks, and joined together when deep water was reached. Of the 4150 officers in this necessary service, only twelve were regular Navy men. The remainder, like the 28,047 enlisted



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So that you may know just what Foodex means to your food-keeping, and why any refrigerator lacking it is out of date, we have prepared an interesting booklet, illustrated in color, which the New Freedom Food Cure, and we will gladly mail free to you on request. Get it before you commit yourself to buying any new refrigerator, whether ice or electric. Address Dept. S-3, The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan

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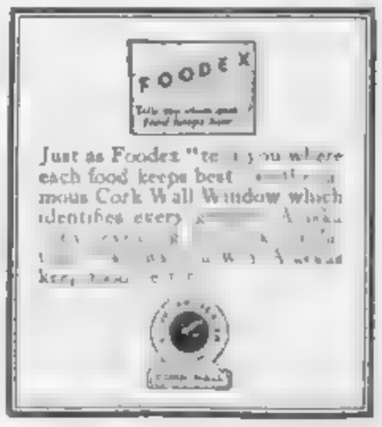

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"Tells you where each food keeps best"

men, were volunteers of the same patriotic type as those who manned the destroyers, subchasers and other fighting craft.

To the cargo ships and crews the submarine represented only one of the dangers attendant on their service. Like the transports, the vessels sailed in small convoy groups without lights, zigzagging continually and thus always risking the possibility of collision. No effort was spared to direct them and their valuable cargoes clear of submarines, but they represented too important and vulnerable a prize to be missed entirely by the underseas raiders. One of the duties assigned to them consisted of carrying Welsh coal for the A. E. F. through the submarine-infested waters between Cardiff and Bordeaux. Since vessels filled with coal sink almost immediately when torpedoed, the danger of this work may readily be recognized.

The greatest loss of life in the Naval Overseas Transportation Service occurred when the Ticonderoga was sunk in mid-ocean by the U-152, September 29, 1918. Although behind her convoy because of engine trouble, and riddled by shells, the ship fought for two hours, until both guns were disabled and the great majority of her officers and men were either killed or wounded by shrapnel.

When the boat was finally sunk by a torpedo, the more seriously wounded were first placed on rafts and the others followed. Twelve officers—among them my brother—and 201 men were lost in this engagement. Two officers were taken prisoner. Four days later twenty-two survivors in one lifeboat were picked up by a British steamer.

Service, for the transports and the cargo carriers, did not cease with the signing of the Armistice. For the first, there remained the welcome duty of bringing the troops back home; for the second, the post-war activities of carrying supplies to the stricken regions of Europe and commercial cargoes to all quarters of the globe. In peace, as in war, both services maintained a high standard of discipline and exhibited a fine morale.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Admiral Magruder. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE YOUNG HOOVERS

(Continued from Page 11)

whirling activity has prevented any serious undertaking—except, of course, her now well-known collaboration with her husband on their five-year task of translating the tough old Latin of a medieval work on metallurgy. This, however, the collaborators called their play. She did, after her experience in China, write about the Dowager Empress, producing, according to a competent critic, the best portrait of the empress that appeared at that time.

Acquaintances of the girl Lou Henry and also those of Mrs. Hoover have at times complained of her reserve. "She is most genuinely friendly, and yet we seem not to be getting at the inner girl, or woman; we don't know what she is thinking."

Perhaps this reserve they sense is kin to that of her father. In the small towns Mr. Henry chose, with their paucity of amusement, the two little girls were much in the bank; Jean happy gathering pins into trays, Lou thrilled as her father explained the mysteries of accounting. She got the atmosphere of the bank. Her father felt himself the guardian, not alone of the community's dollars but of its secrets, its plans. He had the habit of most careful reserve. His daughter learned from him to keep her own counsel. And fortunately. For if she had not learned to do so early she would certainly have had to acquire that wise practice later, when history began writing itself on her doorstep. In the girl Lou, then, was an unusual combination of spontaneity and reserve. To the White House this First Lady will bring that rare combination.

Time to Think of the Future

It was natural that Lou Henry should choose Stanford University, but three hours north of the romantic old Spanish capital where she lived. That low white town of Monterey, set beside the curving blue bay, lay wrapped in memories. When she left its Franciscan mission, its thick-walled adobes and verandas over which, untrimmed, the Spanish roses fell, she but left it for another spot that witnesses to California's bond with Spain.

Stanford University, glowing ocher-walled and red-roofed below gold-warm hills, is the most important example of Spanish architecture in our country. Its flower-and-bird-filled courts seem the very enchanted garden of youth. To the Quaker boy for whom life so far had not meant sunshine and red roses, Fate offered this setting for the flowering of his romance.

The freshman, Lou Henry, in her starched white piqué, riding from Palo Alto village in the college bus, Marguerite, down the mile-long avenue of palms to the campus, was thinking of earth rocks.

Bert Hoover, who had mastered entrance deficiencies and financial difficulties, and had, despite his quiet Quaker ways, risen to the position of leadership in the student body, was, when not busy pushing senior studies and reorganizing the machinery of student administration, wondering what job he would find, once college lay behind him.

We know the story of the meeting of these two in a geology classroom, of the discussion over a geologic specimen. Bert Hoover was to graduate in a year, but the year served Fate's purpose. His mind now concentrated on that future job with infinitely increased intensity.

A Fault With Education

I suppose few suspected that before the inner eye of the graduate pushing a gravel car in the deep gold mine at Grass Valley, or blinded by the dust and heat of West Australia, spread the golden courts and hills and the red roses and salvia of Stanford. Just as few suspect the place of beauty in the minds of other young men starting off with shovel or ledger.

One might have suspected it in Herbert Hoover. His son Herbert, about the same age now as was his father in Australia when he was giving the mining world a first demonstration of his genius as he built up a great enterprise, strikingly resembles the photographed father of that period. His face, strong in character, is, too, delicately sensitive; a face over which humor and fancy play.

Yet Herbert Junior, after graduating from Stanford as a civil engineer and marrying charming Margaret Watson there three days after their graduation, is studying business administration at Harvard. A summer ago he elected to get experience, through a hot July and August, with a Baltimore gas company. Living on his small salary—he had a five-by-ten room—he pieced out his bed, being tall, by adding a chair at the end. "A fine summer bed," he reported. "Great ventilation!"

At that time, at one of the Hoovers' neighborhood suppers, the failure of education methods was discussed. "We parents," said the Secretary of Commerce, "are a lot to blame. There's Herbert, for instance. I know he would be happiest turned loose to tear to pieces and reconstruct radio sets. He wants to be inventing things. Yet I encourage him to go in for business administration."

The degree to which Mr. Hoover has preserved the adventuring spirit and zest and

(Continued on Page 161)

"Folks, this is Matt Thompkins talking. I want to tell you men that's getting a bit thin around the temples, or that's got a bald spot on the back of your head, to use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on it regular same as I do."

THE voice of George Frame Brown, who takes the part of Mayor Matt Thompkins of Thompkins Corners in the Chesebrough radio program, "Real Folks", is listened for eagerly by millions of radio fans.

So here is a new message from Matt. "Of course, I got to know all about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic from working with the makers on their radio program. And I have actually found in my own case that it is marvellous for dry scalp, falling hair, and as a preventive against dandruff. This is the treatment I use: once a week at least I give myself a thorough massage and follow it with a shampoo. Every day I rub a tiny bit of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my hair to smooth it down—to keep it well groomed without looking plastered."

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The Chesebrough "Real Folks" program can be heard on Monday nights at 9:30 Eastern Standard Time through WJZ, New York; WBZ, Springfield; WBZA, Boston; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WJR, Detroit; WLW, Cincinnati; and at 8:30 Central Standard Time through KYW, Chicago; WREN, Kansas City and KWK, St. Louis.

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BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naïveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

She likes nearly everything, except solitude. She loves dogs, people, the theatre, dancing, riding, swimming—"I swim better than I do anything." She thinks young people now are no worse than they ever were—"just franker. We haven't any illusions!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin, that reminds one of some tropical flower.

"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet and directions for the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a sample of Woodbury Facial Soap, a miniature and a forest fragrance. For Andrew Jergens Co., 605 Adams St., Covington, Ky. For Canada: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 605 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."

Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

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Just a teapot to his aunt —but a BIG IDEA to James Watt

FOR over an hour a frail, visionary youth sat engrossed with a steaming teapot. "Aren't you ashamed to waste your time so!" scolded his aunt. She saw a teapot—nothing more; Watt saw a teapot, and something else—*steam in industry.* And the world's industrial development made little headway until James Watt saw with the eyes of the pioneer.

❖ ❖ ❖

Today's business leaders are pioneers on a gigantic scale . . . pioneering with new conditions, new factors . . . pioneering with the vision of James Watt. Result: constant new developments in the realm of power . . . in silk, leather and paint . . . new methods . . . new machines . . . new legislation . . . new generations with emphatic new ideas . . . all business being affected by new, outside influences.

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faith of youth is the more striking because of the early age at which he took on jobs carrying large responsibilities.

Any one of the periods into which his work, until now, dramatically divides, totals an accomplishment far beyond that which most men at life's finish have to be content to turn in.

If the distinguishing feature of our human scheme were not inequality of natural endowment, one might have expected the propelling power of the Hoover mental machine to be well used up by the close of Period One. But in this earth's family of unequals there are in each generation the few who seem, throughout the seventy or eighty years we have so far been able to wrest from onrushing Time, to continue a straight pipe-line connection with the inexhaustible fountain. "Genius is eternal youth."

It was a Pacific Coast mining engineer, Janin, who gave Hoover his chance to start big things early—to enter a field rarely entered except by men at least ten years his senior in experience. That ten years—twenty-three to thirty-three—is perhaps one-sixth, more often one-fourth, of the human work time; so he started that much ahead.

After Janin had moved his youngster rapidly from typewriter to geologic field the West Australian mining boom broke. The call came to the San Francisco office for the man of best brain and experience it could send.

Janin said to himself, "Hoover, though not yet twenty-three, is that man." Cables flew as the excited engineer made ready to start for England for instructions; thence to proceed eastward to Australia.

Just before he started, however, his chief caused him some uneasiness by saying, "Now look here, Hoover; I have cabled to London swearing to your full technical qualifications, and I am not afraid of your letting me down on that. But these conservative Londoners have the firm idea that no man under thirty-five could be fitted for the work. It is up to you to look thirty-three at least by the time you get to London."

Hoover began growing a beard on his way across the continent. When he appeared before the head of the London house, that great man, after staring hard at his new acquisition, burst out with English directness, "How remarkable you Americans are. You have not yet learned to grow old, either individually or as a nation. Now you, for example, do not look a day over twenty-five. How the devil do you do it?"

We know what, after the Coolgardie and Calgoorlie and the Sons of Gwalia triumphs, great heads of other great mining houses would have given for a few more American Hoovers who managed astonishingly to look still a scant twenty-five!

More Important Business

The young engineer could have continued in the Australian mines. But before he achieved those scant twenty-five years, new opportunity arrived. China asked him to head the engineering staff of her first Department of Mines. Would he go? He would.

But of infinitely greater importance was that other question: Would she go? A swift cable. She would! He devoted a feverish fortnight to a rapid clearing up of things in Australia; then started for China by setting sail for California, by way of London. These meteoric flights seem not so astonishing to us, in our airplane day, but the sleepy old Pacific capital still rubs its eyes when it remembers his advent and departure.

It was a sweet, simple, noonday ceremony, with only relatives present, and with Father Mestres, acting in his civil capacity—he was friend of all on that Franciscan territory—officiating. Lou Henry wore a trim brown traveling suit in which she was to start, a few hours later, for San Francisco. The wedding breakfast was prepared by the faithful Indian-Mexican servants of the Henry household. The gay partings, concealing sadness, the San Francisco train, and the following day the ship for China.

As I think back on that departure and the strange ensuing bridal tour in Mongolia and Manchuria and other far provinces, I wonder what would have happened to the driving young engineer had he discovered that he had, after all, married a timid wife.

At this point I like to recall Lou Henry's experience with a bicycle. As a girl she longed for one, but obdurate parents refused this newfangled, unladylike machine. She might conquer a bronco, but not a wheel.

Lou then wrote to the North Dakota grandmother who had never yet denied her wish. She wrote in vain. In an affectionate letter that grandmother made it clear that since the only bicycle in her town was that used by the washerwoman's daughter for delivering laundry, she did not think its mate necessary to her granddaughter's happiness!

Hoover Hunches

When Lou arrived at the Stanford campus, almost the first sight that held her eye was the parking place for bicycles with its scores of glistening wheels. As she stood looking at them a friend suggested, "Why not try one? Roll it to the lawn across the road. You'll be safe there." This the freshman did, and after successfully mounting and bouncing back and forth across the muddy road a few times, with a joyous call started down the avenue. The friend stood staring. She returned after a ride of eight miles! If she had fallen off and broken her leg she probably would have managed to get that wheel back and roll it in as smilingly as if nothing happened—the leg could be looked after later. That's the Henry way.

This bride was ready for Chinese provinces, and all the fascinating and weird experience the young Americans were to have there.

Her bicycle served her well in Tientsin, during the Boxer Rebellion, when she used to pedal between the hospital she started and where she continued helping after professional surgeons took it over, and her besieged house.

When the Hoovers returned from a second experience in China—Mr. Hoover was twenty-seven—they returned but to start off again for New Zealand, India, Korea, the Urals, France, Germany. In a planetary laboratory he was developing his technic. The tools were those of his youth's lesser successes. During this period, in his book, Principles of Mining, he drew, in a paragraph, unknowingly, the pattern of his life. Where the paths of most of us lie ill-defined, his own ran sharply etched. Over twenty years ago he wrote:

"There is the right of every red-blooded man to be assured that his work will be a daily satisfaction to himself; that it is a work which is contributing to the welfare and advance of his country; and that it will build for him a position of dignity and consequence among his fellows."

Mr. Hoover has been characterized by some as a man who has gone ahead by hunches, as a man of intuitive personality. Most people think of intuition as getting at a thing without reference to special data or facts to guide them; as arriving at a conclusion on the basis of some mysterious personal capacity.

His mind works so rapidly that his judgments have seemed, to some, flashes of vision, with nothing concrete behind them. In reality, they are the result of swift, conscious, or even unconscious, bringing to bear on a given problem or situation an extraordinarily large content of past observation and experience. He has the habit of keenness and rapidity of observation. The vast stores of information and knowledge swiftly tucked away, neatly filed in his

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The all-around man is the fellow who learned how to move sure and fast while a boy. That's why every boy should put time on his target practice—an invaluable training in the art of making your mind and muscles work together on the split second.

Richard Dix

Richard Dix in his latest Paramount Picture, "Redskin," produced in Natural Color

A Message on Boy Training from Richard Dix

THOUGHTFUL parents are more and more impressed by this method of training their boys in alertness and good sportsmanship. The makers of Daisy Air Rifles receive reflections of their interest from every corner of the nation. Parents feel the need of centering the youth's attention in definite ideas—such as the idea of consistent target shooting.

Many prominent authorities have said that rifle practice sharpens the senses, quickens the link of action between mind and muscle, and helps to develop a boy's traits of decision, speed and judgment. All this is aptly summed up by Richard Dix, star of "Redskin" and many other well known films, in his remark that "target practice is an invaluable training in the art of making your mind and muscles work together on the split second." Like hundreds of other successful men, Richard Dix, as an athlete and marksman, is convinced that rifle practice is good for growing boys.

Try this idea in boy training! Speak to the dealer in your community who sells Daisy Air Rifles. For 40 years the Daisy has been the standard boys' rifle, improved today with every modern refinement. Let your dealer show you the rifle illustrated—for your boy—the Daisy Pump Gun, a 50-shot repeater for $5—and other Daisy Air Rifles, a model for every age, from $1 to $7—or sent direct on receipt of price

BOYS! Get your FREE copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

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brain, he again draws on with extreme rapidity. The striking thing about his mental processes is not that they carry forward in a mysterious way, but that he coördinates, synthesizes, with seemingly lightning speed.

These mental processes were already characteristic of the engineer in his twenties. Moreover, already in the early mining enterprises shone a concern for the physical and moral and spiritual happiness of men that was later to illumine a war-darkened world. Long ago he wrote: "There are moral and public obligations upon the professional mining engineer. . . . The engineer is an officer on outpost duty. . . . By his position as a leader in the community he has a chieftainship and carries a responsibility besides mere mine management." This ideal was brilliantly realized on a large scale in such great enterprises of his as Burma and Kyshtim, in which the health and happiness of many thousand workers and their families were involved.

Why have we been so thrilled by Mr. Hoover's addresses? One reason is just this one of their not having been prepared the week or month of their delivery, but in substance, ten, twenty, perhaps thirty years before that time. Hence the ease of the South American speech-making, with its successive vital messages.

Years ago the engineer formulated the text of the great Madison Square Garden speech of the recent campaign, when he said:

"For generations the American people have been steadily developing a social philosophy. It has stood its period of test in the fire of common sense. It is in substance that there should be an equality of opportunity—an equal chance for every citizen.

"A society that is based upon a constant flux of individuals in the community upon the basis of ability and character is a moving, virile mass; it is not a stratification of classes. Its inspiration is individual initiative. Its stimulus is competition. Its safeguard is education. Its greatest mentor is free speech and voluntary organization for public good. Its expression in legislation is the common sense and common will of the majority. It is the essence of this democracy that progress of the mass must arise from progress of the individual, not of a class."

President and Only Member

In 1912 my husband and I were guests at the Red House in London—that hospitable Hoover headquarters for American friends. It was comfortable indoors and had a walled-in garden at the side, with spreading trees and a sand pile for the boys—pansy and rose blooms, too, which Mrs. Hoover used to float in wide bowls on the dining-room table, just as she likes to do now. That dining room opened on the garden. The Stanford one overlooks the garden slope below it. The Washington one is, weather permitting, the long porch that thrusts into the greenery of oak and cherry that the Hoovers prefer to lawns. They will again have a garden at the White House—a very beautiful one—but will they not find it a little too orderly? I do not know if Presidents have taken their meals in that garden or on the Mansion terrace. Yet it is difficult to imagine the Hoovers confined within walls—even White House walls. There would be no surprise in seeing them any fine day escaping to the open sky.

They not only find sky and trees necessary but animals as well. In the Red House were the parakeets on the top floor, the Maltese cat and the Siamese cat, besides the philosopher terrier, Rags, and a numerous other company. Allan's alligators no longer inhabit a certain bathtub in the Washington house. There are, however, cats about, and Tut has taken Rags' place. A squirrel knows Mrs. Hoover's window, and bird houses and their loved householders are everywhere. Even the hunted mouse was once permitted to remain! One winter after Mrs. Hoover discovered one drinking from the rim of a flower-filled bowl on the piano, she refused—at least for a time—to let it be trapped. I hasten to add that the Hoover household seems to possess at present a completely satisfying supply of such animal friends!

There were books in the Red House, as there are in all Hoover houses. But their libraries are never so large as one might expect. Mr. Hoover's attitude toward books is typical. Possessions—houses and their contents—are but aids to progress; the progress of as many as they can serve. There is a constant tide of books flowing in and out of the Hoover house. He keeps some, of course, rereads some; but once he has got them, he is apt to pass them on. The collection of those on China—one of the world's finest private collections in that field—is already given to Stanford University. Stanford has, too, that splendid monument to the President-elect's public spirit, his unique War Library, built by his vision alone.

Once a guest asked Mr. Hoover what club he preferred.

"One that meets between 2:30 and 3:30 A.M.," replied his host solemnly. "It's a reading club."

"Don't worry," laughed Mrs. Hoover, seeing the guest's puzzled look. "He's the president and only member!"

The Great Divide

He reads daily, and in more than one dimension. Most of us keep pretty much to surface levels, but this mining engineer likes dropping below them. Not that he does not enjoy, along with his economics and philosophy and history and science, a diverting detective story or a nonsensical tale. Friends have learned that he is apt to slip in a detective story as part of his daily dozen.

But I referred to our visit at the Red House. One evening after dinner Mr. Hoover and an economist friend and my husband were attacking old problems, asking anew old questions. Years before, he had said, "The time will come when people will ask, not who paid for a thing but who built it." What he said on this evening I have not forgotten. This is part of it:

"I have found that I can make money, but that in itself is not interesting. Once a man has enough for his genuine needs, enough to make certain the comfort of his family, he is done with money-making. His experience ought to make him useful in public service. How, then, can he best work for the general good? By developing a great newspaper, which will be a power in education and leadership? By heading a great university, democratic and forward-looking? By—oh, any one of a dozen different undertakings, but always one that has for aim the promotion of the general good, the advancement of the societal life of the nation and of the physical and mental state of the individuals that are the societal units."

While he was pondering thus, certain persons were already hearing those rumblings that precede the earthquake.

Herbert Hoover's life divides into what came before the war and what came after. From almost its first day he became a world figure. With mind and heart ripe for service, suddenly loomed opportunity to serve such as the world had never known. Despite the written, spoken, and pictured story of the master of emergencies, I doubt if most of us yet know the special character of his own personal contribution to the colossal war and postwar humanitarian and reconstructive undertakings he headed.

"Don't elect Hoover; he won't get on with people," was one of the recent campaign alarms sounded by certain groups who in the same breath illogically and annoyedly cited the fanatical devotion of Hoover aids. Incidentally, to many of his aids it is precisely this enthusiasm which association with him engenders which is the chief reward of that coöperation. It is more precious than rubies.

(Continued on Page 165)

UNDERWEIGHT

and its effects: low energy restless sleep, "nerves"

corrected now, science says, by a delicious food beverage at bedtime

NOT ill, but unfit . . .
Tired out at five o'clock . . . headaches . . . jumpy nerves . . . restless sleep . . .

Have you ever connected these conditions with *underweight?*

Medical men, both here and abroad, now do. To undernourished tissues and nerves they trace many of these common complaints.

And underweight, they warn, lowers your resistance to still more serious disease conditions

Simply by increasing your weight with healthy tissue, science has discovered, you can often overcome these handicaps. By keeping your weight *normal*, you can protect yourself against them

In Horlick's Malted Milk (natural or chocolate flavor) a delightful way to do this has been found.

Why it builds up

First—actual tests show that the pure, full-cream milk and nourishing grains in "Horlick's" contain the vital food elements. It supplies protein, carbohydrates, fat, essential minerals, even the valuable vitamins.

These are the elements that build firm tissue and steady nerves. They *alone* can increase weight.

Second—the action of the malt enzymes makes these food elements so easily digestible that they are assimilated almost at once. This is essential in building weight. The stomach must not be overloaded. The digestion must not be taxed.

This ease of digestion makes "Horlick's" an ideal food to take at night. When the body is relaxed and best able, authorities say, to store up nourishment and energy.

If taken hot, "Horlick's" will help you relax and thus induce the sound sleep so essential in itself to "building up."

Thousands tell of wonderful results from "Horlick's" at bedtime—weight gains, new energy, sound sleep, steady nerves, freedom from colds. You too will enjoy putting on weight with this inviting beverage. Weigh in and start at once to take "Horlick's" every night.

If you are overweight, have "Horlick's" served you at lunch time in place of heavier foods. Then you get ample nourishment with fewer calories.

A generous sample FREE

Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Your choice of flavors—natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon below and mail it *today*.

Or, go to your dealer and buy a package. Insist on "Horlick's," the original and genuine, endorsed by physicians for almost half a century. It is economy to buy the best.

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SARGENT

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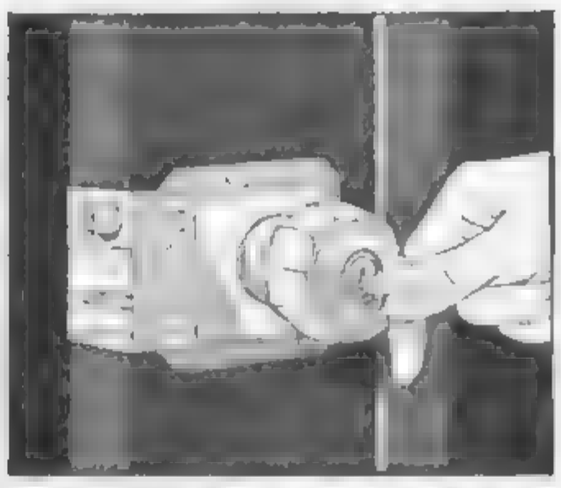
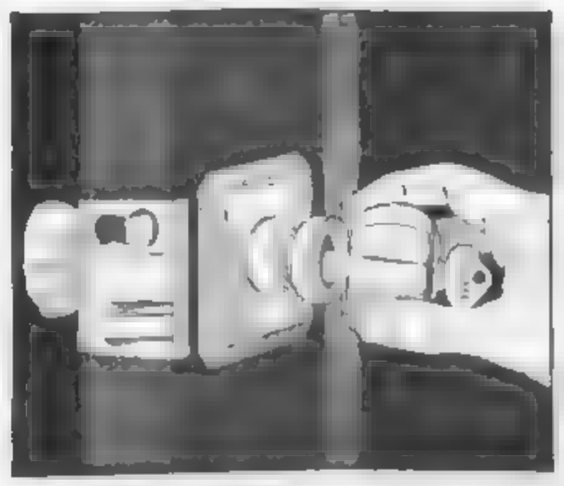
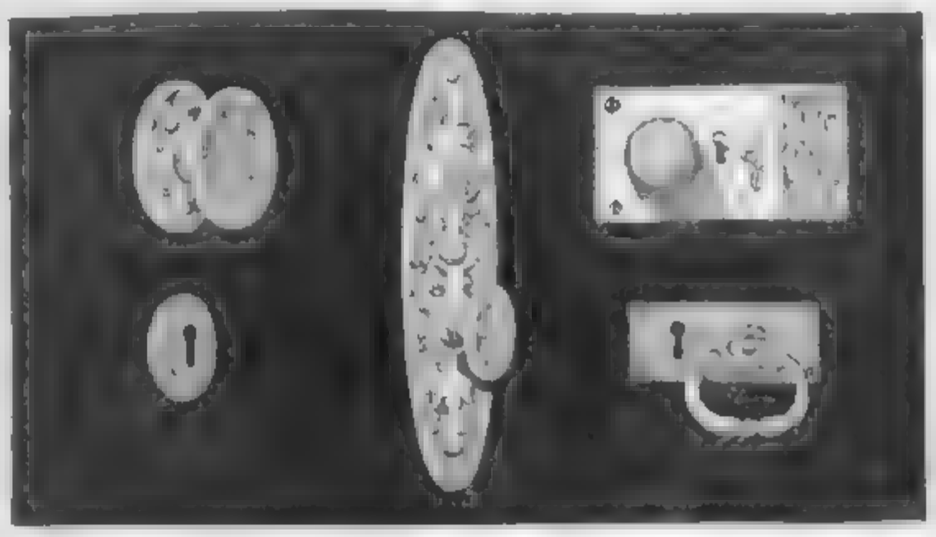




The Fisher Building, Detroit, Albert Kahn, Inc., architects—equipped throughout with the new Sargent Union Lock with demountable knob and exchangeable cylinder, illustrated at top right. The outside knob can be removed with a special key, the cylinder exchanged, and the knob mechanism replaced in a moment. Ideal office building equipment.

Hardware equipment by Sargent is in this English type Philadelphia residence, Carl A. Zeigler, A. I. A., architect. The hardware shown at right, authentic in design, is machined precisely of solid brass or bronze.



(Continued from Page 162)

Its explanation is not far to seek. Some think of Hoover as a superbrain, carrying on any number of undertakings at one time; as self-sufficient, working alone.

His aids see him as very dependent on them, continually consulting, discussing, needing them, as he develops and defines his idea.

Some see him building up vast central organizations. Associates see him, once the general structure is assured, busy with decentralization, busy giving every man a chance to use his own talents. The particular gesture with which he turns over responsibility is apt to win what some call exaggerated devotion.

Furthermore, these associates may have thought of him as supremely meriting preferment, reward. They see him brush both aside, while reducing his own personal needs to their simplest terms and carefully paying his way as he works for others. They have constant evidence of his loyalty to them. The associate-Hoover relationship is but an exchange of loyalties.

During the Food Administration a senator arrived one day highly indignant because of the character of a letter which had been written him by one of Mr. Hoover's assistants. The senator demanded that the assistant be immediately called on the carpet and disciplined.

Mr. Hoover said, "If you want to discipline anybody you must discipline me. I am responsible for any letter written by my assistants."

All who have even a casual acquaintanceship with the President elect's huge undertakings know that one of the unfailing factors in their success has been precisely his ability to get on with people. His power to stir imagination, stimulate the will to do and joy in doing, has won spectacular victories in voluntary cooperation. If his choice of men had not sprung from true knowledge of men and extraordinary success in his relationships with them, where would the enterprises which involved thousands of such selections have landed?

The fine thing about Mr. Hoover is that his clear-sightedness, which is quick to measure weakness as well as strength, has not bred cynicism. Because of this, and other things, Stanford's president could say of him recently, "He is even to this day just a fine, big boy at heart." Indeed, I know of no one who sees even the half of what our President elect sees, who is so little cynical as he. He takes things as they come, takes men as they are, without complaint or bitterness. Just as his pioneering Quaker ancestors did; just as he from the first learned to, on Western frontiers. There is, however, one exception always: With him dishonesty in motive or act has no quarter. His leniency toward the crook is about zero.

In the Light of Battle

I happened one morning to overhear a whimsically humorous conversation between Mr. Hoover and Tut, some seven years now his dog. Tut's chosen hour is that early one when his master may share his breakfast with him. Part of the conversation was as follows:

"Hello, old dog. Glad to see you; though I observe that your devotion seems concentrated on this breakfast time. Well, I'm glad of your friendship, old fellow, even if I have to pay for it with some of my sausage."

His attitude is kindly—kindly and peaceful. Yet all who have worked with him know the President elect's fighting qualities. If anyone questions them, let him read George Barr Baker's story of The Great Fat Fight as published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Does our history record a more determined and desperate battle?

Yes, when battle is necessary, he can call to his own colors his every capacity and energy; then the steel in him appears. When I say that those ardent young Americans who enlisted under him for relief work found in him the standard bearer who completely satisfied youth's fierce courage, I am saying much.

Above my desk hangs a sketch of a stretch of Western coast road—rough cut, lifting, scarcely more than an indication of where a road will one day be—on either side the familiar rail fence set by the pioneer. It is set ridiculously unevenly; it sags in and out, slants up and down, and yet it triumphantly holds, triumphantly thrusts forward to the new outpost of man's desiring. Mr. Hoover once—I do not recall where—likened man's progress to the progress of the rail fence, seeing as the result of our combined strength and weakness always a forward movement. I believe he thinks of men thus, individually and collectively.

Another, knowing men as he does, might be tempted to play upon human weakness in a bid for personal popularity. Never Mr. Hoover. He has won great popularity. But this popularity is in a sense an impersonal personal popularity. He certainly makes no bid for it. It is not the intensely personal popularity of Roosevelt that had to do more and more to keep itself brilliantly before the people, and that led him in the end, in seeking to maintain it, to sponsor the recall of judges. It is not the kind that many hold a peril in the White House, and that made them vote in the last election against the Democratic nominee.

Our people have justly measured Hoover's gifts of mind and character. They are convinced of his disinterestedness. They know that the directive force of his life is a passionate desire to use his energies and capacities for the public good. They find him placing the ultimate emphasis on moral and spiritual happiness.

Heeding the Red Flashes

Indeed, if Mr. Hoover had not been born a Quaker with a dominant scientific bent, he might perhaps have been a great preacher, a great teacher. Even his reports on the hog industry barely escape a quality of spiritual illumination. He is continually referring back to the basic spiritual ideal of our democracy. Which reminds me that certain writers have said he might have been a great novelist. All of which means that he has that prodigality of gifts that the possession of creative imagination often entrains.

Someone will ask how he is to reconcile Mr. Hoover's impersonal personal popularity with the charge sometimes made that he is his own master press agent. It is true that with all his innate modesty and simplicity and true disinterestedness, Hoover is a master of subtle publicity. But he never welcomes publicity because of any personal satisfaction it brings him—not for the joy of seeing his name in print; only for the help it will give in getting things done.

Just as in the campaign alarm, "Hoover is an abstraction; he won't get on with men," people recognized a false alarm, and "abstractionists" failed to terrify, so other alarms rang false in the public ear. We listened to pronouncements about the luck of Hoover, who got credit for things that just happened his way.

Little that "just happened" contributed to his success; that which did just happen usually happened wrong. Things came off because ideals were realized by practical method, decision, driving power. It is the rare combination of his degree of idealism with his degree of practicality that has led him steadily to the highest level of attainment. To a certain Progressive not long ago in the White House, red flashes along the road sometimes served as invitation rather than warning. This will not be true of the next President. From the beginning he has heeded the stop-and-go signals of his forward-thrusting road. "The test of idealism's worth in a nation or an individual is the extent to which that idealism becomes concrete in service."

We listened to assertions that his success was due to the push of government behind

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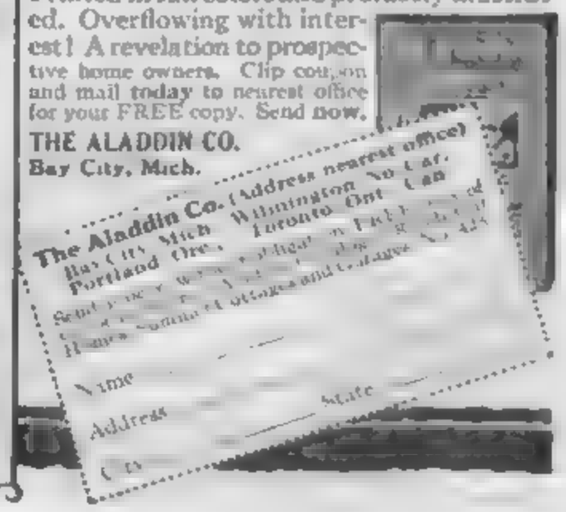

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him. He was but its dictator-agent; with his powers another might have carried on Belgian relief, and so on. The alarm, "Dictator!" was one of the loudest.

Strange ignoring of truth. When Hoover started Belgian relief he was without funds. When he set under way the great work of the Food Administration he was without authority. His successes have been won through voluntary cooperation—the most stupendous examples of such cooperation the world has ever seen. His whole philosophy and practice are the negation of dictatorship. Whenever he speaks or acts, he speaks or acts as the man who proudly believes in, proudly depends on, his fellow Americans.

Hoover's mind thrives on the unsolvable problem. Obstacles are an invitation to his powers. Some of us have had opportunity for a close-up of his successful progress from crisis to crisis.

After all has been said, it is his creative imagination that most distinguishes the President-elect from other men. This creative imagination is counted by many people as the exclusive property of the artist, of painter or poet. But this is a narrow view. No scientist is really a big scientist without it; no man is great in the industrial world who lacks it. Creative imagination, like intuition, does not create out of nothing, but creates rapidly out of a great deal. It does not use things not actually existing before, but finds new ways of putting things together.

It is the exercise of this greatest of gifts that most made the young man stand out from other young men, made the great relief work great, the Food Administration great, the development of the Department of Commerce so successful. It is the addition of vision to industry and intelligence that has made all of Hoover's work stand out above that of most other men.

Mention of Belgium and Hoover invokes inevitably the figures of the Soldier King and the great Cardinal.

One day in 1918, as a Hoover aid, in naval uniform, was hurrying down the stairs of the Paris relief headquarters, he almost collided with a tall man in khaki who did not salute. He stopped and incredulously recognized King Albert, who had dropped into Paris by airplane.

"I want to see Mr. Hoover. Will you take me to him?"

Tokens of Esteem

Hoover, his face tense, looked up from his desk as the tall soldier stood before it. A flash of understanding and a smile.

"I came to see you, Hoover," said the king.

"Sit down, friend," said Mr. Hoover.

And the king and the Quaker talked. Between them there is unshakable friendship and esteem. Just as there was from the beginning between Cardinal Mercier and the President-elect. Measuring him, and characteristically looking beyond the immediate conflict, the great Cardinal said, "There is a man with synthetic vision, with just those qualities of leadership for which the world cries."

Of one of the greatest spiritual leaders the world has known, Mr. Hoover wrote, "In the death of Cardinal Mercier the whole world suffered irreparable loss. He was a hallowed figure in the dark days of the war. He faithfully served his country and his church, and in that service embodied the finest Christian tradition."

Whenever a first-rate crisis was on and Mr. Hoover did appear inside the steel ring, he tried to keep his presence unknown except to us few Americans and the Belgian and German heads with whom he had to deal. I remember once, however, when he slipped in at dusk by our courier automobile from the Dutch border. Someone passed the word around that night, and all the next day and during the remaining few days of his stay there went on a silent greeting and thanking. Thousands upon thousands of visiting cards and bits of paper with notes on them drifted like a rain of snowflakes through our door. We used to heap them on a table at night and he would finger them curiously and try to smile. The Belgians were not the only ones who wanted to express what they felt toward him. We Americans used to put our heads together to try to discover ways. But beyond the surprise parties, when as many of the forty American workers as could leave their posts for a few hours gathered at the Brussels house to celebrate his return, there was little we could arrange. These parties he loved. To the accompaniment of the booming of the guns ran the talk between the boys and their Chief. In the little room at 42 Rue du Commerce was born that devotion which certain persons over here have complained of as fanatical.

The Hoover Latchstring

Then one day someone discovered that there was something we could do. Mr. Hoover has always reduced his personal needs to a minimum. Yet he has, most humanly, been strongly attached to certain things. No C. R. B. man, for instance, will ever forget the golden lama skin carried over his arm as once more he safely achieved a cold Channel crossing—all but two of the neutral Dutch boats he crossed on were sunk before the war ended. That lama skin had been a gift, I believe, brought from Peru. He seemed never to be separated from it. Now, the great discovery was two holes in the lining of the lama rug! We could reline the golden fleece. We proposed this. "Fine," said the Chief. "A harmonizing color—tan or brown?" we suggested. "No," said the Chief decisively, "blue!" During all those years, as far as I can remember, this was the only little personal service we could render.

We certainly never succeeded in calling him in from danger points. When an air battle was on, he seemed to prefer the middle of the street, where shrapnel fell thickest, but where also he had the best view.

The comradeship in the surprise parties. The dependence of the Chief on his men. His necessity for companionship—does anyone so ill endure being alone? His need to talk things over, clarify his own ideas as he exchanges them with yours. The particular gesture with which he turns over responsibility, gives every man a chance to use his own talents. His unshakable belief in the ideals and capacities of Americans. His loyalty. His swift understanding. His sympathy. These are some of the things that bound men to him in the early war days, just as they have since then, and will during the next four years.

Mrs. Hoover was busy with her own war headquarters in London. What comings and goings under the Red House roof! With her genius for making one feel completely at home, she cheered every traveler, in or out bound. Despite her hospital and other war work, she seemed to be giving her whole time to that large company working with her husband, and to heartening them in all the Hoover ways of friendship. I say "Hoover ways," for this habit of sharing all they have with friends, so unrestrained that it made one friend say to me not long ago, "Don't the Hoovers make you feel that you have to defend them against your sense of possession?"—this habit extends to the whole family.

At the end of 1916 I came out from Belgium and arrived in London at three A.M. after one of the worst air raids it had experienced. I did not want to ring even the Red House bell at that hour, but I had to. Very promptly the door opened, and a little boy said "Oh, how-do-you-do, Mrs. Kellogg?" as if welcoming travelers at three A.M. were the small boy's chief delight. "Come in. Mummy and daddy are asleep. But I know where there's a room for you. You can surprise them in the morning." And after we had tiptoed upstairs he got towels and water for me and he stayed by until convinced that I was comfortable. That was, and is, Allan Hoover, now twenty-one. These past years, while going to Stanford,

(Continued on Page 170)

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

New

BLACK & DECKER

Quarter-Inch Light Duty Portable Electric Drill

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

An unprecedented price for an electric drill of Black & Decker quality.

A strong, serviceable, general purpose tool.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A

I am interested in your new Quarter-Inch Electric Drill at $25. and will be glad to have you give me the names of Dealers in my vicinity from whom this Drill can be obtained.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces*
the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History

$30,000.00 *in* Cash Awards

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only

See back cover for full details

Read these simple conditions:

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

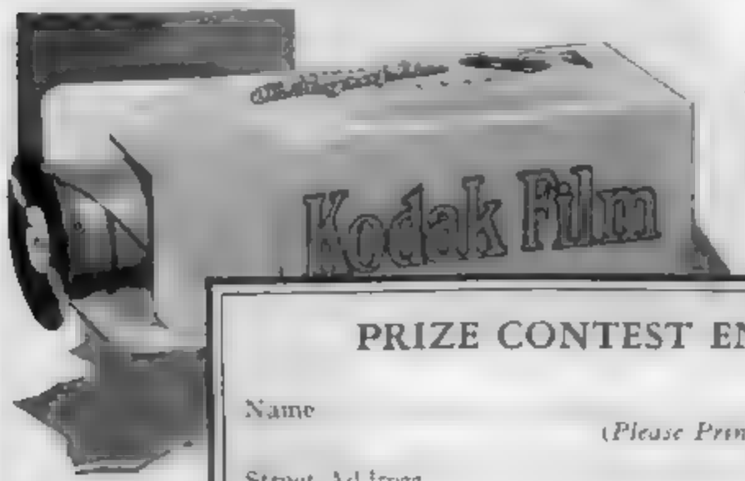
11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 State prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the State prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

For further details of this Prize Contest see back cover this issue of this publication.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name
(Please Print)

Street Address

Town and State

Make of Camera | Make of Film

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated on the back.

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(Continued from Page 166)

he has managed the Hoover house on the campus in the true Hoover manner.

That house is a concrete expression of the Hoover manner. There life is not lived on one floor, but lifts to upper levels, open terraces, just as Hoover relationships do.

So successfully have these hall-marked Americans kept life simple and real that each day means true living. Their university motto, The Wind of Freedom Blows, one feels, unfurls above their dwelling place.

It cannot, alas, unfurl above their next one. Unless, through some added administrative miracle, the Hoovers escape that sacrifice of personal freedom that crossing its threshold exacts.

William Allen White, when considering the great mechanism that "moves and guides events, rough-hews destiny, shapes careers to fit the times," sees, as Michael Pupin does, in Mr. Hoover's accession, a brilliant conjunction of the man, superbly equipped for it, with our particular hour of national aspiration—of aspiration that is headed along the road of scientific idealism.

That is our present direction. "Why," asks Pupin, "shouldn't the philosophy of our scientific idealists be applied to government? Their philosophy can be called the philosophy of the three M's—a philosophy with a definite motive of unselfishness: a definite mental attitude, unprejudiced and open-minded; and a definite method of work, which, in the hands of such great scientists as Newton, Volta, Pasteur, Faraday and others, has produced such magnificent results."

America is traveling the road of scientific idealism. Already achievement has shed a certain glory on our path. But we are only at the beginning of the road. Now that we have asked our outstanding scientific idealist to lead us along it, for what may we not hope?

With a man of altruistic instinct, scientific training, and creative imagination at the head of our national Government, we shall be more able than ever before to carry to fruition the activities of our democracy.

The scientific idealist is strikingly the possessor of just those qualities we are accustomed to think of as typifying youth. He has a penetrating curiosity, a sublime faith and valor, and a capacity for disinterestedness to the point of surrender of life itself. The scientific idealist has a never-ending zest in the never-ending adventure of ascertainment and attainment, and a seemingly inexhaustible vigor in pursuing it.

These qualities Herbert Hoover takes into the White House.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

At the sign of the BOILING WATER TEST

YOU can always be sure to find waterproof, wearproof, weatherproof finishes at the store which displays the sign of the famous "Valspar Boiling Water Test."

That trade-mark—known the world over—stands for quality finishes for both indoor and outdoor use. It's a sign to look for when you want varnish, lacquer, enamel, paint or stain of superior beauty and durability.

The store that displays this sign can supply you with Valspar Varnish—Clear and in Colors—and other Valspar Finishes that even boiling water cannot turn white and which wear and weather do not affect.

There's a Valspar Finish for every surface—inside and out—wood or metal, and with Valspar Finishes it's easy to apply a protective, decorative coat that endures for years.

The Valspar dealer is an expert on finishes and will gladly give you advice on your decorating problems, help you plan your color schemes and choose the Valspar product which is most suitable for your purpose.

THE VALSPAR SPECIALTIES:—

VALSPAR HOUSE PAINT. An unusually durable white paint for outside or inside use with that extra *quality* which the Valspar content provides. Can be tinted as desired.

VALSPAR PORCH AND FLOOR PAINT. This tough, durable paint gives genuine Valspar protection—outdoors or indoors—on wood, concrete or cement. ***Colors:*** Tile Red, Stone Brown, Moss Gray, Dust Gray, Slate Gray, Deep Green, Sand, Light Oak.

***4 HOUR* VALSPAR.** Dries hard, ready for use, in four hours. For indoor use only. Clear and the following colors:
Enamel Colors: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Jonquil Yellow, Argentine Orange, India Ivory, Coral Sand, Tile Green, Palm Green, Jade Green, Nile Green, Holland Blue, Peacock Blue, Pearl Gray, Slate Gray, Terra Cotta, Tudor Brown, White, Black.
Stain Colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut.

VALSPAR FLAT WALL PAINT. For interior use. Has that plus quality which the Valspar content gives. In white only, which can be tinted to suit any desired color scheme.

***REGULAR* VALSPAR.** Valspar, Clear and in Colors, gives unequalled beauty and protection outdoors or indoors, against water, wear and weather.

Enamel Colors: Black, White, Ivory, Medium Green, Deep Green, Yellow, Orange, Gray, Brown, Light Blue, Medium Blue, Deep Blue, Light Red, Deep Red, Vermilion, Gold, Aluminum, Bronze.

Stain Colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Moss Green.

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER. For indoor or outdoor surfaces. Easy to apply and dries in 30 minutes or less. Especially suited for refinishing where exceptional drying speed is essential.

The colors are: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Argentine Orange, Jonquil Yellow, Persian Lilac, Java Brown, Palm Green, Oriental Green, Nile Green, Italian Blue, Peacock Blue, Holland Blue, French Gray, India Ivory, Coral Sand, White, Black, and Clear.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR FINISHES

WATERPROOF — WEARPROOF — WEATHERPROOF

This Coupon is Worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY,
388 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—10c for each 40c sample can of Valspar specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar Finishes supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
Your Name.....
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City.....

Print below the Valspar products and colors desired.

Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....

S. E. P. 3-2-29

TONCAN

Culverts show amazing long life when made from this rust-resisting IRON

IT resists rust!

There, in a nutshell is the reason why culverts are made from Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron. Often, for years and years, a culvert must stand against the shock and stress of heavy pressure and day after day oxidation that weakens thru rust. Toncan Iron resists rust. Great railway companies and highway engineers know this and specify Toncan Iron Culverts. They know its tenacious life.

Toncan is an alloy, made from scientifically combined pure iron, copper and molybdenum. This combination is many, many times more resistant to rust than ordinary metal.

That is why architects of permanent buildings use Toncan Iron on exposed parts and why the farmer lays his roofs with Toncan Sheets—why manufacturers of piping, stoves, washing machines, enamel sinks, refrigerators, etc., use Toncan and mark their products with the Toncan label.

The Toncan label is merely another assurance to you of the permanence of the product these manufacturers sell.

Toncan for culverts yes—but that is only one of its thousand uses. Every day finds Toncan specified for more and more rust resisting applications.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
Massillon, Ohio
World's Largest and Most Highly Specialized Alloy Steel Producers

TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

Manufacturers of Toncan Culverts

The Canton Culvert & Silo Co. - *Canton, Ohio*
The Berger Mfg. Co. - - - - - *Boston, Mass.*
The Berger Mfg. Co. - - - *Philadelphia, Pa.*
The Berger Mfg. Co. - - - - - *Roanoke, Va.*
The Berger Mfg. Co. - - - *Jacksonville, Fla.*
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The Berger Mfg. Co. - - *Minneapolis, Minn.*
The Berger Mfg. Co. (Export) - *New York, N.Y.*
Tri-State Culvert Mfg. Co. - *Memphis, Tenn.*
Tri-State Culvert Mfg. Co. - - - *Atlanta, Ga.*
The Firman L. Carswell Manufacturing Co. - - *Kansas City, Kan.*
Wheat Culvert Company, Inc. - *Newport, Ky.*
Beall Pipe & Tank Corp. - - - *Portland, Ore.*
Superior Culvert & Flume Manufacturing Co. - - - *Los Angeles, Cal.*
Superior Culvert & Flume Manufacturing Co. - - - - - *Oakland, Cal.*
The Thompson Mfg. Co. - - - *Denver, Colo.*
The Pedlar People, Ltd. - - - - *Oshawa, Ont.*

When four o'clock seems like seven

Mid-afternoon—but your appetite thinks it is suppertime and says so in a famished voice. A "gone" feeling that tells thousands it is time for Baby Ruth. For the busier you are, the more you need the quick energy found in this tempting dollar-a-pound quality candy. Here are plump, crisp nuts, nestling in amber colored caramel of creamy mellowness and covered with as fine a chocolate as can be found in all the world. In these pure and nourishing ingredients you recognize the reason why Baby Ruth is the best of all four o'clock bracers. Treat yourself this afternoon.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY CHICAGO

OTTO SCHNERING, Pres.

A one pound package to keep in your desk for 40c; or buy this handy individual packet . . . . . 5¢

© 1929, C. C. Co.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History*

$30,000.00 in Cash Awards

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only

Grand Prize $2,500 . . 11 Prizes of $500 each . . 11 Prizes of $250 each . . 125 Prizes of $100 each . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . for snapshots, time-exposures, enlargements . . only strictly amateur photographers may compete . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!

PRIZES		
Grand Prize of	$2,500.00	
11 *prizes of*	500.00	*each*
11 *prizes of*	250.00	*each*
125 *prizes of*	100.00	*each*
275 *prizes of*	10.00	*each*
800 *prizes of*	5.00	*each*
1,223	$30,000.00	

$11,400 in Special Monthly State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, $100.00 will be awarded in each state of the United States and each province of Canada. $11,400.00 in all. Read the details below.

THIS is a contest for *everyone*. It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet *your* entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensive Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costliest kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture-maker to win. The bulk of this $30,000 will go to those who send in the *most interesting pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from $2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the $30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest, the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type—The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of $2,500.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—$11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture from *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada,* making 114 prizes in all.

*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many youngsters as you want, from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or a girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from each state. (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from each state. (3) The pictures that you have entered for the state contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of $2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say, two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize-winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature-Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spider webs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still-Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you! Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

NOW—read the simple Contest Conditions (see below) and get your camera out!

For further details and entry blank, see page 170, this issue of this publication